The Psalms and Folk Songs of a Mystic Turkish Order

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THE PSALMS AND FOLK SONGS OF A MYSTIC TURKISH ORDER

The Music of Bektashis in Thrace

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Whatever you look for, search in you

(Haji Bektash)
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The subject-matter of our book is the psalms and folk songs of an Islamic mystic community, the Bektashis of Thrace, the European part of Turkey.\(^1\)

The Bektashi is one of the most important orders of dervishes in Turkey. After their victory at Manzikert (today: Malazgirt) in 1071 the Seljuk Turks began to move in from Central Asia, and parallel with orthodox Islam heterodox Islam also spread in Anatolia. The foundation of the Bektashi order is linked up with a Sufi thinker, Haji Bektash Veli, who moved from Khorasan to Anatolia and brought with him the Sufi thinker and poet Ahmed Yesevi's teachings, which fundamentally influenced the mystic currents of the Turkish world. Though together with other monastic orders this order was also suppressed on several occasions (in 1925 the latest), their communities are active to this day.

We collected music from members of various Islamic mystic groups already during our stay in Turkey in 1987–1993. Continuing Béla Bartók’s Turkish collection of 1936, we first wished to outline a comprehensive picture of Anatolian folk music, without being able to devote profound interest to the individual cultures of smaller or greater communities to which Turkey owes its diversity. However, we were already then astonished to learn that among the tunes of Alevi-Bektashi communities songs very similar to Hungarian tunes constituted a high rate.

Most of the music of Bektashi religious communities is unresearched so far, although their deep respect for traditions, the salient role of music among them, and the preservation of pre-Islam customs all indicate that it is worth seeking for traces of the musical culture of ancient Turkic layers among them. Turkish researches into this field have only recently begun, which owes in part to the tension between the majority Sunni and minority Alevi-Bektashi religion and traditions (also embraced by the Kurds, to boot).

In the practice of Bektashi religion, the central role is played by the works of prominent Islamic mystic (Sufi) poets instead of the Quran. These poems folklor-\(^1\) When speaking of Thracian Bektashis, we always mean the Bektashis living in the European part of Turkey.
ized and varied on the lips of the people are not recited but chanted. The love of God often appears in them with the fervor of worldly love. The elevated or conversely the very practical teachings and guidelines of the poems are just as important for today's people as they were at the time of writing, and for centuries afterwards.

This work is the next step in a series of comparative ethnomusicological investigations which began with Bartók's trip to Anatolia in 1936, continued with László Vikár's and Gábor Bereczki's researches in the Volga–Kama region in 1957–1978 and with our field researches into Anatolian, Caucasian, Azeri, Kazakh, Kirghiz and Mongolian (as well as North American Indian) folk music. The music of Bulgarian Turks living between Anatolia and Hungary fits snugly into this series even geographically.

The fieldwork started in November 1999 when we had the opportunity to take part in the meeting of Bektashi religious leaders (babas). An important person – a university professor of law – was invited to the event. The participants were eager to hear answers to the questions about how to defend themselves against violence. They fear attacks, they are afraid to tell their children about incidents like the Sivas atrocity where the local Sunni crowd of some fifteen thousand set fire to the Madimak Hotel and to the Alevi who took shelter inside.

Despite their shyness of the outside world, we received invitations from several babas, doors opened to us and collecting work could begin. Between 1999 and 2003 we videotaped over 900 tunes in 24 Thracian villages from 150 Bektashi men and women. By the end of the fieldwork we felt we had attained our goal: we had recorded the overwhelming majority of their religious hymns and also several of their folk songs.

Besides the Bektashi material we managed to collect some religious songs from Anatolian Alevi dedes, as well as some dance tunes from local Sunni men and women. Some pieces under the name Bulgarian are exerted in this book in order to serve as material valid for comparison. Naturally we indicate the origin of each single tune.

This material seemed sufficient enough to present the musical culture of the community. For us, however, the tunes mean more than bare dry data needed for analysis because each tune is embedded in a set of personal experience, existential situation, people, their behavior and milieu.

Some of the ancestors of Thracian Bektashis settled in the territory of today's Bulgaria from Anatolia and then they fled back to Turkey in several waves in the 19–20th centuries to escape persecution. Consequently, the connection between their folk music and Anatolian as well as Bulgarian folk music must also be examined. We also try to explore contact points between Bektashi folk music on the one hand and the music of other Turkic peoples and the Hungarians, on the other.

Several books and studies have been published about the history of the Bektashis of Turkey; about mysticism, Sufism and specifically about the basic religious principles and philosophy of the Bektashis. They generally agree on the essential facts but there are many deviations and divergences as well as blank spots. It was not our job to provide an up-to-date summary of the history of the Bektashi order, but it appeared
indispensable to present the most widely accepted variants. Following a brief introduction into Sufi ideas, thoughts will be cited from a book attributed to Haji Bektash Veli and a book by Kaygusuz Abdal dervish. The aim is to bring the reader closer to mystic Islamic thinking and the texts of the religious hymns.

Our book has several novelties. There is hardly a study, let alone a book, on folk hymns of the peoples of Turkey. There is none that is devoted to the systematic presentation of the music of a community or region, comparing Turkish folk and religious tunes and interpreting them in a broader context. It is clear however that folk religions preserve a lot of elements of pre-Islam Turkish culture and hence their research is of prime importance for an understanding of Turkish identity, Turkish ethnic and cultural genesis. A broad comparison involving several peoples allows us to establish whether a musical feature is a general or a specific phenomenon.

It is also a novelty that hundreds of folk song texts and the sung poems by Bektashi poets are given together with their English translation. Reading the texts one can get an insight into the everyday thought and religious principles of the community. A glossary is also appended to explain special expressions and concepts.

The overwhelming majority of the tunes in the volume were recorded and all the tunes were transcribed by us, thus they are from first-hand experience, and their authenticity is unquestionable. The collection allows us also to present the most typical tunes in audio variants on the CD attached to the book.

Notations, abbreviations

- Approximate phonemic values of Turkish letters different from English:

  - A–A  a in father (English)
  - I–I  у in mu (Russian)
  - Й  й in if (English)
  - Ö–Ö  у in un (French)
  - Ü–Ü  ü in une (French)
  - C–C  dj in hadji (English)
  - Ç–Ç  ch in chain (English)
  - G–G  lengthens preceding vowel
  - Ş–Ş  sh in show (English)

- № The numbers indicated with this abbreviation are serial numbers of tunes in the anthology.

- The tones of the scale are marked by the following symbols: A’ G’ F E D C B A G.
A note of the scale is put in brackets if it does not play an important role in the tune. For instance, in a melody with the (G’)-E-D-C scale, the main role is played by the notes of the trichord E-D-C, with occasional G’ added, but not in an accentuated role. A-B-C-D/E-C-B-A stands for A-B-C-D-C-B-A and A-B-C-E-C-B-A melodic movements.

A cadential note is the last note of a musical section. For tunes with more than two lines, we sometimes present a cadential formula. The line-ending notes are enumerated in them, with the note of the most important line being in parentheses. The last note of the last line is not shown, because it is always A. Example: for an Aeolian tune E(C)C signifies a tune whose cadential notes are E, C, C, A. E/D(C)C stands for E(C)C and D(C)C cadences.

The word chord designates penta-, tetra- and trichords alike. Instead of the cumbersome “(G’-F)-E-D-C penta-, tetra- and trichord” we use “(G’-F)-E-D-C chord”.

Conjunct movement means that the tonal ranges of the lines overlap, and on the other hand, the tone steps are primes, seconds and rarely thirds.

Single-core tunes consist of the usually varied repetition of a single musical idea, while two-core melodies are built from two different musical ideas (A and B) arranged so that varied repetition of A is followed by variants of B.

A indicates a variation of the musical section A.

A’ and A’ indicate a variation of the musical section A where the deviation between the two lines is in the last part of the lines. In A’, the end of the modified section is lower than that of the original, in A’ it is higher.

A’ or A+ indicates an extended musical line in comparison to line A.

We mark A the musical line that runs parallel, at times identically, with line A, and ends on the same note as line A. In the course of systematization, we did not differentiate the lines A, A’ and A’ from the A lines to which they can be retraced. At the same time we handled the A’ and A’ lines as separate.

The arrows above some notes signify a pitch modification upward (↑) or downward (↓) by less than a semitone.
THE BRIEF HISTORY OF THE BEKTASHI ORDER

From the 9th century onwards, Turks turning away from the material towards the spiritual realm tried to find God and the way to Him inside themselves and gradually separated from the adherents of the rigidly scholastic religious theology of Islam. Islamic mysticism or Sufism considered asceticism a practice to be appreciated, supported by the name of the trend which derives from Arabic *suf* ‘wool’: 7–8th century ascetics wore gowns of rough wool in their eremitic solitude or in their tiny communities.

The thinkers who developed the Sufi ideology also incorporated the ideas of neo-Platonism in their system called *tasavvuf* ‘Islamic mysticism’. They were also influenced by Central Asian, Indian, and primarily Buddhist notions.

On the other hand, vestiges of earlier Turkic natural religions, the cult of the ancestors and Shamanism have also been preserved at many places.

Together with Islam, Sufism also spread among Arabs and Persians alike and is known to this day from the Tatars – the northernmost branch of western Turkic peoples – to the Azeris, and from the Balkanian Turks – who are the westernmost Turkic group – to the Uighurs.

Outstanding figures of Sufism include Al-Farabi (870–950) and Ibn Sina (980–1037). In the 13th-century Spain Muhyiddin Arabi’s work was considered a milestone, while in Turkish areas in the wake of the activity of Mevlana Celaleddin Rumi, Yesevi, Shah Ismail, and others a peerless cultural and civilisational phenomenon unfolded from Khorasan to the Balkans. Rumi’s *Mesnevi*, in which Islam is interlaced with Sufism, exerted great influence in Islamic areas and even in the West, for centuries.

Khorasan, the centre of the Seljuk Empire had special importance for the Turkish groups immigrating to Anatolia. Anatolian Turks kept in contact for a long time with this Central Asian city in a region of high cultural and scientific knowledge. The first

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The Brief history of the Bektashi order

Turkish dervish order was founded here by the mystic religious founder and poet Ahmed Yesevi (?–1166). Yesevi, whose exemplary life earned him a high moral rank, played a salient role in the development of the Turkish literary language. He did not write his works in the Arabic or Persian language and style that was fashionable in his time, but in Turkish national quantitative meter. His most famous work is entitled Hikmet ‘Wisdom’. Yesevism played a pioneering role in disseminating Islam among the Turks, with a sizeable following even in the 15–16th centuries. In this heterodox religion Shamanism and Tengrism ‘the veneration of the sky’ were strongly present in addition to the worship of ancestors. Its opponents charged that in their rituals men and women worshipped god collectively – as is still customary in contemporary Bektashi rituals.

Sufism and Bektashism played important roles in the foundation of the Turkish state: as they advocated their mystic views specially flavoured with Greek Gnosticism widespread in Anatolia in the Turkish language, they could separate themselves from the rest of the Muslim ethnic groups.

When the Oghuz troops defeated the Byzantines at Lake Van in 1037 and the Seljuks overcame them at Manzikert in 1071, the influx of Turks into Anatolia could begin. The majority of immigrants were Turkmen tribes who were forced to flee from the steppe and Transoxania by the repeated waves of migration into those territories. The refugees wandered through Khorasan to the Caspian Sea where by following the coastline they reached Azerbaijan and then Anatolia.

First period: the foundation of the order

In the last third of the 12th and the early 13th century the migrating masses headed to Anatolia included şeyh ‘heads of religious orders’ and pîrs ‘religious leaders’, mürşids ‘masters’ and their disciples the dervîses ‘those who turned away from the world’ and mürits ‘pupils’. Due to their influence various religious currents struck roots in the rudimentary Turkish states; these emerging state formations gained a lot culturally from this rapidly spreading religion. With the nomadic or semi-nomadic Turkmen tribes, both branches of Islam – Shiite and Sunni – arrived in Anatolia.

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4 One of its manuscripts is preserved in the Oriental Collection of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences.
6 In the early phase of Christianity Gnosticism combined eastern elements with elements of Greek philosophy.
7 Banarlı (1987: 116) in his History of Turkic Literature also gave an abbreviated history of events.
8 The whole Islamic world called the Oghuz Turks Turkmens at that time, see Fodor (1999: 3) and Ocak (1991: 113).
9 This migration varied in intensity, e.g. it largely strengthened during the Mongol conquest, and lasted until the early 16th century when the Ottoman - Safavid conflict put a halt to immigration.
These tribes had embraced some sort of Islamic faith and mingled with it their earlier beliefs, developing a heterogeneous Islam. The majority of Turks settling in Anatolia adopted a local variant of one or the other of the Yesevi, Vefai, Kalenderi or Haydari branches of Islam. A branch of the Yesevites founded the Nakişbendi order in the 14th century, and another branch played an important role in developing the Bektashi trend.11

In 1243 the Mongol troops of Hulagu burst into Anatolia and amidst dreadful bloodshed toppled the rule of the Seljuks. During this dark period the population had good reason to be dissatisfied and the chaos and fear caused the masses to drift towards mysticism and the transcendental. The surviving dervishes from Turkestan

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11 The Nakishbendi order was founded by Bahaeddin Muhammad (†1389), see also E. I. VII: 934b.
founded monastic orders on the model of Khorasan, mingled with the inhabitants and instilled hope in them through the spiritual assistance they provided. The turmoil caused by the Mongol invasion came opportunistically for the Babai uprising led by Baba Ilyas and launched in 1239-40. Similarly to all revolts up to the 17th century, the dervish orders took their share of this uprising as well. The initiators of the rebellion are believed to have been the Turkmen Kalenderis who were joined by adherents of the Vefai, Haydari and Yeşvi orders as well as large numbers of the local Turkish population. This historical event rocked the whole Seljuk Empire.

Hacı Bektaş (Haji Bektash in English), who arrived from Khorasan in the late 1230s, was one of these dervishes. He joined the Babai uprising and some claim that he became one of Baba Ilyas’ closest Halife. After the quenching of the revolt, he retreated to Sulucakarahöyük (today Hacıbektaş) where he continued to spread the Sufi teachings with his disciples. His life is full of enigmas. It is an eloquent sign that his date of birth is given variously as 1207 and 1247. All that is known are stories and legends passed down by word of mouth until they were written down several centuries after his death in a book entitled the Velayetname by a Bektashi dervish. In this work, Bektash’s line of descent is traced back to Muhammad and Ali. It is reported that he came from Nishapur in Turkistan, where he was the student of Lokman Perende, one of the followers of Ahmed Yeşevi. The Velayetname narrates his deeds, e.g. when a fish rising from a river greeted him in a human voice or when he turned two lions attacking him into stone with a gesture, etc. Legend has it that he died around 1270.

Several legends can be adduced about the birth of Bektashism as well. The order was not founded by the name-giver Haji Bektash himself but by his adopted daughter and Abdal Musa. They gathered the disciples including Otman Baba and Kaygusuz Abdal, whose works are included in the popular religious practice to this day and their names are frequent in the Bektashi hymns.

The foundation and rapid development of the order was facilitated by the positive attitude of the Turkmen principalities (beyliks) established on the ruins of the Seljuk

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12 The Turkish word derviş ‘seeker of the door’ is of Persian origin of disputed etymology. The other meaning of the word is ‘beggar’. At the beginning the dervishes roamed the area alone, beginning to rally into groups around the 12th century, cf. E. I. II: 164a.
13 It should be considered that Bektashis believe there is a second birth (when they join the order) and some sources may have reckoned with that.
14 Although the date of writing is not explicit, the historical events it alludes to, first of all the Mongol invasion, help date it to the mid-13th century, cf. Birge (1937: 49).
15 The year of his death is equally uncertain, some put it around 1323, see Noyan (1998: 1, 13). Since no written proof has been found, Birge’s observation should be accepted. What can safely be stated is that Haji Bektash Veli died before 697 (1297) see (Birge 1937:38). See also Cahen (1969) and Ocak (1996).
17 In more detail see Tschudi (E. I. I: 1161b) and Ocak (1991: 373).
sultanate; they considered its activity and mysticism useful and supported it with money and the foundation of monasteries.

There were other aspects that promoted the strengthening of the order. When the Ottomans took over power in Anatolia, Haji Bektash became the patron saint (pir) of the newly established Janissary\(^\text{18}\) troops\(^\text{19}\). The tight connection is obvious in the Janissaries calling themselves sons of Haji Bektash, and their cap (îşkûf) also alludes to Haji Bektash. In this period the Ottoman rule was explicitly the protector of the Bektashi dervishes.\(^\text{20}\)

The good relationship between Bektashis and Ottomans was not simply based on mutual sympathy. It was advantageous for the order to have a mighty protector while the Ottomans largely profited by the dervishes who were expert at wielding the sword in battle and also at tilling the soil. There was perhaps an even more important role the dervishes played: their tolerant concept of religion might have mediated between the Islamic Turks and the mainly Christian populace of the occupied areas. Thereby they could promote the consolidation of occupation and prepare the ground for the settlement of larger masses of Turks.\(^\text{21}\)

Second period: unification followed by split-up

The idyllic collaboration between Ottomans and Bektashis did not last forever. A new dervish order – the Kizilbash ‘red head’ – emerged among the Turkmens in the early 16\(^\text{th}\) century, gaining popularity rapidly.\(^\text{22}\) The situation became more intricate when the descendants of the founder of the order Şeyh Safi, the Safavids, became the rulers of Persia. The earlier tolerant Ottomans shifted to an exclusive support of the Sunni branch of Islam mainly for political reasons, and by 1517 they had also acquired the title of caliph of orthodox Sunni Islam. As a response, the Turkmen masses turned towards Shiite teachings, similarly to the Persians.\(^\text{23}\)

The Ottomans were facing two possibilities: either to let the strengthening Iranian power grow on them, or to turn against it. In the latter case, however, they risked the loss of an important pillar of their power, the Turkmen masses. Selim I decided for

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\(^{18}\) The name Janissary comes from the Turkish name yeni çerig ‘new army’.  
\(^{19}\) The date is uncertain; it can be either 1326 or 1360.  
\(^{20}\) The first three hundred years of the history of the Ottoman Empire was characterized by their cooperation Mélíkoff (1999: 8).  
\(^{21}\) In his study Barkan (1942: 294) writes about the colonizing dervishes.  
\(^{22}\) They were called Kızılbaş or ‘red-headed’ for the red scarf they wore. The word was originally a term for internal use by Shah Ismail and the Safavid dynasty, but gradually it came to be used as the pejorative name for the Alevi/Bektashis.  
\(^{23}\) Birge (1937: 132) already stressed that the Shiism of the Bektashis apparently deviates from the Shiite views of the Persians. Though the Iranians never accepted the Bektashis as Shiites since the latter worship Ali in the first place, the Bektashis regard themselves as the true Shiites.
war against the Persians, which also entailed the threat of a domestic war within the
Ottoman Empire, owing to increasing tensions with the Turkmens inclined towards
the Shiite tenets and hence suspicion in the eye of the Ottomans. In the first quarter
of the 16th century Bektaşı uprisings were not infrequent, but it would be a mistake
to ascribe them solely to the machinations of the Safavids; the faith of the Kızılbash
feeding messianistic ideas also greatly contributed to the changes.

In response to permanent persecution and to Safavid persuasion, the Bektaşî re-
ligion took on an ever more distinct form. Balim Sultan who is regarded as pir-i sani
or ‘second founder of the order’ took the lion’s share of this effort. In his pioneer-
ing book entitled Erkanname, he defined the main tenets, unified the rituals and the
proper attire, and tried to channel the so-far highly diversified religious practice into
a single course.25

The controversial relationship between the Bektaşîs and Ottomans is well illustrated
by the following events. Sultan Bayezid II raised Balim Sultan to head the Haji Bektaşî
dervish monastery in 1501. Balim Sultan, in turn, ordained Bayezid’s successor sultan
Selim I a dervish, portrayed later with a menguş26 in his ear. Nonetheless, Selim I had the
Shiite population between seven and seventy years of age registered by spies in the sec-
ond year of his reign, as he felt they meant a threat to the Ottoman Empire. He had forty
thousand people executed or imprisoned for life. In 1514 he led a victorious campaign
against his mortal enemy Shah Ismail. Incidentally, the Bektaşî educated Janissaries
secured the victory for him. Shah Ismail wrote wonderful Bektaşî hymns under the
pen name Hatayi, and just like Selim I, was a member of the Bektaşî order.27

In the decades after standardization introduced by Balim Sultan (i.e. after 1546)
Bektaşıism split into two: the so-called rural and the urban branches.28 The non-
standardized rural Çelebi branch was embraced by the Turkmen masses who were
born into it, as it were. The Babagan branch, which later spread around Istanbul and
in the Balkans, pursued more strictly regulated religious practice and cherished Haji
Bektaşî Veli’s teachings in their monasteries more closely. One could enter only after
a long process of learning, by one’s own free will. The foundations of the religion,
rural and literature of the two branches are common but there are lesser or greater
regional deviations in both.29

24 The date of Balim Sultan’s birth is uncertain, but the date of his death is known: 1520 (Noyan 1998:
301 and Birge 1937: 56). On his origins and the miraculous conception of his Christian mother see
ibidem.
25 Nevertheless the Bektaşî-Alevi religion survives in various individual variants in different regions
and communities of Turkey to this day.
26 Horseshoe-shaped earring of the dervishes indicating their vow of celibacy.
28 That is how Ágoston (2002) and Mélikoff (1999) contrast them.
29 It well illustrates the intricacy of the situation in which the communities we examined belong to the
Babagan branch but they are not urban in character and do not live in monasteries, either.
The Babagan branch kept close relations with the Janissary troops, hence its position was strong. Its leader, the dedebaba could not become an acknowledged superior of the order unless the Janissary aga of Istanbul crowned him with the pointy hat. The Janissary aga was lauded during every procession by Bektashi dervishes. The dervishes greatly contributed to the spread of the Bektashi order in the occupied territories. The Albanian communities were the strongest. Until the 20th century at least four of their sultans joined the Bektashi order: Orhan, Beyazit II, Abdul Aziz and Yavuz Sultan Selim.

Third period: the suppression of the Janissary troops and the Bektashi order

The glorious period of the Bektashi order ends with the disbanding of the Janissary army and the suppression of the Bektashi order beginning with its Babagan branch. In 1826 the Janissaries refused to obey their overlords and began plundering; there was utter disorder. Mahmud II was forced to disband the Janissary troops; on 16 June 1826 the Nizam-i Cedid 'Regular Army' equipped with modern arms bloodily suppressed their revolt. Within a few years' time the remains of the Janissary troops were also erased. In a decree of 1826 Mahmud II abolished the Bektashi order together with the training centres of Janissaries. The properties of all the dervish orders were taken over by the Empire or given to the loyal Nakişbendi dervishes.

The Bektashi order survived this intervention but its influence drastically decreased. Moreover, the Çelebi branch of Turkmens was less affected by the sanctions as they did not really have privileges to lose. From that time on, the Bektashis have concealed themselves, often appearing in the disguise of Sunnites. This form of self-defense has been useful and can still be observed today.

Fourth period – the 20th century

During the reign of sultan Abdul Aziz (1861–1876) the Bektashi order flourished again and the ruined monasteries were rebuilt. Soon the Babagan branch also strengthened. During the Ottoman Empire the Bektashis supporting all progressive ideas built good relations with the French free-masons, the movement of the Young Turks and helped establish lodges. They took part in the fight for liberation in 1919–1923, Atatürk personally appealed for help from Cemalettin Çelebi the leader of the order at that time.

30 Similarly to the responsories, the leading voice shouted Kerimullah! 'God is merciful!' and the rest of the dervishes responded Hu! 'He himself, Allah!' see (D’Ohhson 1787–1820 IV: 675).
General Mustafa Kemal, widely known as Atatürk, forced sultan Abdul Mecit to resign from his rank of caliph after a military coup in Turkey on March 3 1924. He introduced several anti-religious laws and suppressed the dervish communities. On September 4 1925 the whirling Mevlevi dervishes’ monasteries were closed, as were the convents of the Bektashis. Atatürk dreamed of a Turkish state of organic unity, without castes, where the whole society accepted a single common history, spoke a common language and pursued a single religion; a society in which there was no separatism and no ethnic groups, in which all were Turkish and in which the Turk was identical with the Sunni. In spite of all this, the picture of Atatürk can be seen on the wall of all the Bektashi communal places.

The Bektashi and Alevi tradition has survived the persecutions and the difficulties in secret but in vigour and still exists in our day. In the process of Turkey’s attempt to join the EU they can appear more and more frequently in public and a strong “revival” movement can be witnessed among the youth in many places. The musical material we present in this book derives from such communities, and besides these, there are several similar communities in various areas of Turkey.

Hacıbektaş is the sacred centre of Alevi-Bektashi Islam, and every year on August 16, 17 and 18, tens of thousands of Bektashi people flock here from Turkey and other Balkan countries. During the three days of ceremonies, people from far and wide: from the Deliorman villages of Bulgaria, Albania and the Turkish provinces of Isparta, Tokat, Tunceli, Mersin, Antalya and Erzincan come together here. Teams of semah dancers from different regions and in colourful costumes perform these ceremonial dances, each of which represents a separate thread in the rich cultural tapestry. The last representatives of the folk minstrel tradition take the stage, sharing it with modern-day theatre companies and music groups.

On the other hand, the future of some of their groups – for instance in the Thracian areas of Turkey – is threatened by the decreasing number of novices as ever fewer people want to join the order.

Bektashis in the Balkans

Bektashism spread in the Balkans in the 13–14th centuries. Legend has it that Haji Bektash Veli personally sent one of his holy men, Sari Saltuk, on a flying rug first to Georgia and later to the western shore of the Black Sea to recruit followers. Sari Saltuk founded a monastery in the town of Kilgra (Kaliakra) in Dobrudja which was also visited by the Arabic traveller Ibn Batuta. In his travelogue (approximately in 1325) Sari Saltuk is described as a historical person, although the legend passed down by word of mouth states that Sari Saltuk killed the seven-headed dragon with the help

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33 This conception was the obstacle to all minority research, hence no studies on these themes have appeared until most recently.
of the famous Islamic saint Hızır. Soon after the conquest of the Balkans, Constantinople also came under Turkish rule.

Later the Mongol attacks sent many fleeing from Anatolia westward to more distant Byzantine areas. Those groups then acted as colonizers in the Balkans. These Bektashis called themselves Rum Abdal, just like the Anatolian Kalenderis and Haydaris.

Today, there is a tiny majority among the Bulgarian Turks called Kizilbash, who settled rather far away from one another: in Deliorman (Ludo Garie) and Dobrudja, Gerlova, Stana Zagara and Haskovo, Kircaali. They must be descendants of the Safavid Kizilbashers who emigrated from Anatolia in the 16th century, as it has been confirmed by several ethnographic investigations. His field researches in the eighties led de Jong to realize that the Bulgarian Kizilbash ritual had many features in common with that of the Turkish Tahtacis. An even earlier migration is revealed by the sects living in Deliorman in Bulgaria; their rituals are completely different from the rest of the Balkanian Kizilbashes. The members of the communities we examined also came from these areas or were descendants of people coming from there (e.g. from Haskovo).

Recently many research studies are being conducted in connection to the Alevi-Bektashi culture. Here we only mention the extensive multinational research by the Hacı Bektaş Veli Research Centre of Gazi University in Ankara. Kressing (2000) also wrote an excellent book on the Albanian Bektashis, Clarke (1999) on the world of the Alevis. Their studies reveal the complexity of the question and the heterodox characteristics of Bektashism and Alevism.

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34 Hızır’s figure is closely analogous with St. George of Christianity (Birge 1937: 51).
36 The groups of the Bektashis in these settlements are Çelebi, Babacan, Otman Baba, Demir Baba and Ali Koç Baba communities.
37 Babinger (1922).
38 So far the best research history and findings of fieldwork among the Tahtacis belong to Yörükan (1998), and around Mersin, see Çiblak (2005). A separate chapter is devoted to the religious life and beliefs of the Tahtacis (Çiblak 2005: 43–92, 213–216).
40 The catalogue of manuscripts in Ottoman Turkish (as well as Arabic and Persian) language kept at the National Archives of Albania appeared in 2001 (Aytaş–Yılmaz 2001). In 2007 a separate issue was published on the fieldworks carried out in the Alevi-Bektashi communities in Bulgaria (Türk Kültürü ve Hacı Bektaş Veli Araştırma Dergisi 43).
THE SYNCRETISTIC RELIGION

Its followers regard the Bektashi order as the most traditional Turkish branch in which natural religions, the worship of nature, veneration of the ancestors, Shamanism, Buddhism, Manicheism and several elements of Christianity have been preserved to this day. In this chapter, we will introduce some of these elements without attempting to depict the whole picture.

Ancient Turkish beliefs, Shamanism

The beliefs of the Ancient Turks were connected to nature; they believed in the cult of trees, rocks, and Tengrism, Shamanism were prevalent among them. As the Chinese sources also mention it, the ancient Turks erected the majority of their sacrificial shrines on mountain tops and performed the Shamanic rituals mainly in the mountains. They believed that the deities lived on mountain peaks, which were regarded as sacred and tagged as mübarek ‘blessed’, mukaddes ‘holy’, büyük ata ‘great father’, büyük hakan ‘great ruler’. To illustrate their relationship with trees, we should mention that among some Turkish groups in the Balkans the villagers go into the woods

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42 It is probably not accidental that the ancient religion of nomadic Arab tribes was similar; they worshipped stones, trees, fountains (Goldziher 1981: 777). The same applies to the Mongols, as the Secret History of the Mongols reveals. The cult of rocks also appears in the Hungarian tradition. Eliade (1977: 135) deems it possible that ancient Thracians also venerated the sky god.
43 Ocak (1983: 34) writes that there are no data to substantiate a hypothesis of Shamanism in Central Asian Turkic societies. There is no reference to Shamanism in the oldest record of the Turkish language, the Orhon inscriptions of the 8th century, or in the early Chinese sources about Turkic religion, which of course does not disprove that Turks had Shamans in the 6th century. Ocak presumes that the Turks’ ancient religion was different and Shamanism spread among them later.
44 The Turks, Mongols, Manchus of the Altay offer their sacrificial rituals to the god of the sky on top of mountains (Katalin Uray-Kőhalmi’s kind oral communication).
in groups to carve off the bark of the new sprouts of fir trees and chew on them. They attribute a special vital force to the sap in them.\textsuperscript{45}

The taboo of uttering certain proper and common names or using them figuratively is still customary. The \textit{Tahtacı}s living in the Taurus Mountains, for example, never utter the name of the bear but call it \textit{koca oğlan} ‘huge boy’ or \textit{dağdaki} ‘mountain-dweller’.\textsuperscript{46} Some elements of ancient religions survive till this day, e.g. the taboo of stepping on the threshold can be traced to pre-Islam Central Asia, this custom being prevalent among Mongols as well.

The Shaman gets into an ecstatic state to communicate with the dead, the spirits and other superhuman beings, mediating between the earthly sphere and the place beyond. He can heal and see the future, when need be. He can descend into the netherworld and ascend into the sky. According to tradition, the Bektashi saints and legendary figures also have superhuman abilities: their souls can leave their bodies then return; they fly into the sky on their mounts to talk to God; they can govern the forces of nature, do not burn to ashes in a fire, etc. They can perform magic, heal the sick, know where lost things are,\textsuperscript{47} inform the community of looming events, resuscitate people from bones of animals, etc.\textsuperscript{48} The facsimile editions published in Ankara in recent years are readings about the wonder-working abilities of their leading saints.\textsuperscript{49}

The role of music also points beyond the earthly existence among the Bektashis. Several of them firmly stated that their \textit{nefes}es had healing powers. Typically enough, the word \textit{nefes} is of Hebrew origin, translated in the Bible mostly as ‘being’ or ‘soul’. The meaning of the Turkish word is also ‘soul’ but it also means ‘healing with breathing, incantation’. The latter alludes both to the healing effect of collective singing with faith and to its Shamanistic origins.

\begin{itemize}
\item \textsuperscript{45} Kúnos (1999: 77). Similar stories survive in Hungary. Sándor Takáts writes that in 1629 “a large lime-tree in the estate of the Zrinyi family is visited by crowds of Christians and Turks on the first Sunday of the new moon, for whom the priest celebrates mass. They keep kissing the tree, claiming that if they make a pledge, their ills will be remedied.” Eusebius Fermendzin’s account is eerily similar (Zagrabiae, 1892: 390–391); (cit. Sávai 1982: 32): “At Lippa large crowds of Turks and Christians gather at a desert place on the Sunday after every new moon, bringing gifts (voti), candles and other objects. The parish priest of the neighbouring settlements celebrates mass for the collected alms, and they adore (adorano) this tree, kissing it as if it were the body of a saint and saying: this tree works wonders and heals the ones who bring gifts to it. The Lippa in the account is presumably Kislippa in the district of Alsólendva in Zala county, while Fermendzin’s account is about Bosnia. Or is this also a migrant motif?” (Grynaeus 2002: 93).
\item \textsuperscript{46} Atalay (1924: 13).
\item \textsuperscript{47} The Kazaks around Nalayh attributed this faculty to the molla. We witnessed that they asked him for a talisman to help find their lost things in 1996.
\item \textsuperscript{48} Ocak (1983: 95).
\item \textsuperscript{49} The work attributed by many to Haci Bektaş Veli was translated from Persian into Turkish by D. Duman. (Aytat, G.–Yılmaz, H. (haz.) 2004). Another book describes the activity of Otman Baba in the Balkans and Thrace in brief chapters with versified inserts (Kılıç, F.–Arslan, M.–Bülbül, T. 2007). Both books contain glossaries of the peculiar expressions for better understanding.
\end{itemize}
In some nefeses the words sieve and drum are connected to dervishes.\textsuperscript{50} № 12: “The candidate is screened through a fine sieve”, № 138: “I was sieved and kneaded”. They can be seen as Shamanistic in their origins. The Bektashi poets of our days, the asiks’ plucked instrument is also analogous with the Shaman's drum or other instrument by which he can visit other worlds. Today, however, the musician beats the cover plate of the instrument instead of a drum with the ring finger of his right hand.

It is also pre-Islamic and related, as some claim, to Shamanism that in the religious ritual called \textit{zikir} men and women sing, dance and go into ecstasy together.\textsuperscript{51} They use the fire in their rituals, respect the forces of nature, sacrifice an animal when a guest arrives, etc.

In the myths and religions of the other peoples living in the region, ideas, having elements in common with Shamanism also appear, and that might have contributed to the survival of these customs in Anatolia.

One such legend is the myth of Orpheus. According to it Orpheus lived a generation before Homer (6–5\textsuperscript{th} century B.C.) in Thrace. He was not only a musician but also a healer who – like the Shamans – descended into the netherworld.

He tamed and enchanted the beasts with his magic power, the wild beasts, e.g. the lion and the fawn danced to the music of his lute.\textsuperscript{52} It is noteworthy that in a widely known picture Haji Bektash Veli holds the same two tamed animals by his side with his hands.\textsuperscript{53}

In Orphic religious communities believing in reincarnation the singer was the protagonist of initiations and mysteries. The Orphics jealously guarded the secrets of various crafts as the guild masters of the Bektashis do in the Ahilik organization. The Orphics thought the soul was immortal hence divine.\textsuperscript{54} They hoped that one could experience the divine mode of existence due to one's way of life – which is also very similar to the central goal of the Bektashis.

When Orpheus was torn to pieces by his outraged enemies his head was drifting in the current singing\textsuperscript{55}. Both the re-assembling of a man after dismemberment and

\textsuperscript{50} Several songs speak about the dense sieve through which the candidate must pass (№. 12, 138, 234).

\textsuperscript{51} An important analogy is known about ancient Thracians. Euripides also mentions their Dionysus cult. In \textit{The Bacchae} he narrates that they held their rituals in the mountains at night at torchlight accompanied by wild music during which the believers let out screams of joy in the round dance as it intensified to ecstasy (Eliade 1997: 135).

\textsuperscript{52} Fantastic elements (dreams, prophecies, magic) are present in the tradition of Balkanian heroic epic, too, and those who adhere to tradition often take them for granted (Organdžieva 1984: 302).

\textsuperscript{53} Eliade (1997: 147).

\textsuperscript{54} Eliade (1997: 148).

\textsuperscript{55} See Gustave Moreau’s picture: ‘Thracian Girl Carrying the Head of Orpheus on his Lyre’ (1865) in Wikipedia.
the severed head that speaks belong to the Shamanistic tradition. The same motif appears in Bektashi nefeses.

Pythagoras of Greek antiquity also voiced reincarnation, contact with the deities and spirits, the rule over the animal kingdom and the ability of holy people to appear at several places at the same time, and also that the soul can leave the body for lengthier periods of time. Legends have it that Bektashi saints could also appear at several places at once and they could cover distances of several days in the blink of an eye.

56 A versified manuscript was written along the Volga with the title Book of the Severed Head in the 13th-14th century. The legend is also known among Muslim Tatars; Ahmedgaleeva adapted it in 1979.
57 „Holy people, serve the mighty one, / Our religious leader Haji, Bektash Velı. / A severed head arrived at lion Ali, / Asking him to save him from the monster“. From a nefes of Kul Himmet, a 16th-century Turkish poet (Aslanoğlu 1977: 52).
58 Gül Baba was the Bektashis’ saint in Buda; the study about him also mentions this legendary ability (Saral 2004: 192).
Other Inner-Asian influences

Some Turkic peoples already came to be influenced by Buddhism, Manicheism and became acquainted with Zoroaster’s teachings before they moved in from Central Asia. For instance, the Uyghurs living in Tufan were Buddhists in the 9–10th century, the yellow Uyghurs are still Buddhists, while in the 8–9th century the Uighurs around Orhon were Manicheans. Bektashi teaching is closely tied to Buddhism by the belief in the transmigration of the soul (although the Buddhist concept of the soul is different from the Christian or Islamic concept). The word Buddha means ‘awakened, enlightened’ denoting a person who has got rid of the bonds of the material world and realized the perfect state of mind free from confusion and pollution. Essentially it corresponds to the Bektashis’ kamil insan ‘perfect man’ who dies before his death. Actually he dies to the worldly life and with draws, rejecting the chaotic bustle. The desire to unite with God deepens in him. There are no material or other concerns that keep his attention captive.

Zoroaster founded the first monotheist religion. It has a dualist world view: the world is the venue of the fight between good and evil (light and darkness), but the two sides are manifestations of one and the same God, Ahura Mazda. The notions of heaven, hell, prophet, Messiah, Doomsday, the host of angels that are so well known in the Jewish–Christian culture appear in this religion first. The adherents of Zoroastrianism have distinguished appreciation for the basic elements: earth, water, fire and air. The direct or indirect impact of all this can be discerned in Bektashism.

The Turkic peoples already met with the Sunni, Shiite and mystical traditions of Islam in Central Asia. These branches were already heterogeneous at that time, thus the Islamic mystics could pick and choose from among most diverse views of the appealing elements to create their own syncretistic belief.

Anatolian Christian impacts

The religions of Anatolia prior to the Ottoman Turks also contributed to the shaping of Turkish Islam. After the battle of Manzikert in 1071 some or all the native non-Islamic population was frightened enough to move away from the eastern areas, vacating the place for the incoming Turks. As time passed, the indigenous populace also came to know the Turkish viewpoint concerning non-Muslims, so they gradually eased back and became assimilated over the course of centuries. The Ottomans were apparently tolerant, not to mention that they levied smaller taxes than Byzantium, so the native people found the Turkish rule more beneficial. The Armenian and Syrian inhabitants chose the Ottomans versus Byzantium from the beginning.59

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59 The entry of Anadolu ‘Anatolia’ in İslam Ansiklopedisi deals with this issue in more detail (Topaloğlu 1991: 112).
After the Seljuks have settled, great commercial centers evolved in Central Anatolia by the 13th century, e.g. Konya, Kayseri and Sivas. Here and in surrounding villages the Muslims mingled with the Christians and the (numerically smaller) Jews. Christianity was present in Anatolia from its first centuries: many early Christians fled from the Holy Land to escape from persecution and found shelter in the caves in the Ihlara Valley and Cappadocia where they created underground towns for themselves.

Owing to the significant rate of Christians and the close ties between Christians and Muslims several Turkish rulers lived in a Christian milieu before they ascended the throne and thus could get to know Christian spirituality. There were mixed marriages, too. Christian and Turkish communities learned each other’s languages and influenced each other’s religious practices as well. There were towns in which the Anatolian Greek or Armenian Christians converted to Islam upon the impact of Turks living in the same town. There is hardly any document about conversions but it is widely known that their number was high and there were converts in families of most diverse ranks. It is known, for example, that Greek noblemen from the Gavrus and Komnenos families filled Turkish state offices the precondition for which was the conversion to Islam. Several Christians joined actively the Turkish popular movements of social unrest.

Several Bektashi texts display the influence of Christendom. For instance, the motif of the crucifixion appears in the Bektashi babu Hasan Yildiz’s cönk defter.61

A gown and a vest were all left on me,
I took them off before God.
Crucify your body on the cross, you said,
Behold, we have crucified it.

Setting out on the road may mean joining a religion in the Christian communities as well, e.g. among the Baptists of Hungary. Religious life is wandering; taking the narrow path; faith is health; faithlessness is illness – these are all metaphors of the Christian Baptists. The obstacles on the road, the crossroads, the destination, resolve along the road etc. all appear among their concepts of the source, too.62

The community of Bektashi dervishes has proclaimed the holy trinity of Allah – Muhammad – Ali after the Christian model since the 13th century.63 The point is the consubstantiality of the three persons, that is, the divine essence in all three that only becomes consummate together with the other two. This is the Bektashi holy trinity as

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60 There are examples of the christening of Muslims, especially in the border zones.
61 The cönk defter is a ‘handwritten song book’ or rather, ‘booklet’. People copy in notebooks, date calendars etc. the words of fine sacred hymns or psalms heard at different occasions several times during one’s lifetime. There is no notation of the music, and the verses are often put down with Thracian dialectal elements at places.
62 Urbánne Kuba C. É. (2008: 18) [manuscript].
63 In more detail on the issue see the most reliable manual so far (Birge 1937: 132).
compared with the Christian counterpart in which the Father, Son and Holy Ghost are consubstantial. The identity of the three persons is expressed in several works of Bektashi literature, e.g. in the poem of the mystic poet Sefil Abdal: “God – Muhammad – Ali is a single secret”. Similarly, in the first song of our Thracian collection, the poem of Pir Sultan Abdal has the following strophe, cited from the handwritten songbook of O. B. Bektashi dervish:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{God is one: } & \text{Allah – Muhammad – Ali,} \\
\text{This name fills the entire world.} & \\
\text{This way is the way of } & \text{Allah – Muhammad – Ali,} \\
\text{Come into the shrine of } & \text{Muhammad – Ali.}
\end{align*}
\]

This does not apply to all sects. The extreme Shiite Nusayri sect, for example, added the prestigious Selman Farisi as the third member of the holy trinity in addition to Ali and Muhammad.\[64\]

\[64\] Goldziher (1981: 230).
As it has happened worldwide, the feasts of earlier religions were adapted to the new religion. The cult of some Christian saints was Islamized. At Ürgüp, for example, the cult of Haji Bektash evolved from the cult of St. Haralambos. On the whole, however, Christianity rapidly lost its basis in Anatolia with the forward thrust of the Turks.

As has been seen, Bektashism is tied by several threads to other religions. Some claim that the believers of all religions are headed towards one and the same summit, only the trails along which they are climbing are different. To put it in another way, the followers of different branches of e.g. Christian, Judaic or Islamic faiths walk along roads going in the same direction, sometimes converging and then diverging. Indeed, there is little difference between the prescriptions of Bektashi gates and makams and the correct Christian behavioural norms expected to be abided by. At the level of ordinary existence, the differences were not unbridgeable.

Alevis, Bektashis and Sufis in Turkey

It is seemingly easy to separate the terms Alevi and Bektashi, as Alevi is relatively new, preceded by Bektashi (and Kızılbaş).65

Obviously, there is no concrete date at which the Turks embraced Islam; they kept tasting it for centuries. In Anatolia, orthodox and heterodox Islam spread more or less simultaneously. Among those who followed the Shiite branch the town dwellers were those who were mainly influenced by Persian culture, its language and religion, while the nomadic and semi-nomadic Turkmens took over some elements of Islam but they kept their ancient religion as well.

The gap between the urban and rural branches kept widening during the centuries. Some claim that contemporary Bektashis continue the urban branch while the rural populace align themselves with the Kızılbaş who followed the teachings of Shah Ismail’s father Sheikh Haydar (1460–1488).66

Later, the Kızılbaş name was applied to those who supported the Persian Safavids against the Ottomans. Still later it was used to designate the Kurds. The term gradually assumed a pejorative connotation and in the late 19th century the term Alevi finally appeared to replace it. In Mélikoff’s view (1999: 3) today Alevi has the same meaning as Kızılbaş used to have. He has also found that the religion of the Kızılbaş is not Shiite Islam but the Turkmen interpretation of the Persian Safavid doctrines imbued with Sufism.

65 In the opinion of Mélikoff (1999: 3) the old name of the Alevi is Kızılbaş. Clarke (1999: 16) shares this view.

66 Mélikoff’s and Köprülü’s conception might apply to the first half of the 20th century, but today the Bektashis are not necessarily more urbanized than the Alevi (Clarke 1999: 17).
In contemporary Turkey this is a highly complex and thoroughly politicized issue whose widely diverse views are voiced by many. Typically enough, the definition in the *Encyclopaedia of Islam* does not tally with the Bektashis’ self-definition. A part of the (Sunni) public in Turkey thinks that the Alevis are Kurds, the Bektashis are Turks, but in actual fact it is far more complex, the ethnic division not tallying with reality. For example, the overwhelming majority of Urfa are Kurds, yet nearly all are Sunnis. Certainly, in East Anatolia mystic Islam was mainly joined by Kurds, while in the Balkans by the local population in contact with the conquering Turks.

Although both Alevis and Bektashis protest against being mixed together, they have much in common in their traditions, rituals, prayers. It is an essential difference that according to the rules of the Çelebiyan trend, only those can be Alevis whose parents are also Alevis (or who marry into Alevi families). Within this group, only the descendants of Ali by blood – the ocakzade – are first-class Alevis, the relations by marriage belonging to the second rank.

The Alevis decidedly differentiate themselves from the Sunni Turks who are the majority of the population. They are the followers of Ali who do not identify with Sunni Islam. The Bektashis are on the non-Sunni side whose main saint is Ali and they regard themselves as the preservers of the Turkish language and the ancient Turkish religion: they claim to be the real Turks.

The tensions between the majority Sunnis and minority Alevi – Bektashis have historical reasons for the same as well. While in the Sunni religious schools (medreses) the more conservative course tied closely to the Quran was followed, the monasteries of mystic Islam Sufi dervishes (tekke) advocated revival and liberty. They proclaimed the infinite love of Allah, sometimes with unrestrained festivals of pleasure, as some travellers noted. Not only did they fail to pray five times in the mosque, but they also burst into singing to praise Allah. Compared to the conservative Sunni medreses, the mystic Sufis rallied in the tekkes had different views, principles, style and practice. For them, heaven was not marked by angels walking on the shore of cool waters, but it was a possibility to perceive religious beauties and first of all, to reach God. Their attention and philosophy were concentrated on man (not only on Islamic man); they proclaimed that the gate of heaven was open to everybody, no matter which road he has chosen to approach it. An essential difference is the Sufis’ love of God and the Sunnis’ fear of God. The Quran passages (ayet) that are recited in the medreses – ‘fear

67 The interview we made with K. Noyan in Izmir reveals that the Bektashis neglect the public murmur around them. However damning or slanderous the opinions about them may be, they will not protest. They are going along their own way, no matter what the external conditions are like.

68 One of the most concise description of Alevism (Arslanoğlu 2000: 153) lists basic principles, saints, etc. that are fundamental with the Bektashis as well. He interprets Bektashism as a current playing an important role in spreading Alevism in Anatolia.

69 The first verse of a Bektashi hymn calls on to the dervishes in these words: “The gate of heaven is open / It is wrought from the glitter of ruby. / Its bridge is thinner than hair, / Come if you can cross it.”
The syncretistic religion

the wrath of Allah” – was a warning to the atheists in the view of the dervishes living in the tekke.

The medreses rejected Sufism as vehemently as the people welcomed it. Some Ottoman rulers of great acumen, wishing to win the sympathy of the people, inserted their men in certain organizations partly to raise the prestige of the tekkes, and partly to get first-hand information of matters there.

*Picture 3. Cami in a Bektashi village*
ISLAMIC MYSTICISM

Sufism has never been a unified system, and it manifests itself in diverse forms even today. It does contradict official Islam and its tenets have always been regarded as heresy by orthodox Islam as it criticizes even the Quran. The rules and standards dominating it are different from that of Sunni Islam, but its elaborate, highly ethical system never represented a threat to orthodox Islam.

Sufism is a mystical feeling, the synthesis of thought and belief; it is pure selfless love. It declares the oneness of Allah: Allah is the only true divine existence. The worship of God is the basic precondition of deliverance, the ultimate goal is the glorious union with God. Since God resides in the heart of the believer, those who want to come near to Him must seek Him in themselves, but the ignorant seek Him in vain far and wide. He who longs with all his heart may reach God along a way through hard struggles across different stations. His inner struggles will help him rid himself of his ignoble ego and free his soul from his miserable body. The intense love of God and the struggle to reach Him speaks to us in the religious hymns, such as the Bektashi nefeses.

According to Sufi teaching, man is a momentary ray of light that incarnates for only a brief period of time. This fleeting nature however may not mean the lack of higher ambitions for man. Hasan al-Basri (643–728) defined contented man as one who finds peace withdrawing from the crowds. Defeating his carnal needs, he is liberated, eradicating the greed in himself he finds friendship, and if he is capable of patience and the incessant love of God, he may prepare himself for eternal life.

The followers of Sufism believe that by improving oneself one may be duly rewarded even in this earthly existence. Those who incessantly seek improvement, who are extraordinarily good, may experience the nearness of God on Earth. The divine essence may be revealed in every human being. That is the final reward for a long

72 The same world view is suggested by the Dede Korkut, a collection of the early legends of the Ottoman Turks (Ergin 1997: 180).
and tiresome struggle, but it must be the aim of every moment of one's life to become perfect. The central goal is to achieve the state of kamil insan 'perfect man' which requires great efforts, the turning in the right direction at every crossroads, and to progress, even on the narrowest path step by step unwavering.

The required knowledge can only be learned in practice. Everyone must have a religious teacher (mürşid). Temren (1999: 10) stresses that the mürşid is a teacher who does not force his pupil but exposes the source of knowledge to him. It is up to the seeker how much he can profit by it. The mürşid helps him to learn the doctrine and decides whether the seeker (talip) is mature enough to join the community, or not.73 The advice and opinion of the mürşid help orientate the talip in everyday life. He educates his pupil with utter devotion, like a good parent who hopes the child will surpass him in every regard: “The mürşid is a fine sieve / One has to be screened through it.”74

73 In Hungary the first religious community of a free church whose adherents joined by their own free will was the Nazarene (Szigeti 2002: 133). The Baptist church also accepts as new members only adults, who can join out of their own free will.

74 Pir Sultan Abdal's poem (Kaya 1999: 96).
The master is above all, for whom the disciple is ready to sacrifice even his life. The pupil whose suffering leads him to reach to the height of his spiritual leader becomes light himself, but he who does not choose a mürşid will never reach his goal. "If you have a master, you will become a man, / If you haven't, you will remain a beast."\(^{(75)}\)

The baba leading a religious community directs the attention towards love, tolerance and the importance of mental and communal values. He is the master who shows the right way as the representative of Haji Bektash Veli in the community. He translates abstract notions into everyday practice, turning them into a manner of living, world view, faith and hope. The community not only talks about these, but also actively practices them. We have seen a baba, for example, calmly put up a prisoner released that very day for the night in his own house, then take him to the bus terminal the next morning and buy him a ticket to home. He welcomes and puts up Christians as well, gives his last blanket to orphaned Roma children, gives a large sum in advance to Gypsy musicians and is certain that however long he has to wait, the musicians will come as they promised. He is exemplary in rejecting prejudice and truly respecting people.

We will try to bring the Reader closer to Bektashi philosophy, poetry and everyday life, and provide a better understanding of the poems gathered in this book by presenting two sources below. First, we are to cite from a book that reflects the ideas of the founder of the religion Haji Bektash, followed by poetic sentences from the book of a 14–15\(^{th}\) century dervish, Kaygusuz Abdal. We are not citing the texts word for word but paraphrase their meaning – without distortion, we hope – in the way a disciple would glean them from the Master's teachings. The everyday life of the Alevis–Bektashis is not as glorious as the quotations suggest. Their religious leaders are often simple people on the verge of illiteracy, whose strength is not rooted in abstract theology but in setting an example in ordinary life and in cementing the community. They are nevertheless all characterized by the spirituality advocated by Haji Bektash and Kaygusuz Abdal.

A book from Haji Bektash’s spiritual workshop

The book is entitled \textit{Makâlât-ı Gaybiyye ve Kelimât-ı Ayniyye}, “Teachings on the invisible and visible things.”\(^{(76)}\) It is not absolutely certain that it was written by Haji Bektash but it certainly derives from the intellectual centre of which he was the most outstanding leader. It is a faithful summary of the main principles of the religion and also provides practical advice for living. Let us sum up the main ideas.

\(^{(75)}\) Teslim Sultan Abdal’s poem (Birge 1937: 97). The word \textit{beast} is not so pejorative here, it simply alludes to people not treading the correct path, not aspiring for enlightenment.

\(^{(76)}\) Gazi University (Ankara) has the best institute for Bektashi–Alevi research. Besides its regular journal it publishes indispensable books with facsimile (Aytaş, G.–Yılmaz, H. 2004).
**About the essence of religion.** The most important thing is to get rid of evil and our own ego; and to seek God incessantly, everywhere. “Let us die before our death” – let us sever ourselves from the worldly vanities, embark the ship of fena (the annihilation of the personality) and build out the city of the soul. Let us don the garment of goodness so that we can drink the wine of love and enter the palace of love. The place of the personality is taken by God, all else should be removed. We were created by God, we have to obey Him in high and low spirit, in health and in sickness. Everything is by God, we have to accept everything whole-heartedly, with satisfaction, with the smile of God's love. God is with those who are tolerant. We have to repent our sins. We must not commit sins via our seven organs; we must reach the state of reconciliation; we have to free ourselves of self-idolatry, and our heart will lead us to see God.

The gravest sin is the love of worldly vanities. Moderate meals, little speech, little sleep, selflessness and poverty all help the fight against the ego and the Satan. Poverty is a superior state in which we may come to understand that we do not need and thus we do not long for anything but God. All ill and tragedy must be accepted as they are by God’s will.

**About seeking God.** Wherever we turn, God is there. He incorporates everything, he knows everything. His true being remains hidden to man; He is the beginning and the end. We may approach Him in three stages. First we get rid of acts governed by our instincts, which purifies the personality of its bad traits (nefis). Then we concentrate on Him alone – this purifies the heart. Finally, ridden of all material ties, we rise into the transcendental – this raises the soul. All that God created in heaven and earth has its imprint in us. He created Paradise in heaven and the heart in the soul which is a thousand times larger than Paradise. Paradise is namely the place of longings, while the heart is the place of spiritual knowledge.

At the bottom of the heart, in the venue of love and the worship of God, there is a secret (sir): the soul's secret experience of God, the mystic force. God must be worshipped with all our inner selves: with words, work, behaviour, sitting and standing, eating and drinking, asleep and awake, always and incessantly. We receive happiness and security in return. As a Hadis-i Kudsi77 (‘sacred deeds’) says: “Sleep by my side. Don’t sleep like anyone but like a bride. If you serve me, why would you fear anyone?” God is with us all the time, seeing and judging everything. A dervish should repeat God's name and think of God day and night, and in this way he can dissolve in Him.

**About the mystic way:** 4 gates (stations) and 40 stations (makams). One section of the way leads to God, the other is inside God. One may cover the road to reach God, but the road winding in the realm of secrets within God is infinite. One must be careful even in possession of knowledge. An ascetic without love (zahit) only works for

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77 The Turkish word hadis comes from Arabic. It means 'record of a saying or action of the Prophet Muhammad, handed down by his companions, tradition' (Redhouse 1974: 433).
himself saying “I am the scholar” while a true ascetic (arif) looks upon God and loses himself in Him: “Let us see what God says!” There are four levels leading to God: the heart, the intellect, the soul and the personality. God has created man out of fire, wind, water and earth, giving him 4 gates and 40 stations.78

The first gate (Nefs-i Emmâre – sensual desire) is where nefîs ‘ego’ tempting to take delight in the perishable world, to behave in a way that does not please God, is to be overcome. It is connected to dry, scorching fire, the purification of the personality that is responsible for evil deeds, sins. All the acts of this cruel Padishah are bad. The 10 stations belonging here are: 1) indifference, 2) wrath, 3) avarice, 4) hostility, 5) taking offence, 6) resentment, 7) bragging, 8) envy, 9) swearing and 10) pharisaism (pretending to profess the Islamic faith). One has to reject these.

The second gate (Nefs-i Levvâme – the voice of conscience) belongs to wind and helps overcome the evil and sinful acts that bring disgrace to us. With the feelings of shame and remorse it helps to refrain from wrong things and to repent for the sins. In this phase we turn towards God. Stations: 1) turning away from material goods, refraining from taboos, devoting time to praise God, coolness and lack of desire towards the world in the heart – this is pious asceticism; 2) fear of God and refraining from the things prohibited by religion with the help of fearing God; 3) humility, 4) worship of God, 5) charity, 6) fast, 7) pilgrimage to Mecca, 8) small pilgrimage to Mecca any time in the year, 9) giving over a fifth of our possessions to the state or any authority, and 10) the struggle to defeat ourselves.

The third gate (Nefs-i Mülhime) helps to differentiate by divine afflatus between good and evil and sinful, and to act right. The pilgrim along the Path is prepared to enter the last gate in this section. The stations are: 1) wishdom, 2) knowledge, 3) inspiration, 4) divine revelation, 5) compassion, 6) resignation from worldly goods, 7) virtue, 8) generosity, 9) goodness and 10) kindness.

Finally, the fourth gate (Nefs-i Mutmaine) is a sublime level – that of the saints and prophets – in which God also takes delight. The master of the earth is Ali, therefore the 10 stations of this stage belong to the earth. Some of God’s commandments are: Be pacified by reciting my name! May God take pleasure in your deeds! Be among the selected ones on the day of Final Judgment! Enter the Paradise reserved for the select few who are close to me! Its stations are: 1) poverty, 2) patience, 3) fairness, 4) justice, 5) spiritual knowledge (science), 6) resignation, 7) the perception of God via His divine signs, 8) the sure knowledge of God’s existence, 9) devotion and 10) passionate love of God.

A station of acquiring divine knowledge: the city. The heart is a city in which two sultans live: one is reason, the other is the Satan (Iblis). Reason has ascended to the sultanic throne with understanding (fehim) as his aide. His commanders are scien-

78 Güzel (2007: 19) compared the use of the concepts of 4 gates and 40 stations in the works of A. Yesevi, Y. Emre, Haci Bektash Veli and Kaygusuz Abdal. The four stations of the mystical path are: 1) Shari’at ‘the outer law’, 2) Tariqat ‘the inner path’, 3) Ma’rifat ‘mystic awareness’ and 4) Haqiqat ‘reality’.
ence, refraining from harmful things, education, refinement and good morals. Being equipped with these, it is given spiritual knowledge by God, which sinks into the depths of the soul.

The other sultan of the city is the Satan who commits prohibited things. His assistant is the ego (nefis), his commanders are pride, envy, avarice, loud laughter, greed and anger. These commanders do not allow one to get rid of the worldly, human follies. The Satan's other helpers are nervousness, calumny, excessive joking and indulgence in temporary pleasures, which do not leave people in peace.

The secret is: God living in one's heart. The secret is the message of monotheism. If you want to find yourself, you have to approach God and trust him with all your heart. You can find yourself and God in this way. Let's not speak of ourselves, let's avoid self-praise: God and God again, that's the commandment of monotheism. It is easy to find God because “God is more evident than the Sun”. The whole world is His creation, how could he be in secret? But it is hard to find God's saints because their deeds and merits are secret.

Second birth. People are born twice. Once they are given life by their mothers, and on the second occasion they are born of body (gövde) and radiance. Similarly to the egg, man's treasures are hidden in his body as potentialities; they take wing and fly up for the warmth of the love of the world. One that is blind in this world will be blind in the netherworld. Jesus said, “He who is not born twice shall not reach the kingdom of heaven.”

It is more difficult to know God than to learn an art or craft. You also need a master; without saints, apostles or guides you can rarely succeed. What you can't achieve out of your own effort for a long time may be grasped from an hour's conversation with a saint or a religious leader (şeyh). Besides, self-education will remain defective, and the candidate will remain immature among the mature ones. The pace of learning may widely vary: a single sign may be enough for the intelligent. The proverb says: The singing of a mosquito is lute music for the knower, while the sound of the zurnas and drums is too little for the ignorant.

About religious rituals (muhabbet). You have to take part in the religious gathering with all your heart. There are three levels. First, the brother watches attentively the seventeen thousand worlds created by God. Second, he comprehends that the heart is the city of God, and third, he gets to the level allowed by God to reach. Reciting God's name the dervish whirls until he gets into a trance. Passing the grades he encounters, he gets to ever higher stations and finally he sees in him the object of his love, God. This is also a transitory state (rüyet) and he returns to the earthly life. An hour of meditation by a blissful possessor of divine knowledge (arif) is tantamount to seventy years of meditation by an ascetic (zahid). It is namely a yearning for God, union with God.

The words Lâ ilâhe illâllah “There is no God but Allah” are continuously repeated.
Neither explanation nor illumination is appropriate,  
Neither I, nor we, neither a sign, nor a name,  
The whirling and the whirler cease  
Only God remains, that's all.

About fasting. There are three kinds of fasting. The fasting of the common people means that the desires of the digestive and sexual organs remain unsatisfied. The fasting of the select few means that they do not look on what is not appropriate for the eye, do not listen to what is not appropriate for the ear, and they do not speak false. The third kind of fasting – the fasting of the few selected from among the select few – is the fast of saints and apostles who protect their heart from all else but God. Ali said: “The world is but a day and there is fasting for us there.” Prayers, fasting and pilgrimage are repeated again and again.

About people. There are five kinds of people: the self-sacrificing do not eat but give food to others; the generous eat and give from their food to others; the ordinary people eat but refuse to give to others; the bad ones do not eat and do not give to others; and the wicked do not eat, do not give to others and even prevent others from doing good.

Pieces of advice about the way of living

- Don’t seek success, for success is disastrous.
- Don’t bother about descent, lineage.
- Your name should rarely be mentioned.
- Don’t stand security to anyone.
- In public places don’t speak about the great personages of the state or their sons.
- Don’t go to lay courts, but don’t reject the tribunal of religious law.
- Don’t build a dervish lodge, and don’t live in a dervish lodge.
- Don’t dance semah too often. If the semah cheers you up, it diverts you from the right path, but if it makes your heart rejoice, take part in it.
- As you flee from a lion, so you shall flee the crowds of people, try to be alone.
- Leave anyone you find suspicious.
- Shun marriage if you can, or else you will long for the world and together with the worldly desires you will give up your faith.
- Don’t laugh too much, refrain from loud laughing, for much laughing kills the heart.
- Look upon everybody with affection and don’t disdain anyone. Don’t embellish yourself, for bedecking yourself outwardly will stifle you inside.
- Don’t wish to know anybody’s secret.
- Don’t give assignments to anyone.
- Serve the religious leaders with your property, your soul and your body.
- Don’t criticize their deeds, for one who rejects them will never have his face laughing.
- The one who chooses solitude as his companion will have God as a companion along his journey.
- Search and find (God).
- Whatever you look for, search in you.
- Controll your hand, your word and your lust.
- Don’t do anything to anyone if you don’t want it to be done to you.

Some thoughts of Kaygusuz Abdal, the “carefree dervish”

Kaygusuz Abdal was an itinerant teacher in Asia Minor in the 14–15th century. He wrote thousands of poetry lines, yet his prose is among the main readings of the order. One of his most popular works is “The Carefree Dervish.”

According to legend, Kaygusuz Abdal was prince Gaybi, the son of the lord of Alanya. During a hunt he caught sight of a wonderful stag, chased it and wounded it with his arrow. The beast fled into a dervish monastery. The prince knocked on the door which opened and the leader of the order, Abdal Musa stepped before him. The prince asked for his prey in fierce words upon which the leader took off his robe: the arrow – the prince’s arrow – was sticking out of his side. Upon this miraculous event the prince joined the order, resigned from his earlier life and as his name shows, found peace and love.

In his appealing and varied work the writer illumines Sufi thinking from several angles. A few ideas are selected below.

About formal knowledge and true knowledge. The book is meant for the knowers. However many thousands of words I would tell the ignorant, it would be a waste. Since they are selfish and ignorant, they immerse themselves in their dreams, thus they cannot be reached by the word about God and the secrets of divine knowledge. Their mind only knows the external building and has not heard of inner knowledge. Even if he hears about it a thousand times, nothing reaches the heart, except when the enlightened, the people of the heart, join him so that by acquiring this knowledge he shall understand the stations (makams) he hasn’t seen or heard so far.

The quintessence: get to know your innermost divine self, you heart. It is impossible to understand the enlightenment. The point to all teaching is to get to know yourself. If you are a Sultan, be free. If you are a soul, be pure. If you live in a rose garden, why are you content with a rubbish heap? Cast away what you have learnt so far and seek a true master, become yourself a sage and enter the community of the owners of the heart so that the fountains of real wisdom and true knowledge shall burst forth in

80 Risâle-i Kaygusuz, Oriental Collection of the Library of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, Budapest, Turkish Manuscripts, octav 2.
your soul. The essence is the heart. If someone finds the path to the ocean of your heart, he can bring up easily however large a pearl he is yearning for. One who can only see the forms ties a silk rope of ignorance round one's neck. The divine secrets are God's gems. Anyone who enters his own heart can bring forth all he finds there. When the heart is interested in the world, God has no room in it, but when the heart is occupied by God, selfishness has no room in it.

The two worlds. The form and the essence are inside you. When you are ready, the dress of perishing falls off you and the gown of eternity will be put on you. If you tarry, the garment of light will be taken off you and the cloak of fire will be put on you. Having reached enlightenment, the hypocrite becomes a sage; if he was a sage, he will fall in love; if he is in love, he will be loved. There is no higher grade, it is heaven itself.

About ascetics mortifying their flesh without the heart, and about the common people. False prophets are the most dangerous among the people. They pretend to serve God with all their deeds, whereas they follow the dictates of their egoism and satisfy their own desires. Their devotion is self-interest. These ascetics do not know what secret the candle and wine of the tavern of love hide, they do not understand the language of the pub. The ordinary people are the audience of the false prophets. One who befriends the common folks will be lost. One who has tasted happiness will not mingle with them, will be free from the temptation of the material world, will not waste his time. If you are self-conscious, you mix with true people. Take care lest you should mingle with beasts like the fools. Seek the company of the wise and the people of the heart.

About the enlightened. The people of the tavern are those who die before their death. They become liberated of fear and hope, and supersede profit and loss. There is no renown or even name. They enter the realm of letting go, there is no self-praise in their hearts, no quarreling. They have gone beyond life, cast their fame into dust – this is their strength. They put a curb on their tongue, they are always alone, they do not mix with the masses. They help anyone as servants. They walk among the people alone and lonely, poor and miserable, once well fed, then starving. Divine light radiates inside and out of them, but nobody is able to recognize them unaided. Oh, people of the heart who have found God in yourselves! You have understood with your heart and soul what the goal is.

About circulation. The creator put me in the centre of the wheel of time and turned me round like the potter turns the clay, and turned me like a mill-wheel... He turned me into man, then plant, then an inanimate matter. He turned me into a leaf, then into dust... How many times I have been born of a mother's womb! How many times I have been a fisherman, then a bird!

Towards enlightenment. If you don't know who you are, seek the company of the heart, find a genuine master, get to know yourself. The point to this teaching is the following: you are in this world to find God by getting to know yourself. As long as
people are only concerned with their own things, as long as they don’t find the divine secret and truth, their own knowledge is the thickest veil before them.

No one can find God without a guide. Once a seeker has found a true master, he will find love in himself, he will get to know himself, he will be wise and he will discover God inside himself. He will cast off care and resign himself to his fate. Be a fool in this world to be ecstatic in the hereafter. If you wait for remuneration, your work will be suddenly extremely hard, its outcome will generate dislike, and your hand will remain empty like the serfs’. Your fate will turn for the worse, and you will lament in vain.

The City. You have to separate from the unthinking crowd and reach the city. There the great change occurs. After entering through the gate God will be the determinant and the wanderer will set out along the long road leading to utter self-dissolution, the disappearance of the ego.

The Path. Wavering between total knowledge (all things are one, the differences are only seeming) and the adventures of the mind is part of the Sufi road. The path leads through more elevated and more down-to-earth sections toward the final dissolution.

The soul. What is the soul? “I” is meant to refer to the entire body. But in this body there is a whiff of the divine light. There is nothing in the creation that does not contain at least a whiff of the divine light. God has no beginning or end. It is a shoreless sea that covers the whole world. God belongs to those who accept Him. Every creature praises one and the same God, but the hearts are different.

Identification with the universe. The dervish has roamed the four corners of the world and he has found that a secret is hidden in the body of all creatures in heaven and earth, and all things give out a sound. He stepped out of his body, listened to the music and said to himself: “I have always lived on this Earth, and on this planet, but now the heaven and the earth are inside me. Wherever I look I observe my own beauty.” The dervish entered the city of reason and there he caught sight of the prophet Muhammad. He entered the city of love, and there he caught sight of the majestic Ali.

Pieces of advice

- Don’t be hostile to anyone, don’t be a nuisance to anyone.
- Beware of injustice, contemplate attentively, speak thoughtfully and be humble in every situation.
- Don’t be selfish so that you needn’t look round trembling.
- Be loyal to the fellow travellers and patient to the ignorant.
- Having reached the level of wisdom, beware: don’t speak when you are not asked. When you are asked and you can answer, reply briefly; when you can’t, don’t find out answers.
- Don’t ask questions just to test someone.
– When you ask something, accept the answer, and don’t argue or quarrel.
– Think of others as you think of yourself.

*Picture 5. Bread is ready at a Bektashi family’s place in Musulça*
THE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY (AYIN-I CEM)

Since the banning of their order Bektashis have held their ceremonies (ayin-i cem or simply cem) in secret and spacious rooms of private houses in villages or towns. Guards keep unauthorized persons off these premises.

We have seen ceremonies of numerous communities (ocak) at many places. Those described below do not record a particular ritual, but show the general Bektashi ceremony based on the widest personal experience.

The size of the communities varies, e.g. that of B. E. Baba’s in the Thracian village of Çeşmekolu numbered 70-80 people in 2002. This figure may be either lower or higher in the individual communities; in this particular place the majority of the villagers claimed to be Bektashi. There isn’t a strict liturgy of cem, but it has obligatory parts. We have experienced variations to a different degree, but a cem of a community in a metropolis of several million or that of a remote village can be equally high.

E.g. in 1985 a Bektashi baba named Hasan Yıldız together with his wife had a large assembly room ('dergah') built at the lowermost level under their house, which even opened to a pantry. In the foreground of the dergah even a cooking facility and a washbasin were installed. During the month of mourning aşure was cooked on kitchen ranges placed here. The assembly room could be accessed from the main entrance through a narrow passage and down-winding stairs. Entry was also possible through from the sidestreet a small narrow corridor near the coal-cellar and the firewood-shed.

We have visited several communities in Thrace only, which is regarded a relatively small area considering the full extent of Bektashism. There are living communities, like the Kızıldeli near Edirne, the Ali Koçlu around Tekirdağ, the Balım Sultan and Şeyh Bedreddin around Kırklareli, based on the kind oral communication of a local researcher dervish named Refik Engin. Apart from these a number of other groups are known, like the Seyyid Ali, Amuca, Otman Baba, Ak Yazılı ocağı, to name a few.

Van Bruinessen (1999: 549–553) has written a review on the book of Mélikoff written on the Bektashis (Hadji Bektach: un mythe et ses avatars), and argues that Mélikoff is right to compare ayin-i cem with Turkish toy, because women and men alike take part in eating and drinking feasts. The reviewer misses however the mentioning of Christian elements by the author of this same ceremony (e.g. the Last Supper). Van Bruinessen judges the question of both the origin of the Alevi and Bektashi religion and the nationality of its adherents a very complex one.
Ceremonies are suspended for the summer in most cases, as it is the time when village communities living on agriculture do most of the work. Harvest has priority and everybody concentrates on it. For instance the first autumn cem in 1999 was held in mid-November in Kılavuzlu that we participated in as guests, while we were invited to participate on a cem on June 29 2003 in Zeytinburnu (an old borough of Istanbul).

Ceremonies have a double function: the basically religious role is complemented by a social one, namely education serving community-building. The rate at which participants can translate the things heard here in their everyday life indicates the extent to which they have identified with the idea. Bektashis actually do not regard it as a religion, but rather as a way of life, a road (yol), that can be taken by one who takes a delight in it.

Men, women and children are all present in ceremonies (cem) of Alevis and Bektashis, held in closed premises (cem evi ‘gathering place’), as we have witnessed several times and were even allowed to take photos with the prior permission of the leader of the community. Newcomers in Bektashi communities bow their head in front of the holy threshold, kiss it and never step on it. All in clean clothes – the women practically always enter in baggy pants (şalvar), headscarfs (çember)85, vests, barefoot or in socks – and directly head to the chief place where they greet the religious elder, the baba, who sits cross-legged on a sheepskin. The ceremony is all in Turkish. In Musulça the religious leader named M. Ç. Baba has explained: “There may be one or two words that we have not yet been able to translate, but it is basically all in Turkish. We do not pray in a language unintelligible to us.”86

Types of ceremonies, oaths

One may hold a ceremony for a number of reasons: out of joy or sorrow, as a mark of respect etc. The person organizing the event will provide the sacrificial animal and invite the participants. If the cause of the gathering is death, then God will be asked to give patience to the survivors and mercy to the deceased. If someone joins the army, he is then wished to complete his service in health and honour, with invocations on the military, and this subject dominates the prayers. Ceremonies may be in remem-

84 The sacrament of holy threshold is widespread among Altaic peoples. In his account of travels in 1247 Plano Carpini mentioned that among the Tartars if anyone stepped on the threshold of the khan's yurt, he would be killed without mercy (Györffy 1965: 64).
85 In Yeni Bedir we were also given such pieces of cloth lest we would feel strangers.
86 During our field trip of 2003 a Sunnite family, the relatives of a baba and his wife invited us to a mevlit in Kırklareli. It was a merry feast of thanksgiving with at least a hundred guests, with sacrificial animals served, followed by thanksgiving prayers read by women in Arabic from the Quran for hours. The event was held at the first birthday of a sickly grandson. The baba himself was not present, as he regarded the whole ceremony to be hypocrisy.
brance of one’s father, mother and departed beloved persons, and the community may also be convened for such purposes.

A volume dedicated to Alevi ceremonies was published by an elder (dede). In his opinion, Alevis have three types of ceremonies, also known to the Bektashis (Yaşçın 2006: 11).

One of them is the ikrar verme cemi or “ceremony convened for taking the initiation oath”, where the candidate, upon coming of age, on free will, often together with his/her spouse, solemnly joins the order. Members of married couples take responsibility toward one another, likewise to all acts of adopted brothers or sisters and their spouses. The candidate selects a spiritual guide (müşref), whom he (she) will be attached to in all circumstances. Guides will be selected from among dervishes, and though there are female dervishes, no woman can be chosen as müşref.

The other one is called musahiplik cemi or ‘ceremony of sworn brotherhood’, which essentially means a lifelong association of two persons and, like the relationship of Mohamed and Ali, each accepts the other as brother (musahib). Sworn brotherhood is probably a pre-Islamic tradition. Those taking the oath will support each other in all circumstances. The pledge is celebrated by the whole community.

The third is görgü cem ‘mirror ceremony’, where believers are brought to account and have to confess all their trespasses, and they must accept the verdict. They must face all worldly duties here. With an educative purpose, ‘mirrors’ are a help to each other.

Yet another ceremony is held by one who, in a difficult situation, makes a pledge that, if God gave assistance, gratitude would be expressed in this way. One of our acquaintances (H. Y.) has described a case when serving his military duty in İzmir. He made a pledge there that, when discharged in good health and returned home, he would offer a large animal (cattle, calf) sacrifice (kurban) to the community. He had never told about his dream to anyone, and only related it to his wife when he had been given a “warning” from God.

H. H. is also getting several reminders before she makes good on her pledge. She became widowed young with four sons. At the death of her husband she vowed to offer a sacrifice, if God helped to raise her sons. However, she kept postponing the fulfilling of her promise. Her sons all grew up, one of them even married, yet her saved money was always needed for different purposes. She had long waited for a grandchild, despite her day and night prayers, and that was the way God reminded her, she assumed. When her granddaughter Bahar ‘spring’ was finally born, she vowed to organize a muhabbet or ‘nice conversation’ which we had the chance to witness during our visit in 2003.

87 The concept of sworn brotherhood is also familiar to the Mongolians: Genghis Khan’s anda was Jāmuka, he was able to rely on him in any circumstance (anda ‘sworn brother, friend’; Lessing [1960: 42]).
88 Locally called „even-hoofed”.
Outstanding personalities of the community

With Bektashis the uppermost rank among babas is dedebaba, followed by twelve halifebabas. When Birge wrote his book (1937) the dedebaba of the Bektashis lived in Tirana’s Haji Bektash monastery, while in 1999 in Izmir, Turkey. This election was also recorded on a videofilm, and the dedebaba gave us a copy of it to deposit in our own archive. The dedebaba is elected by halifes, babas elect halifes, while babas are chosen by members of the community, i.e. the dervishes. One may not skip rungs in this hierarchy.

The religious leader (baba) is immaculate, respected and liked by all members of the community. He must represent outstanding morality, because it is from him that all arriving participants beg for absolution, in the presence of the rest of the community, at the beginning of an ayin-ı cem or ‘ceremony of worship’. Any verdict brought by him in a dispute is accepted by the entire community, without further objection. We were able to see personally that if a baba does not show proper conduct, he loses the confidence of his community.

A baba, who also fulfills the role of the local people’s judge, oversees the day-to-day life of the community in all possible ways. He is chosen by the community and his voice or decision is final and valid for everyone. He guides criminals back to the proper life and metes out their punishment. His efforts focus on showing the right path and providing moral guidance. Nobody should be selfish, conceited, megalomaniac, but be open-hearted, helpful, and tolerant of difficulties with humbleness. He consistently sets a good example in these, being ever ready to act, tolerant and full with confidence. Participants also receive much advice on good life conduct, practical education about behaviour in different situations and how to react to the unexpected. In most cases the teaching takes the form of a parable, or funny story, but it is primarily the religious songs (nefes) that fill this role. Babas usually evoke teachings of their masters within their own congregation. Bektashis usually do not defend themselves, nor do they make statements. Should any opinion be said about them, they do not care and they refuse to deal with such things.

89 Some hold the opinion that this is one of the major arguments to prove that the development of the basic principles of Bektashism was also supported by Christian elements (E. I. I: 1161b).
90 J. F. Lafitau described the view of society by the American Iroquois in the early 18th century. From that we know that the main Indian chief is regarded as the father by his people, and also as its supreme judge, who administers justice in any case (Cocchiara 1962: 103).
91 It happened in Kilavuzlu at the very beginning of the 21st century.
92 See footnote 10.
Servicepersons

There are servicepersons, honourable women and men, whose duties may be supported by their spouses, or even by a sworn brother and his wife. The twelve helpers of the baba, representing the twelve imams, do twelve kinds of services. This has changed somewhat – but not fundamentally – in the course of time. There are communities where this number may be reduced to as low as five or six, depending on the number of participants. Each helper is ready to render any service. That is what we experienced during our field trip to Thrace, but we are aware of a number of different recordings93, among others those written by Haji Bektash Veli in his works entitled Vilayetname and Makalat.

The names of functions may vary by regions. A rehber helps both the baba and the müürşid, having a role first of all in the education, instruction of the community. When someone wants to be a new member of the community, it is the rehber who guides the applicant to the müürşid. In ceremonies like ayin-i cem he takes a place near the baba.

A gözcü (or pervane in other places) will do his best to keep order during a ceremony and to meet various needs. He walks about the village during a ceremony and watches for any danger that may threaten the Bektashis. The one who provides water for the liturgic handwash is the selman.94 The person responsible for lighting the candles is a çerağcı/çirağçı, who would also sit next to the baba right to the end of the ceremony and keep an eye on the flame lest anything catches fire. Haji Bektash already mentions the çrağçi in his book the Vilayetname. The transcription of the word was different there, but denoted the same idea. Of course it is impossible to prove that the ceremony passed the same way as it does today, but it is probable that the basic principles have become employed and stabilized in the Bektashi village communities (cf. Birge 1937: 5.) at least since Balim Sultan’s activity.

One of the most interesting actors is the minstrel or lute singer zakir, also called sazandar, güvender, aşık baba, sazcı, or kamber. The zakir supports his religious songs by a long-necked lute-like instrument with three pairs of strings.95 Otherwise anybody may sing in whom love (for God) flares up, with prior permission of the religious leader.96 We have always seen a zakir in an Alevi cem, while with the Bektashis only now and then, as they mainly just sing there. In Musulça our host was the baba,

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93 Birge’s description is especially detailed, discussing at length the variants of the individual positions (Birge 1937: 175–187).
94 The individual office-holders can have varying roles in the different denominations. E.g. in Gölçinarl-Boratav’s book (1943: 176) a selman is ‘saki ve rehberdir’.
95 The role of the twelve helpers are not always shared this way, the variant described is the main trend. Minor differences from this, local peculiarities may be perceived in the individual descriptions of a cem (Doğan 1999: 115).
96 A list of servicepersons may be seen in the attached vocabulary, under the heading oniki hizmet.
M. Ç., of the Kızıl Deli Bektashi order. He told us that he himself had been zakir in his youth for more than ten years in their community, while his father was baba. In those days he supported his family as a bus driver. When the community elected him baba, he opened a coffee-shop or rather two (one of them being run by his son) in the village, and laid down his musical instrument, as his service rendered in the community has changed from then on. Upon raising our eyebrows he gave the following explanation: primary school children do not need a university professor to teach them how to read and write…

Though the role of the zakir (i.e. the musician) is in principle separated from that of the baba, the two functions often overlap. In Zeytinburnu, for instance, the head of the congregation was also their zakir in one person. The relationship between religious leader and musician is an old one. Many regard Dede Korkut as father and saint (pir)97 of the qam of the early Turkish tribes, of singers, shamans of olden days, of the bağı of Altay Turks or of the ozan of the Oghuz people. These were the outstanding people who, besides being poets and performers, also served as priests and preachers, feared and revered as saints by the people.98 Zakirs and babas are also persons maintaining old traditions, who preserve and pass on the Alevi–Bektashi culture reaching back to pre-Islamic past through music elevated into the medium of sanctity.

A süpürgeci (or ferras, faraşci, carci ‘sweeper’ is one who symbolically tidies the room between parts of the ceremony, while shouting: Ya Allah, ya Muhammed, ya Ali.99

The duty of a sofracı (lokmacı, aşçı, naip, kurbançı) is to bless, kill and flay the sacrificial animals. This is the person who cooks and serves the food for the community, helped by an ayakçı. Formerly it was the duty of a sakka ‘server, water-carrier’, to offer water. It was he (she) who was responsible for providing clean water for the community. There is also a Saki ‘cup bearer’ during a ceremony, who has various other duties.100

It is the peyik (or davetçi, okuyucu) ‘messenger’ who informs all members of the community about events, about the time and venue of planned assemblies approximately three to four weeks in advance. The ıznikçi (or meydancı) is in charge of those arriving, seeing to it that they take off their shoes as well as keeping order and cleanliness. A kapıcı (bekçi, ıznikçi, güvende ulusu) would keep watch over the houses of those away from home.

98 By all probability Dede Korkut served as a general name of holy poets, mythic shamans/wizards who were spiritual leaders of communities, whose word was command, and whose blessing was benediction. They sung the heroic feats of clans accompanied by the lute. It may be true for the later Gül Baba(s), too.
99 Allah, Mohammed and Ali form the holy trinity of the Bektashis and Alevis. We were allowed to take photos at an Alevi cem with permission of the dede. Three girls (all of them with forehead bound with green headband – the traditional Islamic symbol) cried aloud the slogan above, while they kept sweeping vigorously with their brooms.
100 In Nevâyi Ferhâd ü Şirin’s work written in Chagatai in the 15th century, almost all chapters end with a beyit addressed to the saki, e.g. ‘Kitür saki kadeh…’ ‘Hey, cup bearer, bring me a cup, …’: (based on Erzsébet Brodszky’s Hungarian translation of 1974).
There are different rules for different cases. On the anniversary of Husain’s death, for instance, a sacrificial animal (*kurban*) is slaughtered to express their gratitude to God that his family did not die out. The soul of the sacrificed animal approaches God as a substitute for the soul of the person offering the sacrifice.¹⁰¹ The prayers at the ceremonies in the month of mourning end by a respectable woman bringing and offering water to every participant. From that moment till the next morning they do not drink water: Imam Husain, whose death is mourned in this month, died of thirst.

Then come the lighting of candles and the blessing of the sacrificial animals. Those who offer the sacrifice look into each other’s eye, keep in eye contact, and get the animal’s eyes smelt to take memory of it.

At the dawn of the ritual day the *kurbancı* kills the animal (lamb, sheep, cock, hen, etc.). The bigger animals are prayed over by the *baba*. During the ceremony the candle must be approached backing, and the animal is also to be led out from the elder after the blessing going backwards, always facing the *baba*. The person leading the

¹⁰¹ Dervish H. K.’s kind communication in Çeşmekolu in 2002.
animal away must not turn the head. When the animal has been slaughtered, anise-flavoured brandy or lemonade is passed round and a prayer is said for the owner of the animal.

It occurs in smaller or poorer communities that there is no sacrificial animal but there is some meat dish prepared at home and taken to the communal place to consume it collectively.

As news arrives of the slaughter, the candles are lit amidst blessings and prayer.

**Daytime preparations**

In the day the women tidy up and prepare the food. On an occasion, the *baba’s wife* (*anabacı*) made fire in the stove to cook *ąşure* (traditional Turkish dish on the tenth day of the month of mourning). In the previous days there were some preparations: the grain that cooked slowly was selected, washed and soaked. The wheat was put on to soften till the helpers arrived.

F. Y.’s niece Sabite reproached the women making *ąşure* for the absence of the children. She charged that they did not get enough motivation at home, they should be brought along so that they could experience how pleasant it was being together at the *muhabbet*. It was her great childhood experience to hear the elderly tell stories on e.g. how the caravans turned back from *Kevransaray*. On another occasion, this fear was corroborated by dervish B. K. He told us that Bektashism was facing a great slump, with very few young people joining nowadays.

About four o’clock in the afternoon a fire was lit in the iron stove in the *dergah*. There are few volunteers to help, the *baba* has a lot to arrange, he brings in the coal and wood, uses his own fuel, it’s getting too much for him. The ceremony begins in the evening and the participants arrive after sunset.

**Arrival, settling, furnishings**

Wherever the dervishes convene (*dergah*) the same strict rules are observed as in nomadic Turkish tents. The right and left sides of the door seen from inside correspond to the men’s and women’s places in the tent. The young and inexperienced ones sit near the entrance as in a tent, the more prominent, elder members of the community are seated further away from the door.

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102 We came at the same analogy of animal sacrifice among the Kazakhs of Mongolia during our collecting trip in Nalay in 1997.
103 ‘Sweet dish made of cereals, sugar, raisins, etc.’ (Redhouse 1974: 88)
104 Róna-Tas (1997: 176) compares it with the Mongolian tent.
The newcomers enter with shouting a loud “Hu/Hü/Hüy” (a form of salutation, one of the ninety-nine names of Allah in the mystic orders), bow deep (that is how the elder are greeted in the nomadic tents, too), they kiss the ground in front of the baba sitting on a sheepskin, also kiss the baba’s palm and shoulder and the hands of the two dervishes flanking him. They present the drinks with a kiss; the baba accepts them likewise. The drink is usually raki (‘anise brandy’), but it can be anything, even Coke. Both kiss the drink. Farthest from the entrance is the post (‘chief place’, ‘Allah’s throne’) where the highest ranking baba, the conductor of the ceremony, is seated on a sheepskin. Other visiting babas as guests are seated on his right. Next are the dervishes by age; the men are seated always on the right. The first of them, if he is present, is the zakir ‘minstrel’. No one is allowed to turn his/her back to either the baba or the zakir during the ceremony. To the left of the main place is the delili (twelve candles symbolizing the twelve imams) usually on a wooden stand (the symbol of Ali’s saddle), and then the women are seated by age.

The walls are adorned by their number one saint Hz. Ali, with Atatürk next to him. At places there are also framed pictures of deceased and beloved leaders of the community. The reconstructed picture is popular of Haji Bektash Veli, with a deer on his right knee and a lion on the left. The tired participants may sit on their traditionally bent and closed knees, or cross-legged on mattresses, or lean against mattresses lined up along the walls. During the feast, more recently at certain places chairs and benches are used as well, put in the dergah for the ceremony and removed immediately.

Birge (1937: 175) gave a detailed description of the Bektashi ritual including function bearers, participants and prayer texts at the beginning of the 20th century. Since then changes have occurred, but the essential features, participants and functions have remained unchanged flavoured with some local traits. Even in the relatively narrow Thrace there are local variants of the ceremony, e.g. in 2003 Nevruz ‘Persian new year, the birthday of Hz. Ali’ was greeted differently in some villages.

A sympathizer grandmother (aşık) living nearby brought her grandchild to the ceremony. They were ushered out into the kitchen for the secret part of the ritual, and at the beginning of the supper she walked the child home and then returned to stay till the end. No one can do anything without the baba’s permission. During the ceremony everything is perfectly concerted in reverence for one another. The servicemen under-

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105 H. Y. says there are ninety-nine scripts in a man’s palm, which in Hurufi tradition are the ninety-nine names of Allah at the same time.
106 Each hair of the fur calls, symbolizes Allah according to what E. Y. told us.
107 The word means ‘proof, evidence’ (Redhouse 1974: 280). The very first participant of the ritual is the delici, the helper whom the baba asks to invite the twelve imams to the ceremony. The dervish does so by lighting the candles and praying. The candles are burning when the participants enter the communal room (dergah).
108 At several places there is a thirteenth candle too in memory of mother Fatma.
109 Neither the grandmother nor her grandchild had submitted themselves to the Bektashi initiation rite yet.
stand each other by the wink of an eye. The *baba* guides them with his glance. They have a covenant, a secret sign by which they understand each other.

When the participants have arrived, the door is locked. As in a beehive, there is such a drone among the *cans*. Upon the loud „*Aşk olsun canlar!*, „*Susun!*” ‘Please, dear disciples, be quiet!’ all fall silent and the ceremony begins. Since *Şah Ismail*¹¹⁰ (*Hatayi*) all their prayers start with *Bism-i Şah* ‘in the name of the king’ as against the traditional majority Sunni *Bism İllah* ‘in the name of God’.

Lighting the candles

After a lengthy prayer at the head of the ritual, the *baba* orders the candle-lighter: “Get up! Evoke the twelve imams, light the candles!” He gets up and does so. The *çerağ uyandırma* is concrete candle lighting but the implication is more profound. Light was the first being that appeared at the creation of the world. It is distributed in all of us, illuminating everyone according to their merits, either just lighting or enlightening the people, as the case may be. According to H. Y. baba the goal of Islam is enlightenment, sent by Allah for mankind.

The *baba* says a blessing to the candles and prays in memory of the twelve imams. Then he narrates why the community have gathered, e.g. commemorating Hz. *Ali* and his slain martyr sons.

The story and the prayers are followed by a secret section. We were politely asked to wait in the hall or another time leave the room for some half an hour. A boy led us upstairs to watch TV. At another place, we were entrusted to the care of kindly old women and had to wait in the pantry where we could join them making salad. The secret part may be longer or shorter, depending on the number of those present. It all depends on the number of individual affairs with the community and their solutions.

The secret part

The first part of the ceremony can only be attended by the members who have taken the oath (*nasip almış*), as the matters concerning them are now discussed. When there is some grievance, they do not ask the state authorities but try to settle matters among themselves. If someone goes astray, it is brought to the community leader (*baba*). The aim is not punishment but betterment, the prevention of wrongdoing in the future.

Every participant of the ceremony comes upon invitation, without wrath or passion. The *baba* asks every participant in the communal room: Are there enemies among you? If there are, they have to make peace, otherwise they are led out.

¹¹⁰ The founder of the Safavid dynasty *Şah Ismail* rose to the throne in 1502. Infamous for his cruelty, he wrote beautiful hymns under the name *Hatayi* (cf. *Birge* 1937: 65).
A baba had the following to say about this: “At the beginning of the ceremony is the stoning (taşlama) when we get what we deserve. We examine if there are trespassers, sinners among us. Have we slandered someone, have we quarreled? The question is: Are there hostile ones among you? We pacify them. This is a compulsory part of our ceremonies, and there are other, occasional parts. In the month of mourning, for instance, there is no swirling (semah) at the end and no merry hymns are sung. When two can’t make peace, they are put out and cannot take part. One is our forty, forty is our one, each of us is worth the same, have the same good heart. We call this part reconciliation.”

Prayer according to the purpose of the ceremony

This section is followed by a string of prayers in praise of the twelve imams, the prophet and Hz. ‘Saint’ Ali. The baba recites them. There is a lot of blessing and favours to ask. The participants reinforce the baba’s words with Allah-Allah exclamations, sometimes saying amin ‘amen’. The ceremony also ends with prayers, the praying section of the ritual lasts about an hour, in close connection with the goal of the ritual.

This part is ended with three compulsory nefes ‘sacred hymns’. B. B., the baba of the Zeytinburnu congregation said: “We start with Erenlerin meclisi (№ 241, № 249). The other two are optional, e.g. the second is Muhammed Ali’yi candan sevenler (№ 582, № 534). The third begins with Hak dedim iptidai bir dergaha vardım.111 Earlier we chanted Muhammed Ali, the leader of warriors as the third one, but today the zakkirs may choose what they like.”

The occasion of the convening may also determine the choice of the right nefes. For the feasts of the month of mourning, of Nevruz Sultan (March 21), or Otman Baba the respective nefes are sung.

Some of these hymns are known – maybe by the name of ilahi, nutuk, hikmet, deyiş, etc. – in other Islamic communities.112 By singing religious hymns the participants gradually leave behind the concerns of everyday life and give way to religious devotion. The Turkish religious hymns are effective tools of intellectual education; they teach, advise and explain the essence of mystic knowledge and the rules of coexistence. These sung verses replace the holy scripts. They say: Kur’anın özü, aşığın sözü113 „Read the Quran and listen to the word of the ashik”. Typically enough, the ashiks call their allegedly blessed instrument telli Kuran, freely translated as “stringed Quran”.

111 We recorded it but did not include it in the published corpus.
112 Köprülő (2007: 322) ascribes great importance to the nefes in traditional national versification forms.
113 Aşik ‘enraptured; enraptured saint, dervish’ (Redhouse 1974: 86), who has an ardent love for God.
The Religious Ceremony (ayin-ı cem)

Tripling (üçleme)

M. Ç baba: The praying part and the nefeses are followed by the offer of raki. First the dispenser of drinks fills the glasses and he says a prayer, followed by the baba's short prayer. The first to drink is the supreme religious leader, then the next in rank, the dervishes, then the bacı or wife of the elder, then the elderly women and finally the rest of the participants take the glass. Everyone receives the past glass so that it could not be seen how much was drunk from it.

Three is a magic number with the Turks, too, the üçleme 'tripling': three gulps to be taken into the mouth, symbolizing the trinity of Allah, Muhammad and Ali. All three have a separate prayer. “It is not obligatory to drink; you have to lift it to your mouth and then put it down. I have been attending the community rituals for thirty-three years but I have never seen a drunk. Should someone get drunk, we won’t call him/her next time, we won’t admit such persons. Some people would abolish the drink (dem), we are not so keen on this Anatolian custom. Until the saki brings the drink, we sit with our knees under us, but then we sit in the Bektashi way, cross-legged, more comfortably.”

The baba says a blessing to the drink and then nefeses ensue again.

Supper

Now all the invited are ushered to the laid tables. The sacrificial animal has been slain and cooked, other preparations have been made and the supper can be had. The elder says grace to which the participants listen to with bowed heads and fingers laid on the edge of the sofra114 and confirm by a loud Hu exclamation at the end. Hu can be pronounced both Hü or Hüy meaning as much as 'he', i.e. Allah – Muhammad – Ali. They express worship of unison this way. No one touches food until the baba has said “Go ahead, dear brethren, with good appetite!” The assistants have laid everything fairly in front of the participants. The meal has many courses: hot soups in small metal bowls, salad, kurban, boiled hen torn to pieces, boiled eggs, white cheese, pilaf, yogurt, aşure, dem, Coke, water, other soft drinks, etc.

During the supper spirits are high, there is chatting, joking, laughing. The customary, very healthy dishes of Turkey – cheese, fresh fruits, vegetables – are accompanied by raki. They always take a sip from the drink together, after a toast. Rarely can one

114 An Arabic loanword in Turkish, sofra means 'dining table; wooden or metal tray serving as a table' (Redhouse 1974: 1025). Nomadic Turks did not know the table, for spending most time on horseback they did not need one. When they settled down and embraced Islam, the laid table from which one could eat also spread. A cloth laid on the ground on which the women serve the meals is just as suitable. In the majority of contemporary Turkic languages the word designating a table is of Slavic origin, just as in Hungarian.
see a tipsy person. Most dishes are made at home, including the çörek in which a coin is baked.¹¹⁵ The table is cleared as quickly as it was laid. The helpers work with clockwork precision, preparing the communal room for the following part. They gather the tables and chairs and even sweep the carpets before the next part would begin.

**Pleasant conversation (mühabbet)**

It is an obligatory part of a cem. Similarly to the whole of the ceremony, the aim of this part is also to teach. Depending on the occasion, the baba tells instructive stories, sometimes reads them out. There are explanations to illumine the stories. When we were there, the dedebaba got out the book of pleasant thoughts, read out from it and then had someone else read on loud.

The themes of Haji Bektash Veli include: Be generous to everybody; share your food, open your gate to whoever is looking for shelter; don't speak immediately when you find something objectionable; of paramount importance in life is love; control your instincts; it's good for a pupil to surpass his/her master by decent and conscien-

¹¹⁵ The çörek is a flaky pastry baked in a round tin up to a meter in diameter, filled with minced meat or vegetables. It is consumed during the supper, while people consuming it keenly watch for the coin baked into it.
tious work; all must learn including women; what is to be learnt first of all is Man. The whole universe, heaven and hell, can be studied in Man; the master should keep giving but he must never demand; don’t ask anyone a favour; seek and you will find; beauty radiates from words, not from the face; and so on. These are the most frequently discussed topics during the conversations.

The texts of the nefeses are not easy to understand, not only for the archaic language or foreign words but first of all because of the hidden implications. These are explained by the baba. Different opinions, arguments can also be adduced. Oft-repeated religious tales, legends, parables, fables or jokes can often be heard (e.g. about Nasreddin Hodja). Current issues are also brought up and discussed.

We were no little embarrassed when the baba also involved us in a muhabbet. In this section he narrated that he had heard in his childhood that Christians were dirty. He thought it was so for a long time, then he worked in Germany for a few years in an ice-cream factory and was surprised to see the hygienic requirements. It was also astonishing that we being their guests took a shower there every day. So the negative image he had of the Christians had now been disproved.

Singing nefeses

After the conversation they sing nefeses.116 All listen to the songs with great awe. Those who know the songs join in, including the baba, the leader and those with longer seniority. Age is not an advantage but longer affiliation with the order is. Everyone keeps a record of their age as of their second birth, the initiation rite that is admission into the order.

There are merry and sad nefeses, some conjure up the great figures of the order, others narrate historical events. Most nefeses contain clearly understandable, generally valid advice. They are gladly sung irrespective of the occasions, e.g. grannies sing them to their grandchildren and thus they are passed down from one generation to the other.

The baba says to the respectable women: “Women, sing one by one!” Sometimes two or three women start a nefes, sometimes a married couple ask permission to sing. The nefeses constitute a legacy of several hundred years, transmitted by word of mouth and they become varied like the folk songs. More is said about them in the section on the song texts.

116 The word nefes is an Arabic loanword in Turkish, meaning “respiration, breathing on, inhaling”. Among Alevi–Bektashis it designates the poem that conveys their world view and religious devotion. Legend has it that the mystic poet Yunus Emre inhaled the inspiration from the saints to produce hymns in praise of God. The date of the tunes is not known, sometimes it may derive from the same time as the words, and maybe at times the author of the text and the tune is the same person.
Semah or whirling

Towards the end of the ceremony the members of the Bektashi community swirl a semah and approach God with an elevated soul. This kind of movement known in Europe mainly after the whirling Mevlevi dervishes can be found in the ritual of several orders. For an outsider, the semah looks like a dance but those who perform it vehemently protest. For them it is prayer performed with sacred enthusiasm and their most ardent wish is to get near God thereby. Those who wish to whirl semah during the ceremony are prescribed to carry out certain gestures (kissing the hand, touching the forehead to the ground, etc.), which may vary in Anatolia and have different variants, as we experienced in O. B’s home in Çorlu, or on other occasion in Musulça, Kilavuzlu, İstanbul and several other places.

The word semah is of Arabic origin (Ar. semâ’) and is not included in the Turkic dictionary of Kāšğari (Divanü Lugat-it-türk), but appears in the poems of the humanist mystic poet Yunus Emre who lived between 1240 and 1322, and in the later Western Turkish written document, the Dede Korkut. Today, in the village of Talas near Kayseri in Central Anatolia or in Bor near Niğde wedding food or banquets are designated with this name.

Many scholars discern the continuation of Shamanic traditions in the custom of the Sufi’s whirling, but Van Bruinessen (1999: 549) argues that the semah is basically different from the shaman’s dance. There are several choreographies even within a single community and the same choreography can be performed differently by individuals. Geographically there are great differences, similarly to the music.

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117 ‘A whirling dance performed during a Mevlevi service; hearing, mention’ (Redhouse 1974: 997).
118 The eleventh-century Turkish–Arabic dictionary being the first, earliest and most important as well.
119 In Reichl (1992: 43) the mentioned written record dates from the 16th century. Erdin thinks they could originate any time between the second half of the 15th and the end of the 16th century. Nevertheless, both state that the epic stories derive from the 9–11th centuries when the Oghuz people still lived along the lower reaches of the Sir-Darya. The syllable counting strophes consist of lines with 7, 8, 11 or 12 syllables.
120 The basic concept is devir, which means whirling and circulation. For them it implies rebirth, reincarnation as well. Bektashis think that after death one’s soul is reborn in another body or form.
121 Among early Christians it was not rare to have dance and meals in the church. An allusion to this is e.g. at the Council of Rome: “there are some people, especially women, who take delight in going to church on the sacred feasts to dance and sing heinous songs, dancing round dances like the pagans” (Goetz 1991). In medieval Paris at Easter the ham market was outside the Notre Dame and the ham was consumed in the church. The meal was followed by dancing, the ronde “round dance” which often became uncontrollable (Louis 1963: 79). In Spain the round dance remained a custom until the recent times in the ritual of the church (Martin 1979: 15).
Our personal experiences of the semah

In the closing part of the ritual, after the sacred hymns (nefeses) the tunes of the semah are played and the community members begin to whirl, which is a series of fine, smooth, rhythmic movements. Men and women swirl together, or in our terms, they dance together, everyone freely alone but all together. They say they dance the semah with their souls, not their body.

In some communities the baba (or dede among Alevis) signals to the musicians or the elder male guest to start the singing of holy hymns. The musician takes his instrument in both hand and lifts it to his chest. He says “Allah – Muhammad – Ali” and kisses the instrument at three different parts: the bridge, the meeting of the neck and the body, and the first frets. He then bows his head to the baba and begins singing. When he has finished, he kisses it again three times and puts it back in place.¹²²

The semah starts slowly and the rhythm accelerates gradually, till the men and women spin very fast. In the Amuca community in Thrace, the semah always begins with the song starting with Aşk olsun meydan görene (N° 63), elsewhere Açılıdı cennet kapısı (N° 65) is the first song.

Our personal experiences of the semah

The cans can only rise to start whirling in a definite order. The semah is characterized by regular and rhythmic body motion, dignified, graceful and harmonious gestures. The participants do not join hands, they do not even touch each other if possible. When the name of the poet of the text is uttered, they stop for a second and pass their hands over their faces, then cross their lower arms on their chests. The rest of the participants sitting at their places enthusiastically sing and some exclaim Shah! Shah!

A baba acquaintance of ours described the semah in this way: “After a certain time the semah begins. The tables are cleared, the place is prepared for the rest of the events. There are several types of semah. Every community has their favourite semahs. The first to whirl are the elders of the community, followed by the couple who organized the meeting, and then the souls present by the two, in the order of age and rank, and then they whirl by the four. The last to be performed is the dance of the forty, which can be joined by all: old and young and the respectable women.”

According to the number of participants, the dances are called ikili ‘by two’, dörtlü ‘by four’ and kırklar ‘by forty’.\(^\text{123}\) The semah whirled by two also has an optional part which the babas carry on. The rest honour it by standing up. In the semah whirled by four men or four women, two married couples or sometimes three men and a woman whirl. Whirling ends with the forty-kind in which all members of the community take part.

\(^\text{123}\) There are several records narrating that during earlier pilgrimages up to 5–600 people joined the whirling around the türbe of the saints under the open sky in a moonlit night.
Closing prayer

After the *semah* of the forty, the *baba* says a blessing and prayers. The *muhabbet* is long: around two in the morning everyone packs things before leaving. The ceremony, the pleasant conversation is over and the mass disperses. The Bektashis walk home in moonlight; dogs bark outside the houses.

When we were there, the next day many phoned to thank the *baba* for the nice ceremony. Those belonging to the order might drift quite far away but their *baba* will always be the one who admitted them. They receive the invitation to the ceremonies from him. Participants may sometimes arrive from a great distance and distant relatives may be reunited at a ceremony. These events cement the community in several regards.

Instruments at the Ceremony

Let us say a few words about the instruments used in the ceremony and the melodies. In Anatolian Alevi communities the religious hymns and dances are accompanied by instruments, while the Thracian Bektashis whirl to singing. This is not surprising, as in Bulgaria, too, the fashion of instrumental music was a later-day development upon Turkish influence.

It can be said in general that the long-necked lute, the *bağlama* or *saz* is the most prevalent instrument of Alevi–Bektashis, while the Mevlevis, for example, chose the flute called *ney*. There are often as many as 40 frets in honour of the Forty and 12 strings in commemoration of the twelve imams. The instrument is also a symbolical weapon, one comes across photos or statues of minstrels with a *bağlama* lifted with a suggestive gesture. Some members of the Sunni majority often steal or break off the instrument from the statues, as we also saw during our latest trip to Osmaniye.

The Asian ancestor of the instrument had two strings as is its form now in Khurasan, Turkmenistan, Central Asia and among the Kurds. Many trace the *bağlama* to shamanic traditions, which is also supported by the fact that the *kopuz* is similarly holy in Central Asia and in the old Turkish literature, e.g. in Dede Korkut’s book or in the equally famous 13–14th century minstrels’ poems such as those of Yunus Emre. Today usually three pairs of strings are applied to it; its tuning may vary by region. The most frequent tuning among the Bektashi–Alevis is the so-called *bağlama*.

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124 The 12 imams are Ali’s direct descendants to whom Ali’s impeccable and divine characteristic were bequeathed. The “forty pure and innocent” are the children of the 12 imams who were martyred in childhood, many in the battle of Kerbela Husain also fell. Together with the 12 imams, Fatma and Hatice they are also special incarnations of God.

125 Cremers (1972: 6221).

126 Dede Korkut’s book: Turkish myth of origin.
düzeni, listing the strings from top to bottom: A-G-D. This instrument is revered just as much as the rest of the holy objects; it is held on a high shelf or hanged from the ceiling, wrapped in special cloths.\textsuperscript{127} Pir Sultan Abdal wrote a hymn to it (N° 64) (\textit{Gel benim sari tanburam}).\textsuperscript{128} An excellent description of the instrument can be read, among other sources, in Picken (1975: 271).

\textsuperscript{127} Özer (1997), Picken (1975: 279–281).
\textsuperscript{128} Kaya collected most of Pir Sultan’s poems (1999: 92).
Some Turkish authors argue that the Alevi-Bektashi music is folk music and cannot be taken for religious music even if it is played in religious gatherings. Though there is not sufficient research into this topic, it can be declared that this music changes regionally, sometimes even from village to village. The contents and the music jointly produce a genre that is different from the rest of the folk music genres.

The musical analysis has revealed that the simplest melodies mainly occur in folk music and in religious dance music, and as we progress toward more advanced forms, we find more and more melodies that are sung as folk songs and religious hymns alike. Very many Thracian tunes have Anatolian analogies, and several large tune groups can even be compared with Hungarian parallels. Exceptional are the typical religious tunes of a musical array whose long lines undulating in low register distinctly separate them from Turkish tunes which usually have a descending character. More can be read about this in the chapter on musical analysis, with several illustrations.

130 It is noteworthy that the laments found here are distinctly different from the Anatolian lament forms.
THE MUSIC OF THE BEKTASHIS IN THRACE

Since 1920 Turkish musicologists have focused on recording and transcribing folk music for preserving it, and composers tried to create a “national” style based on Turkish folk songs. Analytical and comparative methods trying to discover musical types, classes and the interrelation between them, as well as those comparing the repertoire of different communities have been missing. Ethnomusicological–anthropological approaches concentrating on the social context of music are exceptionally rare as well.

The poems of Alevi-Bektashi poets have never been only recited but always sung. Music has a fundamental role in this culture, and at the ceremonies they sing their religious songs (nefes, ilahi, deyiş, semah) in many parts of Turkey. However, reports on Alevi–Bektashi music are limited to short articles, anthologies of verse or music, passing or brief references in general books on the Alevis or on Turkish music and a study of semahs. According to Duygulu (1997: IX): “more and more studies are written about historical, theological and political aspects of the Alevi–Bektashis, but only a few scholars examine their culture”. We can cite Boratav as well: “there are no comprehensive studies about the songs of the (Turkish) folk religion”.

At the same time, in the Turkish folk music stock of the TRT (Turkish Radio and Television) numbering over 4500 items there are sporadic āsırı halk müziği or “folk religious” tunes, usually under the generic label of “folk song”. The archives of

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133 The TRT repertoire contains the variants approved by a committee of the tunes officially permitted for publication. The committee often makes changes on the tunes before printing, first of all modifying the words not deemed appropriate. Yal الترك (2002, 2003) published again the Alevi–Bektashi tunes from the TRT repertoire as well.
TRT and HAGEM\textsuperscript{134} contain several other religious tunes not included in the repertoire and not transcribed yet.\textsuperscript{135}

In connection with the religious tunes of the European part of Turkey the first names to be mentioned are those of Muzaffer Sarısozen and Halil Bedii Yönetken. They collected in the years after the establishment of the Turkish Republic, also in Kırklareli where they recorded folk hymns from Vahit Lütfi Salcı (Vahit Dede).\textsuperscript{136}

The first important publication on the religious music of the region was the outcome of the researches around Kırklareli by Vahit Lütfi Salcı in 1940.\textsuperscript{137} He presented a few transcribed tunes and touched on the relations between tune and text, and even on a few linguistic specificities. There are a few nefes tunes recorded from Aşık Ali Tanburacı in Cemil Demirsipahi’s book “Türk Halk Oyunları”.

\textsuperscript{134} HAGEM – \textit{Halk Kültürlerini Araştırma ve Geliştirme Genel Müdürlüğü} ‘General Directorate of the Research and Development of Folk Culture’.

\textsuperscript{135} In Sipos (1994, 1995) we published several Alevi–Bektashi tunes.

\textsuperscript{136} Yönetken (1966).

\textsuperscript{137} Salcı (1941).
The first works more specifically devoted to Turkish religious folk music are the 4th and 5th volumes of tunes collected by the “Tesnif Heyeti” of the Istanbul Conservatory published in 1933. They contain the scores of 87 Bektashi nefeses. We have found that only a part of this excellently transcribed repertory is known and sung by the Bektashis living in the territory today.

Mention must be made of the volumes of Gül Deste published by Turgut Koca and Zeki Onardan (e.g. Ankara 1987, 1998) which contain several nefeses with scores and texts. The Thracian Bektashis do use them but since they don’t read music, they can only use the words. The stock of tunes they sing as religious hymns is basically different from the music notated in the Gül Deste volumes. Neither in these books, nor in the publications of the Istanbul Conservatory can one find musical systematization or analysis.

Hüseyin Yaltırık published his book Trakya Bölgesinin Tasavvufi Halk Müziği ‘Religious folk music of the Thracian area’ in 2002, and enlarged this edition with Alevi and Bektashi religious hymns from other areas in 2003, published with the same title. These publications are valuable sources, first of all by presenting the scores and texts of 133 Thracian religious hymns. Their drawback is that the grouping is by the contents of the texts, without any musical analysis or comparison. Though Yaltırık (2002: VI) notes that the tasavvufi halk müziği in the area of Thrace is different from the religious music in Anatolia, he does not explain his thesis. Nor is the relation between the religious tunes and the folk song stock illumined.

It seemed well grounded that there was still much to be said about the musical world of the Thracian Bektashis. One aspect open to a researcher was certainly the systematization and the comparative analysis of this music.

The musical classification

When I showed my book on the Azeri Folk Songs (Sipos 2004) with ample musical transcriptions and analysis to an American ethnomusicologist friend, she gave it back with the following remark “old fashioned”. What is beyond that?

In the 19th and the early 20th centuries the universalist mode became predominant. It was searching for the origin and the evolution of everything and from this endeavour developed comparative musicology. In contrast to comparative musicology (American) ethnomusicology emerged, with the main question and sometimes methods of „social anthropologists”: how do individual cultures function? Here we

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138 The team included Ali Rıfat, Rauf Yekta, Zekâizade Ahmet and Dr. Suphi Ezgi.
139 İstanbul Konervatuarı Tasnif Heyeti, Bektashi Nefesleri, 1933, İstanbul.
140 The first half of the second book is practically identical with the 2002 publication, the second half (III. bölüm) contains several religious songs (ilahi, nefes, tatyan, deyiş, gülbank and dua) published earlier, too. There is a CD appended to the volume.
have to mention that Hungarian folk music research was initiated by great musicians such as Béla Bartók and Zoltán Kodály. They became the founders of a new branch of music research: firmly aimed at the national culture while exploring the historical roots and cultural–geographical context broadly – drawing also on linguistics and other fields of research beyond music. 141

Before deciding which method to choose let us raise a question: is it necessary to examine the sometimes agonizing phenomena of the folk music of village/nomadic people or the music repertoire of a folk religion? Should we not study modern musical trends in the big centers and cities instead?

Undoubtedly, the examination of new phenomena is important. However, besides language, folk music is one of the most outstanding creations of people which deserves special attention. Many of its layers were created by communities having a common cultural background, and these communities had been forming and polishing their melodies and melody styles for centuries or thousands of years, sometime preserving the musical essence in the process of a continuous change.

Music does have its own life, which is independent to a high degree from the society in which it exists. When analyzing Bach’s fugues or Schoenberg’s compositions we do not necessarily have to know every tiny moment of their lives. And one more thing. Though cultural and social approaches are fundamental in newer ethnomusicology, we cannot expect representatives of other branches of the social sciences to study and analyze the music as it is. It has to be done by us, musicologists and ethnomusicologists.

Linguistics, especially comparative linguistics set a good example. Having different methods and approaches, most linguists agree that dictionary and grammar are important tools. In the case of folk music, a reliable collection of songs is similar to a dictionary, and the classification is similar to a grammar. In folk music research classification means a typology bunching similar melodies into melody types; organizing melody types into melody classes and forming melody styles from melody classes. In this way the puzzling mass of melodies becomes easy to survey.

Classification is especially important if we want to compare folk music of different people because, while the similarity of a few melodies does not have great significance, the similarity of large and musically homogeneous melody groups might refer to deeper, sometimes genetic relations and can even help to trace historical connections and musical universalias.

In an optimal case, the folk music of all the people in the world would be available on our shelves in systematized publications. Then we could attempt to plot the musical map of the world, in which the overlapping seas and the islands of folk music could be demonstrated suggestively. It would reveal how far and in what specific forms the tune types and the musical styles spread, whether they are national or supranational, whether they live locally or have a generally prevalent character etc. That is, unfortunately, only a dream yet.

In 2004 I joined the 37th World Conference of the International Council for Traditional Music in South China. If all of the many hundred participants had collected and analyzed 7000 melodies and wrote 8 books like myself, now we would have an archive of more than two million melodies and a library of 1800 monographies on these melodies. How much nearer we would be to the dream of Béla Bartók: becoming acquainted with the folk music of the world!

The principles of the classification of the Bektashi melodies

There are hundreds and hundreds of melodies in every folk music, but these melodies are not independent. Some are close variants and we can consider them to be identical, or to be more precise we can say that they belong to the same melody type.

In the course of classification, we first determine the melody types, and then we look for connections between them, discovering which types are related, in other words, which types belong to the same melody class. Sometimes different melody classes contain melodies with more or less similar musical ideas; this enables us to form musical styles from them. Having a classified material ordered into melody types, classes and styles we have the chance to compare the whole folk music material of different peoples instead of only observing a few random similarities.

Owing to our six–year-long field work and the simultaneous transcribing and analyzing process we had the reliable material at hand. The next step was to choose the principles of the classification. As now we are talking about musical classification we took non-musical aspects into consideration only secondarily. But there might be many different musical connections between melodies as well. Similar or even identical might be the number of syllables, the number of sections, the range, the rhythm, the musical structure, the scale etc. We can group the material according to any of these features and these groupings bring melodies similar in one or another feature close to each other. But these characteristics can usually be described by a few numbers; consequently we can use comprehensive tables to introduce the rhythmic, structural etc. relations of the melodies (see Appendices).

According to our experiences the melodic line encloses the most complex and most substantial musical essence, what is more it cannot be characterized by a few numbers or letters. That is why we choose it as the main principle. To be more exact we made the classification according to the musical line of the first half of the melodies, which in this musical culture usually satisfactorily identifies the whole song. The second half of the two-sectioned melodies is usually less characteristic, often moving under the first one with a descending or an ascending–descending tendency. However, in four-sectioned melodies the structure plays a prominent role, therefore in their classification the cadences (the closing tones of the sections) are more important than in the classification of one- or two-sectioned melodies.
The goal of the musical classification is to find the central forms (melodic lines) to which the majority of the songs can be traced back. As we will see, in the majority of the cases it was possible to classify melodies into melody types and classes.

As in the folk music of many ethnicities, the most typical melodic lines in the Bektashi material are descending or ascending–descending. In this musical world these melodic movements can be handled together. Different is however the undulating movement on a smaller range reaching the final note in the middle of the first section, sometimes even sinking under it. Relatively rare are melodies traceable back to twin bars, and even rarer are melodies with an ascending first part.

As the first step I divided Bektashi folk songs and psalms into six arrays and an Appendix according to their forms. The arrays contain melody classes and the melody classes are divided into melody groups.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Arrays</th>
<th>Classes</th>
<th>Basic form of the melodies in the array</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A</td>
<td>1–2</td>
<td>One short section</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B</td>
<td>3–4</td>
<td>Two short sections</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Four short sections with (A) main cadence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D</td>
<td>6–9</td>
<td>Four short sections</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>One/two tripodic sections</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>Domed structure</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appendices</td>
<td>App. 1–2</td>
<td>Special melodies</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Let us survey now the main melody groups in the arrays and let us start to get acquainted with the musical world of the Bektashis. We warmly recommend the reader to spend a few minutes studying the above transcriptions. It will make the understanding of the classification much easier. If we learn these melodies, the majority of the Bektashi songs will be familiar.

\[^{142}\text{In the arrays there might be melodies moving on different scales if their other features were in harmony with the main characteristics of the array.}\]
Array A. Melodies traceable back to a single short section

Class 1. Motivic melodies rotating on a trichord, № 1–20

\[\text{A-lay-la, pa-lay-la, Tah-ta ka-lay-la, oy, hoy, la.}\]

Class 2. Tunes traceable to a single short line, № 21–85

\[\text{A-na göl-ge-ci-ğım, a-na ci-ğım, Ver e-li-ni, o-pe-yim.}\]

Array B. Melodies traceable to two short sections

Class 3. First line undulating low or rising, frequent A’A form, № 86–133

\[\text{Ya-rım sa-na gi-de-çe-ğım Ha-zur-mi ge-lin-lık-ler.}\]

Class 4. Stagnant, descending or hill-like short first line of a close range, № 134–238

\[\text{Ba-hçe-le-r-de üç gö-zel var, Gezer o dost, gezer o.}\]

Array C (= Class 5). Four short sections with (A) main cadence, № 239–293

\[\text{Ben se-ni se-ve-rim can-dan i-ce-ri.}\]
Array D. Melodies with four or more sections

Class 6. Low-moving tunes with B(B)x cadences and higher ones with D(B)x cadences, № 294–312

Class 7. Low- and higher-moving melodies with C(C)x cadences, № 313–361

Class 8. “Psalmodic” and descending tunes with E/D(C)/A cadences, № 362–413

Class 9. “Çanakkale” melodies, № 414–476
The principles of the classification of the Bektashi melodies

Class 10. Melodies built of line- or bar-sequences, № 477–495

\[ \text{Oy, na-rin, na-rin, } \text{Şo-för-dür } \text{be-nim ya-rim.} \]

Class 11. Disjunctive melodies, № 496–516

\[ \text{Ça-vuş i-zin ver-mi-yor, } \text{N'o-la-cək } \text{be-nim ha-lim?} \]

Array E (= Class 12). Melodies of tripodic lines, № 517–562

\[ \text{Kam-ber du-rur-du } \text{sa-ğın-da, } \text{Gö-ren-de } \text{cen-net } \text{ba-ğın-da.} \]

\[ \text{A-li Fat-ma Tur } \text{da-ğın-da, } \text{Dost bi-ri } \text{Ve-li-yi } \text{gör-düm.} \]

Array F (= Class 13). Domed melody structure, № 563–593

\[ \text{Be-şık-le-re } \text{taş } \text{be-le-dim } \text{nen-ni,} \]

\[ \text{Mev-lam-dan } \text{o-ğul } \text{di-le-dim, } \text{nen-ni,} \]

\[ \text{Ye-şil da-ğın } \text{kö-se-sin-de } \text{Ağ-li-yo-rum } \text{sa-na sa-na,} \]

\[ \text{Yol-la-rum-da } \text{o-nu } \text{Bek-li-yo-rum } \text{ka-na ka-na.} \]
Appendices

Appendix 1. Tunes similar to the small form of the Hungarian and Anatolian laments, № 593–597

Appendix 2. Melodies moving by leaps, № 598–602

Picture 12. High spirits during the muhabbet
Comparing melodies of different form and section length

Melodies having sections of different length may be similar. In the next table we show some examples of this phenomenon.¹⁴³¹⁴⁴

| a) | When each line of a two-line tune ends on the final note, it can be compared with similar single-line songs.¹⁴³ | tunes of 5–1 |
| b) | Four-line tunes of ABAB, AABB, ABBB and AAAB form are traceable to two-line tunes of AB form. | № 191–192 |
| c) | Dividing a four-bar-long line into two, we get two shorter lines. Thus, tunes of a single long line are comparable with tunes of two short lines, melodies of two long lines are comparable with melodies of four short lines.¹⁴⁴ | № 271 and № 273 |
| d) | Tunes of four long lines can be compared to tunes of four short lines provided that their cadences, line scheme and melody motion are convincingly similar. | № 385 and № 402 |

¹⁴³ Provided that the second line brings no revolutionary innovation. This form is relatively frequent in Turkish folk music.

¹⁴⁴ Especially when lines 3–4 have little range and close on or near the final note.
DETAILED MUSICAL ANALYSIS

Let us see now the detailed classification of the tunes and the supporting explanation. This – perhaps somewhat dry – section of the book requires probably the keenest attention, but it contains the most novelties which will afford the attentive reader an insight into the intricate web of a round and complex musical world.

Array A. Melodies traceable back to a single short section (Class 1–2)

Class 1. Melodies built up of motives rotating around the middle tone of a trichord

These small-range tunes rotate around the middle tone of a trichord and also end on it. Despite the small range and the rotating movement, the tunes of different groups belong to rather dissimilar musical worlds. In group 1, after the repetition of “A B-G” motif and its variants\(^{145}\) the tune closes on A, while group 2 is characterized by the G-A-B-A and B-A-G-A rotating motif. Group 3 consists of Quran recitation of sections of varying length performed parlando in which the rotating movement also appears, but instead of short motifs, recited at length.

1–1. The “A B-G” motif is repeated and varied before melody ends on the tone A (ex. 1–1, № 1–10). Though other tunes are also varied, the extraordinary variability of this group is unusual in this geographic area. The meter can be 2/4, 4/4, 6/8, 9/8; the syllable number is: 6+5, 12+5 and 8+6. The structural scheme is also varied; if a = A B-G, b = G-C-B-G and c = D, the structure of some melodies in this group can be schematized as: aa/ba/bc, aa/aa/ba/bc, aa/bba/bc, cb/cb/ba/bc, etc. We put № 10 of a slightly different melodic movement in the shadow of the variants of folk songs № 1–9.

1–2. Songs rotating around the middle tone of the B(&)-A-G(#) trichords (ex. 1–2, № 11–16). There are lots of tunes rotating around the middle tone of the B-A-G major third among Hungarian and Anatolian children’s songs and other peoples’ tunes. Most melodies are children’s songs, rain-magic, but some similar Alevi religious songs can

\(^{145}\) F may also enter in line 2.
also be found (№ 12). We ranged here a few counting-out rhymes and folk songs (№ 15–16) rotating around the central tone of the B&-A-G and B&-A-G# trichords.

1–3. Several (Sunnite) Quran recitations are characterized by rotating round the middle tone of a minor or major third (ex. 1–3, № 17–20). Sometimes they move on two tones and the lower note of the third only enters occasionally, at the end of the line (№ 17), but normally the tune rotates on the whole trichord (№ 18–20). With its flexibly lengthened and shortened lines and parlando rhythm this melody group is separated markedly from the two-bar motifs in tempo giusto rhythm of the previous groups.

Similarly to Anatolia, the scales with the minor third are predominant in the Thracian repertoire, although there are quite some songs of Ionian character and others in scales involving the augmented second between the 2nd and 3rd degrees. In the next arrays, we grouped together the melodies using different scales but pursuing similar melodic movements. Several musical forms were found ranging from some reiterated motifs of a few tones to forms descending from a larger than octave height via several characteristic lines. Nevertheless, the descending and hill-shaped diatonic lines and the dominance of the basically descending structure lend relative homogeneity to the greater part of the musical stock. Compared to them, a peculiar colour is represented by the few ascending and several undulating ascending–descending–ascending first parts.
Class 2. Tunes traceable to a single short line

Here the AA interim form between a single-core and a two-core structure is frequent; in it a higher line closing on A is followed by a parallel but lower line (A) also closing on A. The tunes subsumed here are held together by the narrow range (E-D)-C-B(&)-A and the descending or hill-like movement of the constituting motifs. This class, however, contains groups of widely different character presumably due to different origins.

2–1. Lines built of (A-B&)-C-B&-A Phrygian descending/hill-like motifs (ex. 2–1, № 21–28). This group contains mainly lullabies, folk songs and a single religious hymn (№ 24).146 We classified in the shadow of the group a few plagal tunes whose gamut increased by a tone or two downward, though these tunes considerably differ from one another and from the above tunes, since the small range enhances the differences (e.g. № 27 sung by Sunnite women of the area).147

2–2. (A)-D-B-A tritonic laments and bride's farewell songs containing descending/hill-shaped lines (ex. 2–2, № 29–37). The main melodic movement is also a small-range descent or hill, yet it is not the D-C-B(&)-A tetrachord but the D-B-A triton on which the movement of A-D-D-B | D-B-A character takes place.148 The origin of this incomplete scale in this Turkish musical realm requires further research. Owing to the tritonic scale the Thracian Bektashi lament differs not only from the melodic world of Thrace but also from the typical tunes of Anatolia, including the small form of laments prevalent elsewhere in Anatolia, and from other more specific Turkish laments we have studied.149 At the same time, the divergence of laments from other folk music styles is not a unique phenomenon. Let me refer to the fundamental difference between the laments and other folk songs of the Kazakhs in Mongolia (Sipos 2001: 95–99). In addition, we ranged here an Alevi religious tune of similar character (№ 37).

146 This Alevi religious melody is characterized by lines built of small motifs of trichord-tetrachord range.
147 When the general tendency of the melodic movement and the main cadences are identical, one may take tunes of four long characteristic lines with different parts as variants of one another (e.g. the end of line 3, a cadence or the height of the 2nd degree may often differ). When we have a narrow-range tune, the difference in pitch of a single note might result in great differences, exactly because these songs have little characteristic differentiators. It can be declared in general that the smaller the range and the simper the structure, the more minute musical aspects must be taken into account in the classification. Besides, the small-range tunes of often archaic functions frequently display musical forms of different origins and development. All this confirms that musical stocks of different kinds need analyzing and classifying methods tailored to their specific needs.
148 In some laments Bb is sometimes replaced by C at places.
149 For the description of various Anatolian laments and their comparison with Hungarian laments, see Sipos (1994, 2000, 2002); for the comparison of the laments of different Turkic people, see Sipos (1994, 2004).
2–3. (A)-D/E-D-C-B-A hill-shaped/descending first line (ex. 2–3, № 38–78). The melodies of this very populous group are characterized by the A-D/E-A hill and the D/E-A descent. As mentioned earlier, these two kinds of movement are difficult, and perhaps senseless to differentiate. The group includes seven- and eight-syllabic dance tunes, folk songs, semah and nefes tunes, wedding songs, and lullabies in diverse meters (2/4, 8/8, 6/8, 9/8 and 6/4). In the second half of the tunes sometimes cadential variants or extended lines also occur (e.g. № 60, № 65, etc.).

We subsumed in this group a set of variants which contains folk songs beside the melodies of the "ikili semah". The group begins with tunes rotating low (№ 63–71) and end with religious and secular tunes descending from E/D to A (№ 72–78). These melodies are tightly connected by text, rhythm and function; during lengthy bouts of singing the higher and lower lines alternate (№ 76). Therefore we put them side by side to illustrate one of the diverse interconnections among these tunes, although some variants are more closely characterized by G-A-B-A-B-A rotation, and others by descent from E to A.

2–4. Ionian tunes (ex. 2–4, № 79–85). Similarly to some equivalents with the minor third, they consist of hill-shaped (but Ionian) lines ending on A. The illustration (№ 83) is sung by a Sunnite woman.

Example 2. Tunes traceable to a single melodic line. 1) № 23, 2) № 29, 3) № 45, 4) № 83
Array B. Melodies traceable to two short sections (Class 3–4)

Two classes belong here with several groups in each. The melodies of the classes are differentiated by the movement of the first line. The first lines in class 3 undulate low or rise; the single-core A′A form is frequent. By contrast, the melodies in class 4 are built of two short stagnant, descending or hill-shaped small-range lines.

Class 3. First lines undulating low or rising, frequent A′A form

The middle of the close-range (G–D/E) first line of these melodies composed of two short sections sinks to the final note and then rises to the closing note of the line, which is mainly C/B, less frequently D. The answer to the undulating first line is usually a descending or hill-shaped second line.\(^{150}\)

3–1. A-C-D/E-C-A-B-C/B undulation (ex. 3–1, № 86–92). The wave of the first group rises from A to D/E, descends from there to A/G, then rises to B/C. The tunes of different cadences are held together by the characteristic undulation.

3–2. A/D-E-D-C-A-C-D valley or wave (ex. 3–2, № 93–99). The first lines of the tunes in this group trace a valley, but the main determinant of the tunes is the A′A structure, so the valley is created by the cadential leap up at the end of the line. Most tunes have D as the main cadence, but there is a tune with the E at the corresponding place (№ 99). (№ 96 was sung by a Sunnite man.)

3–3. This group is the pendant of 3–1 moving on Ionian scale (ex. 3–3, № 100–112).

3–4. First line rising to D/E (ex. 3–4 = № 118, № 113–133). Ascending motion is rare in the folk music of Turkic peoples, especially in the first line of songs consisting of two short lines. Line 1 of some tunes here rise from A to D/E and the second line descends from E to the closing note. The first line of other tunes ends on D/E after recitation in the C-D strip (e.g. № 116). Most songs are folk songs with several lullabies\(^{151}\) and a rain-making song; the scale of the latter containing an augmented second between degrees 2 and 3 (№ 128–133). I also added here a tune of similar motion whose scale also had a major third (№ 127). (№ 114 and № 161 were sung by a Sunnite woman.)

\(^{150}\) Such undulation over a wide range and a pentatonic scale was found among the Kazakhs of Mongolia.

\(^{151}\) № 114 was sung by a Sunnite woman.
Detailed musical analysis

Example 3. First line undulating low or rising. 1) № 90, 2) № 95, 3) № 100, 4) № 118

Class 4. Stagnant, descending or hill-like short first line of a close range

So far, we have touched on two-line tunes whose first line was ascending, undulating or valley-shaped within a small compass. By contrast, this class contains songs whose first line is descending, hill-shaped or stagnant.

4–1. Several tunes move C-D-C-B(§)/C|C-D-C-B(§)/C within the range of a tri-chord and end on B/C (ex. 4–1, № 134–142). (№ 136 is an Alevi religious song (deyiş), and № 134 was sung by a Sunnite woman.)

4–2. Even more songs can be characterized by a first line with a somewhat higher hill or descent A/C-D-(E)-D-C/B (ex. 4–2, № 143–169). Looking at the songs, one realizes that it does not make sense to separate the tunes with C and B main cadences. There are tunes of this character with the augmented second as well (№ 166); but the common melodic line unites the tunes moving on different scales. The meter is 2/4, 4/4, 8/8, 9/8, 6/8 and the performance is parlando in two cases. The most frequent structural schemes are AB, AABB, less frequently AAAB, AAB'B and A = a|b long section. We chiefly arranged the tunes by pitch height, starting with the hill-like ones with A as the first tone. The group ends with (often Phrygian) melodies descending

152 It was again impossible – and also unnecessary – to separate the hill-like and the descending forms because the A-D-E-D-C movement is of a largely similar character to D-D-E-D-C.
from D and with augmented second (№ 165). The major third of the latter points towards the next group. (Folksong № 143 was sung by a Sunnite man.)

4–3. Similar tunes to the previous group with Ionian scale (ex. 4–3, № 170–181). We arranged them by height, starting from the lower ones and progressing towards those descending from the higher ones. (№ 170, № 171 and № 175 were sung by Sunnite people.)

4–4. The first line has two small E-E-D-C/D E-E-D-C descents (ex. 4–4, № 182–189). Owing to its repetitive motivic character this movement is markedly different from the so-far discussed hill-like or descending formulae. We put in this group a Bulgarian song with a similar E-E-D-B E-E-D B beginning (№ 183). № 185 combines several forms, anticipating the “small psalmodic” 4-7 group.

4–5. This group contains tunes like in group 4-4 moving on the Ionian scale (ex. 4–5, № 190–196). № 195 was sung by a Macedonian man.

4–6. A few tunes with D main cadence are also in this class because of the first line reciting on the C-D-E trichord and using C saliently, although the melodies of the D main cadence are further in the system (Ex. 4–6, № 197–200).

4–7. A “small psalmodic” melody group of E/C-D-E-E | E-E-D-C scheme with ascending or stagnant character (ex. 4–7, № 201–210). The four bars of these two-line tunes are interrelated as are the four lines of the psalmodic melodies to be discussed later. After the initial C-D-E (or E-E-E) movement, in the second bar there is a descent from E/G’ to C. The third unit is relatively varied, but often similar to the second or lower. The last part descends from E/D/C to the closing A. This characteristic formula can be found in Hungarian, Anatolian and other people’s music as well.153 (№ 205 was sung by a Sunnite woman.)

4–8. This group contains tunes of Ionian character similar to the ones in group 4–7 (ex. 4–8, № 211–214). The first line almost always reaches the 6th degree. It is worth noting that transposed a third higher, these tunes are similar to the first two lines of the higher four-line psalmodic tunes.

4–9. This group is also a relative of group 4–7, but its melodies descend from G’ and not from around E (ex. 4–9, № 215–219). The kinship between the two forms is confirmed e.g. by № 216 in which the low start alternates with the high start.

4–10. A tall hill-shape of C-D-E-E/F(#) G’/E-E-D-D with the D main cadence (ex. 4–10, № 220–230). The first line of the melodies in the group is characterized by a tall C-E-D or C-G’-D hill, with usually a descending second line. We ranged here a few tunes whose first lines outline an equally high but more undulating hill (№ 228–230).

4–11. G’-G’-G’-E | E-E-D-D/E first lines descending from high (ex. 4–11, № 231–238). The first line typically begins high (G’), stays there for some time and ends on E or D. The answer to the G’-D/E descent of the first line is the E/D-A descent of the second. Nefeses, semahs, a “Sunni” folk song (№ 238), Alevi tunes (№ 231–232) and a Macedonian song (№ 237) belong here.

Example 4. Stagnating, descending or hill-shaped small-range first line. 1) № 134, 2) № 146, 3) № 179, 4) № 184, 5) № 191, 6) № 197, 7) № 208, 8) № 211, 9) № 216, 10) № 222, 11) № 234
Class 5 (Array C). Four short sections with (A) main cadence

These tunes are classified between the tunes of two short lines and those of four short lines, but are closer to the former. At the end of the second line they close on the final note. Until this point they are often identical with some two-line tunes, and then a second part of not much character follows. Most belong to the typical, original part of the Thracian religious tune stock, but there are several folk songs, too. Many of the ones starting low are similar to the AABA “domed” structures put at the end of the classification.

5–1. A low wave with A(A)x cadences (ex. 5–1, № 239–250). The first line is often built of two identical or similar motifs (№ 242). № 241 displays a similar movement but ends on G,. The majority of the tunes are nefeses, but similar folk song are also found. We placed some Ionian tunes in the shadow of the group (№ 247–249). (№ 245 was sung by a Sunnite man.)

5–2. Low wave or valley with C(A)x cadences (ex. 5–2, № 251–265). Most are religious hymns. Their first line is meandering typically in the G,-D stretch, touching on A. This melodic movement also appears on scales including the minor or major thirds in this group.

5–3. “Small psalmodic” songs + two lines (ex. 5–3, № 266–284). The first two lines of the tunes in this group resemble the so-called “small psalmodic” tunes of two short lines. This is confirmed by the religious tune № 270, the concatenation of a low-starting and a high-starting “small psalmodic” tune. More frequently, the first part is followed by two, low-running plain lines ending on A, to reinforce the termination of the tune, as it were. Though we have apparently a four-line form, the third line usually closes on A (rarely on C or B) and the last line is similar to the second, so the structure is ABBvBv or AB/CB. There are Ionian tunes of similar motion as well (№ 282–284). (№ 271 is a Bulgarian folksong.)

5–4. Four-line tunes with D/E (A) x cadences (ex. 5–4, № 285–293). The first two lines of the tunes are identical with some two-line songs. The third and fourth lines are similar to the second, the third mostly closing on A or B. (№ 289 was sung by a Sunnite woman.)
Example 5. Four short sections with (A) main cadence. 1) № 242, 2) № 253, 3) № 268, 4) № 285
Array D. Melodies with four or more sections (Classes 6–10)

Array D contains four- (or more-) part tunes which are multiply interconnected and it has several relations with the so-far discussed classes as well.

Class 6. Low-moving melodies with \( B(B)x \) cadences and higher ones with \( D(B)x \) cadences

6–1. Melodies running low with \( B(B)x \) cadences (ex. 6–1, № 294–300). The long first line comprises two similar or identical low-moving motifs. The connection between the high and low starts is illustrated by № 298.

6–2. The tunes in this group are built of four short and higher lines. The typical cadences are \( D(B)x \) (ex. 6–2, № 301–312). The tunes in the group start from different heights and the interrelation of the lines is similar to that of the melodies in the next arrays. With the main cadence C some of these tunes could fit among the “psalmodic” songs (see later). On account of its cadences we put tune № 312 in the shadow of this group, although it differs on several counts.

Example 6. Low-moving melodies with \( B(B)x \) and higher ones with \( D(B)x \) cadences.

1) № 296, 2) № 301

154 The cadence of the fourth line is usually 4\(^{th}\), rarely b\(^{3}\) and once the 1\(^{st}\) degree.
Class 7. Low- and higher-moving melodies with C(C)x cadences

7–1. The differentiating features of this group are the C(C)x cadential series and the turn of the first line around the middle or before the end to A (ex. 7–1, № 313–332). The first long line is again often made up of two similar motifs (aa or aa’). Similar lines were already met with. (№ 316–317 was sung by a Sunni woman, № 318 by Romas and № 322 by a Bektashi man of Macedonian origin.)

7–2. The first line of the second group also contains two similar motifs (ex. 7–2, № 333–351). Compared to the tunes of the previous group, the motifs are higher, moving on the C-D-E trichord without reaching the final note, arriving here now from lower, now from higher. The first line of the majority of tunes adopts the (A) E-D-C | E-D-C scheme; similar melody contour was seen among songs of two short lines as well. Some of the melodies point towards the simpler, smaller-range forms of the next (psalmodic) group and the “Çanakkale” types. We subsume under this group an Ionian tune of similar structure (№ 350).

7–3. The distinguishing feature of the third group is F, which plays an important role in the first line (ex. 7–3, № 352–361). Sometimes it appears in C-F confrontation (№ 352), sometimes F being the backbone of the first line (№ 357). (Folk song № 354 was sung by a Roma man.)

Example 7. Low and higher melodies with C(C)x cadences. 1) № 314, 2) № 337, 3) № 352
Classes 8, 9 and 10 are more closely interrelated, as will be explicated in describing the “Çanakkale” class. Most tunes in these classes are characterized by the descending four-line structure.

Class 8. Psalmodic and descending tunes with E(C)C/A, less frequently D(C)C/A cadences

In the group of the smallest range the melody lines fundamentally recite on the E-D-C trichord and sink to A at the end of the melody. In Bektashi (and generally in Anatolian) music such melodies are closely related to some descending tunes in which the C-D-E core is vaguer. Another characteristic feature is that the first line of the melody may be performed rising to D/E or descending there from G’, or again, it may stagnate on E. The rest of the lines are descending or hill-like. The melodies move typically conjunctly, both within a line, and across the lines. Most tunes in this group can be compared to many Anatolian, Hungarian and several other peoples’ melodies. Ionian tunes of a similar structure are also ranged here. As has been seen, many of the songs of two short lines with major character correspond to the first two lines of these songs. Also among the melodies of four long lines analogies can be found with tunes in this class. The tunes are listed in the order of the height of the first line.

8–1. Lower psalmodic tunes with D(C)x and E(C)x cadences (ex. 8–1 № 362–375). Their typical features are the C-D-E or E-E-E incipit and that the first line is not higher than E. G’ may also appear at the end of the first line or in the second line in unaccented places. Some Alevi nefeses and a folk song also adopt this scheme with the difference that at the end of the first line they jump to G’ (№ 373). (Folk song № 372 was sung by a Sunnite woman; № 373 is an Alevi religious song.)

8–2. Higher melodies reaching G’ at the end of the first line and in the second, with E(C)x cadences (ex. 8–2, № 376–383). The general tendency of these melodies and their cadences often resemble the previous class, but G’ already appears emphatically towards the end of line 1, and often the second and sometimes even the third line descends to the E-D-C band from higher. (№ 379 was sung by a Roma.)

8–3. High first and second lines, the first often outlining G’G’EE | G’G’EE (ex. 8–3, № 384–390). The first lines start higher, but in this style G’ is the substitute for E if F is missing. The inner lines often move in medium height but they may also descend to the E-D-C zone from higher. (№ 389 was sung by a Sunnite woman.)

8–4. There are several Ionian tunes of similar structure with E(C#)x cadences; their variants at different heights are shown in this group (ex. 8–4, № 391–399). The third line of these songs often ends on B. (№ 391 was sung by a Sunnite woman.)

156 We put the considerably different № 390 in the shadow of this group.
8–5. The fifth group comprises melodies very similar to those in 8–3 but the four lines are longer (or more precisely, they have more syllables) (ex. 8–5, № 400–404). I put an 8-9-syllabic tune (№ 401) here to make the correlation between the shorter and longer forms more plausible. Long lines make it possible to unfold the melody lines in more detail, therefore the opening to A’ and the more complex (7/8 + 7/8) rhythm are more frequent (№ 402). There is no real C-D-E core here, but analogies are easy to find mostly among the higher psalmodic tunes of four short lines (class 7–3). (№ 404 was sung by an Alevi dede.)

8–6. We put in the shadow of the former tunes some melodies of AABC form and E(E)C, E(E)B or E(E)D cadences, several of which would fit among the higher types of the psalmodic tunes if they had an ABBC form (ex. 8–6, № 405–413). (№ 406 was sung by a Sunnite woman.)

Example 8. Psalmodic and descending tunes with E(C)C/A, less frequently D(C)C/A cadences.
1) № 368, 2) № 379, 3) № 385, 4) № 391, 5) № 400, 6) № 411
Class 9. “Çanakkale” melodies

We named these melodies Çanakkale after a typical textual variant (№ 449). The songs have two long lines with C(D)x and D(D)x cadences, and are known all over Turkey as typical Thracian melodies. When the lines move low, the D main cadence lends the first half of the melody a feeling of stagnation or ascent. This class contains songs of long, eleven-syllable lines or others traceable to them; the typical rhythmic scheme is \(dd yfvdd f\) compared to the previous class which mainly had four short lines of \(dd vdd\) rhythmic pattern. (Exceptionally, however, four short lined versions may also appear here, as there were occasionally two long lines in the previous class.)

Another typical difference is that in this class the note C often appears before the D main cadence, giving an undulating character to the first part of the melody. By contrast, the tunes in class 8 are predominated by movement on C-D-E and a descent to C in mid-melody. The third line of several “Çanakkale” tunes end on G.

Another important deviation is that the tunes of class 8 are closer to melodies built of second sequences. To put it in another way, the melodies of class 8 are in between, showing similarities with both the “Çanakkale” and the “sequential” songs. In all three classes religious and secular songs are evenly distributed.

At any rate, the tunes of classes 8, 9 and 10 belong to the same musical style in the broader sense, and the classification could have been according to compass of the first part. We decided for the division into twin classes and their presentation consecutively on account of the salient role of the main cadence. Within each class the groups are ranged by the height of the first line.

In the groups below the ends of the first and second part are similar but the first half of the second section is widely varied – just like in other tunes, this part being most exposed to variation. We did not differentiate between tunes starting high and those jumping up from A to carry out the typical motion of the group.

It applies to this class, too, that the melodies are tied by several threads. Probably only a three-D model could illustrate in detail how many melodic and other (rhythmic, tonal, etc.) connections can be demonstrated among them.

9–1. A descent/hill to C (or further to A) and a hill ending on D (ex. 9–1, № 414–441). The cadences are C/A (D) x. The descent or the hill can be lower (№ 414) or higher (№ 432). A relationship with the tunes in 7–2 can also be demonstrated. The group of variants moving on a scale with the augmented second is also ranged here; despite their different cadences, the above melodic movement and the typical structure, text and rhythm hold together this group (№ 438–441). (№ 425, № 419 and № 426 were sung by a Sunnite woman.)

9–2. The first half of the higher group typically descends to D or has a hill, followed by a D-ending hill or a small wave (ex. 9–2, № 442–466). There are also lower (№ 443) and higher (№ 449) variants. In extreme cases, tunes with E(D)x cadences can also be grouped here, if their first lines end with a wave arriving on D (№ 464). It is noteworthy that the lines sometimes end with a G’-E-C-E-D wave instead of a hill.
Also, the second line often descends to G or A in the middle (№ 447). (№ 446 was sung by a Sunnite woman.)

9–3. Compared to the distinctly bipartite first lines in groups 9–1 and 9–2, here the first line has a relatively steadily rising then descending hill ending on D (№ 470), or after a tall hill we have a descent from high (№ 476). (ex. 9–3, № 467–476). The second lines are descending in this group, too. The groups of the class are listed according to the height of the hill. (№ 476 was sung by a Sunnite woman.)

Example 9. “Çanakkale” melodies. 1) № 417, 2) № 443, 3) № 470
Class 10. Melodies built of characteristic line- or bar-sequences

Though signs of second sequences appeared in the descending tunes of classes 8 and 9, the sequential character assumed firm dimensions in class 10. The main notes of the consecutive lines are a second lower, hence the typical cadences are E–D–C or D–C–B. Often the last note (the closing note of the tune) does not fit this sequential descent, resulting in an A′A′A′A′ structure. The similar rhythmic pattern of the sections often reinforces the feeling of sequencing. Such sequential melodies can be heard in various parts of Turkey; not only the Alevi–Bektashis, but the majority Sunnites also use them in both the religious and the folk song repertoires.

10–1. E(D)C cadences, A′A′A′A′ structure (ex. 10–1, № 477–482). This type is characterized by most of the above features. The sequential descent is manifest not in every tone but mainly in its tendency. We added here two melodies of four long lines. They are undoubtedly related, but in № 482 the sequential descent is more palpable, while in № 481 it appears mainly in the cadential notes.

10–2. Seemingly these tunes consist of four long lines with D(A)x cadences (ex. 10–2, № 483–490). These melodies popular all over Turkey are actually built of the sequentially descending repetition of shorter units, usually of two bars. Marking the two-bar sections a and b, the four long lines can be schematized as: ab′ | b′b′b | b′b′ | b′b (e.g. № 484). Accordingly, the typical inner cadences are E, D | C, B, A | D, C | B, A.157 This melodic idea is realized most flexibly in many concrete forms.

10–3. Sequential descent of many lines starting high (ex. 10–3, № 491–495). Some tunes are built of more than four short lines descending sequentially; even eight-lined A′A′A′A′A′A′A′A′ forms can be found. In them F# often plays an important role as the cadential note, too. A tune of four long lines shows kinship with tunes descending on many short lines some of them with F# cadence as well (№ 495). (№ 494–495 were recorded from an Alevi dede.)

157 We discuss this melody form in more detail in Sipos (1994).
Example 10. Melodies built of line- or bar-sequences. 1) № 477, 2) № 485, 3) № 493
Class 11. Disjunctive tunes

Disjunctive tunes with F#(D)B& or G'(E)C cadences (ex. 11, № 496–516). The structures discussed so far have nearly exclusively been conjunct, meaning that the first and second halves of the tunes are united by a central tone register. The disjunctive structure, meaning the first half of the tune definitely moving in a higher register than the second half – which is so popular in some layers of Hungarian, Tatar, Mongolian, etc. folk music – is rather alien to Anatolian folk music. In a few tunes with F#(D)B cadences the attempt to separate the first part of the melody from the second can be discovered. The first period of some tunes is distinctly higher by a fifth than the second, and ignoring the line repetitions, the structure can be schematized as A'5B'B5AB (№ 500–501, № 503–504 and № 508). The first half of some other tunes is a fourth higher (№ 502, № 515–516).\textsuperscript{158} Both the disjunctive structure and the attempt to resolve it are well exemplified by № 496–497 in which the regular fifth-shifting structure is interrupted by an inserted sequential line. № 497–498 move along the Ionian scale modified by several variants, e.g. № 499, to a more prevalent scale with the minor third. In some other tunes, fifth- or fourth-shifting occurs between two lines (№ 505–507, № 509–510), and there is a tune whose structure is disjunctive but there is no precise correspondence between the lines.\textsuperscript{159} As the cadences also indicate, with tunes having G'(E)C cadences the fourth/fifth-shift is carried out distinctly; these nefes tunes can easily be compared to Hungarian analogues (№ 503). We put into the shadow of disjunctive tunes some special Mixolydian melodies with vaguer fourth- or fifth-shift, often only in the cadences or in some details (№ 511–514).\textsuperscript{160} Their melody lines with A at the end would resemble the high psalmodic tunes.

\begin{itemize}
\item It is interesting to note that the nefes of four long lines № 516 and a folksong descend in bar sequences, while their line structure – A'B'AB – is disjunctive.
\item The exact structure of the tunes is as follows: \(\text{AB:} \begin{vmatrix} A'B'C'B' \end{vmatrix} \text{ in № 501, № 503–504, № 508; A'B'BvAB+ in № 500; A'B'A'vBzAB+ in № 501; AB:} \begin{vmatrix} B'BvAk \end{vmatrix} \text{ in № 498; A'B'BvAB+; A'B'B in № 502; AB:} \begin{vmatrix} A'B' \end{vmatrix} \text{ in № 515; A'A'B' in № 516; A'B'A'AB in № 496; A'B'A'AB+ in № 497 and AB:} \begin{vmatrix} ABk \end{vmatrix} \text{ in № 509–510.}\)
\item № 513 is a special variant.
\end{itemize}
Detailed musical analysis

Example 11. Disjunctive tune. № 500

Class 12 (Array E). Tunes of tripodic lines

So far, melodies with lines divided into two or four bars have been studied. Melodies with tripartite (tripodic) lines need to be discussed separately, although several of them display similarities with tunes of two- or four-bar lines. However, it is not infrequent that a tripodic first period is followed by a period of four subsections.

12–1. Constructed chiefly of broad-ranged descending or hill-shaped lines sinking to the final note in every line (ex. 12–1, № 517–526). The second line always moves lower than the first and is often markedly different. (№ 521 was sung by an Alevi dede.)

12–2. The tripodic tunes with (G) main cadence are specific in the musical realm under scrutiny because one of their cadences is beneath the closing note (ex. 12–2, № 527–531). № 527 is a nefes starting low, № 528–529 are the dipodic and tripodic variants of a tune, № 530–531 are religious mersiye tunes in which the second line descends like the first but the last note of the first line is lower. (№ 528 was sung by Gypsies.)

12–3. The distinguishing feature of the few tripodic tunes with (B) main cadence is the low first line (below E) (ex. 12–3, № 532–535). The often dipodic or quadripodic second parts usually also move in this band, rarely jumping higher (№ 535).

12–4. The first lines of the tripodic tunes with (C) main cadence (ex. 12–4 and ex.13–5, № 536–557) either undulate in the A-E strip descending to G, A or B in the middle (№ 536–540), or have a taller C/G'-E-C hill or descent (№ 547–557). There are tunes that incorporate both forms (№ 555). This group comprises melodies of various height and movement. (№ 540–541 were sung by a Sunnite people.)

12–5. Many of the tripodic tunes with (D) and (E) main cadences have a C-G'-D hill in their first part, which compare them to the previous group’s tunes starting with a high hill excepting the cadence (ex. 12–6, № 558–562). Some singular tunes starting high with A'-G'-D descent also belong here, e.g. № 561 recorded from a man of Macedonian origin. (№ 562 was sung by Sunnite women.)
Example 12. Tunes of tripodic lines. 1) № 521, 2) № 530, 3) № 534, 4) № 536, 5) № 555, 6) № 558
Class 13 (Array F). Domed melodic structure

The structure of these melodies widely deviates from the customary Anatolian and Thracian structures, though similar schemes were found earlier too, e.g. among group 5–1. Unlike in Hungarian, or, say, English folk music, in Turkish folk music the four-part melodic structure whose first and fourth lines ending on the final note flank higher second and third lines is rare. In a similar structure the low 1st, 2nd and 4th lines surround the higher 3rd line. In contrast to the Hungarian “new-style” songs, however, the range of the sections of these Anatolian melodies encompass maximum four or five, sometimes only three notes, and the typical main cadence is B or perhaps D, but not E.

The simpler tunes are predominated by folk songs, the more complex ones by nefeses. They stand characteristically aside from the majority of Turkish tunes, apparently being more typical of the Bektashi community. Four groups are differentiated in the class.

13–1. A low wave or hill in the first part and A(C/B)x cadences (ex. 13–1, № 563–574). There are several similar Ionian tunes (№ 569–572, № 574), just as there are a few Phrygian (№ 566–568) ones and unique tunes with (E&-F#) augmented second are also found (№ 573). In line with the predominant tendency, the lines are authentic, with the exception of the variant series № 566-568. The range of the lines is often only a third or fifth.

13–2. A low wave or hill in the first part and A(D)x cadences (ex. 13–2, № 575–578). These songs are similar to those in the previous group but the middle lines do not end on C or B but on D, producing an AA4A4A-like form (№ 575).

13–3. Two long lines with A(D)x inner cadences (ex. 13–3, № 579–590). Here are the tunes starting low and having D for their main cadence, yet they are not domed. The deviation is caused by the AB/AC form (№ 580–583, № 588–589), the AA’BC form (№ 584–585) or the second line undulating low despite the D cadence (№ 590 from a Macedonian man, and № 587).

13–4. The two nefes tunes put in this group demonstrate the AABA domed structure on four long lines (ex. 13–4, № 591–592).
Example 13. Domed melodic structure. 1) № 564, 2) № 575, 3) № 583, 4) № 592
APPENDICES

Tunes similar to the small form of the Hungarian and Anatolian laments (ex. 14, № 593–597)

What lends special significance to this musical form is that these tunes are similar to the small forms of the Hungarian and the Anatolian laments (№ 597). They are relegated to an Appendix because we collected most of them from a Thracian Sunnite family and not from Thracian Bektashis. There is a single nefes song of this pattern (№ 596). (№ 593–595 were sung by the same Roma woman.)

![Example 14. Tunes similar to the small form of the Hungarian and Anatolian laments. № 596](image)

Tunes moving by leaps (ex. 15, № 598–602)

In the world of the massively conjunct Anatolian and Thracian music it is very rare that a melody would move leaping over larger intervals. We only found five such tunes. (№ 598 was sung by a Sunnite woman.)
Interrelations in the melodies of the different arrays

The tunes in an array display several similar traits, but sometimes the types in an array have dissimilar musical features, while tunes of different arrays may resemble each other.

As has been seen, the Thracian melodic world is fundamentally characterized by descending conjunct melodies. These tunes can be differentiated well by their structure (those traceable to a single line, two or four lines, as well as tripodic ones). The descending types within an array are not always sharply distinguishable, and there are often similarities with tunes in other arrays.

Clearly distinct from the majority are the tunes that rotate around the middle tone of the E(&)-D-(C#) chords (Class 1); that move in leaps (Appendix 2); that are disjunctive (Class 11) or have a domed structure (Class 13). They are rightly treated separately.

Certain melodic movements require separate attention. There is undulating melodic movement in quite a few first lines, a rare phenomenon in the Bektashi and a usual one in the Anatolian melodic world, which thus separates these songs from the rest and at the same time binds them together. The feeling of undulation is first of all caused by the melody line descending to the final note in mid-line and continuing higher. The first half of the tune is quite often constituted by two similar motives. All these tunes could have been grouped together, but it would have disrupted the logic of classification. Anyway, in this melodic realm typical melodic movements draw tunes close to one another, so the tunes of the following groups beginning with an “undulation” can be seen as relatives to a certain extent.
Melody groups starting with a low undulation:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Melody Group</th>
<th>Class</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>One short low line</td>
<td>All groups of Class 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two short stagnant lines</td>
<td>Class 4–6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Four short lines with (A) main cadence</td>
<td>Class 5–1 and 5–2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Four low lines with B(B)B cadences</td>
<td>Class 6–1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Four low lines with C(C)x cadences</td>
<td>Classes 6–1 and 6–2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two long lines with C(D)x cadences</td>
<td>Class 9-1, maybe 9-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tripodic melodies</td>
<td>Class 12–4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Domed melodies</td>
<td>Class 13</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Correlation between religious and folk tunes

Although among the Bektashis the semah melodies and dance help the mystic union with God, there are often identical or very similar tunes used for religious and secular purposes. During the classification it became clear that the religious and secular musical repertoires of the Bektashis are not independent of one another. The relationship is sometimes only structural or tonal, but in many cases – and with the most important types, to boot – there are analogous melodies as well. To sum up in a nutshell: the simplest one-line close-range forms are predominated by folk songs (and a few semah tunes), and with the widening of the range and the emergence of larger, four-line forms more and more mutually similar nefeses and folk songs can be found.

This relationship is not accidental, since Bektashism is a folk religion without a centralized system of education, and while the verses of the poets have been kept, somewhat varied but essentially preserved, in the hand-copied booklets, the tunes were entrusted to the memory of the people for preservation. That is why they sing most poems to their folk song tunes or to similar forms. This, at the same time, explains why the musical repertoires of communities living in different geographical areas are so divergent, despite the fundamentally identical Alevi-Bektashi customs and basic principles. There are, however, musical layers in some communities that largely deviate from the Turkish folk music styles. Thus, on the one hand, the research into Bektashi music has brought earlier folk music styles to the surface, since using tunes in religious ceremonies facilitates their conservation, and on the other hand, the comparison with folk music has helped separate the different musical layers only connected to the religious rituals.
Correlation between religious and folk tunes

Picture 13. Two Bektashi babas singing.
Array A. Melodies traceable back to a single short section. № 1–85
Class 1. Motivic melodies rotating on a trichord. № 1–20

№ 1

Hidrellez song

A - lay - la, pa - lay - la,

Tah - ta ka - lay - la, hoy, hoy, la.

Biz ge - lin a - lı - rz, biz ge - lin a - lı - rz,

Si - zin a - lay - dan, hoy, hoy, dan.

Ne is - ter - sin, ne is - ter - sin,

Sen bi - zim a - lay - dan, hoy, hoy, dan.
№ 2

Hidrellez song

A - lay - la, pa - lay - la,

Tah - ta ka - lay - la, oy, hoy, la.

№ 3

Hidrellez song

Be - nim a - ğam ka - tu - ra bin - miş,

Yol - la - ra toz a - tur, hoy, hoy,

Or - da bir, bur - da bir gü - zel gör - đüm,

O - nu is - te - rim, oy, hoy, rim.

Gü - ze - lin a - di - n, dil - be - rin a - di - n,

Bil - di - rin bi - ze, oy, hoy, ze.
№ 4

*Hidrellez song*

Kar-deşim-den, kar-deşim-den

Mek-tup gel-miş, mek-tup gel-miş.

Sit-la-dan geçe-mez, oy, hoy, mez.

№ 5

*Hidrellez song*

El-ma ağaçı, el-ma ağaçı, mey-va ver-miş,

Dal-lar çe-ke-mez, oy, hoy, mez.

№ 6

*Hidrellez song*

O, O, güze-li gör-düm,

O-nu is-te-rim, oy, hoy, rim.
№ 7

**Hidrellez song**

Yeşil yaprak, yeşil yaprak,
Ker- van kurmuş, yağmur gece mez, oy, hoy, mez.

---

№ 8

**Hidrellez song**

Di-le-diği ni bi-le-me-dim,
Ar-adağını ben seçerim,
Hey, dil ber, hey.

---

№ 9

**Hidrellez song**

Aç ka-pımı, aç ka-pımı,
Be-zir-gan ge-çe-cek.

---

Aç-a-mam ka-pımı, aç-a-mam ka-pımı, geri de ka-lan,
Key-le-ri başlı se-nin ol sun.
Sir-ke-li saç-li
№ 10

\[ \text{Mani} \]

\[ \text{Bir di-lim, } \text{i-ki di-lim,} \]

\[ \text{Üç di-lim el-ma.} \]

№ 11

\[ \text{Counting-out rhyme} \]

\[ \text{Yağ sa-ta-rım, } \text{bal sa-ta-rım,} \]

\[ \text{Us-tam öl-müş, } \text{ben sa-ta-rım.} \]

\[ \text{Us-tamin kö-kü z-a-rı-hr,} \]

\[ \text{Sat-tim on-beş li-ra-dir,} \]

\[ \text{Zam-bak, zam-bak, } \text{da-na-la-ra i-yi bak!} \]

\[ \text{Zam-bak, zam-bak, } \text{da-na-la-ra i-yi bak!} \]
No 12

Alevi deviş

Her sabah, her sabah

Otuşur kuşlar

Allah bir Muhammed

Ali diyerek

No 13

Rain begging song

Yağ, yağ, yağmur,

Tekne de ha mur,

Tarlada çamur,

Ver Allah’ım, ver,

Sicim gibi yağmur!
Class 1. Motivic melodies rotating on a trichord. № 1–20

No 14

Semah

88

1.

No 15

Counting-out rhyme

100

1.
No 19

Parlando 108

Quran recitation

No 20

Parlando 108

Quran recitation
Class 2. Tunes traceable to a single short line. № 21–85

№ 21

Gidin, bulutlar, gidin,

O yara selam e-din.

O yar uykusunda ise,

Uykusun' haram e-din.

№ 22

Gide ne bak, gide ne,

Gül sarlmiş dike ne.

Mevlam sabrilik verse

Gül gibi sev da çeke ne.
Class 2. Tunes traceable to a single short line. № 21–85

№ 23

Parlando 200

Luullaby

Nen-ni, yav-rum, nen-ni,

U-yu-sun da bü-yü-sün,

 équipé büyük çö-cuk ol-sun,

An-ne-si-ne, ba-ba-si-na yar-dım-ci ol-sun,

Nin-ni, yav-rum, nin-ni.

№ 24

Alevi deyyiş

Aş-ma-li ha-n gi

ye-re gi-de-yim,

Git-ti-gim yer-ler-de,

hu-dud et be-ni.
№ 25

Parlando \( \frac{1}{4} \) 176

Dirge

Ol a-nâ-ci-ğım, ol,

Bi-zi ki-me bı-rak-tın?

Bi-ze kim ba-ka-cak?

Bi-ze kim ek-mek ve-re-cek?

№ 26

\( \frac{1}{4} \) 137

Folksong

Be-yaz-lar gi-yen

kız-lar o-lur,

Be-yaz-lar bo-ya-sm, am-man

bo-ya-ma-sın.
Class 2. Tunes traceable to a single short line. № 21–85

№ 27
Folksong

Mek tep de - gil ef - ka rin, Hay - dar,
Yi - ne be - ni ü - zer - sin.

№ 28
Lullaby

E - re,
U - yu - sun da bü - yü - sün, nin - ni,
Tı - pş, ti - pş yü - rü - sün, nin - ni,
E - e - e.

№ 29
Bride's farewell

Ver - mem el - ler e - li - mi,
Ver - mem el - ler ko - lu - mu,
Sen - de el kuv - vet - le - ri var - sa,
Ben - de de kız kuv-vet - le - ri var.
№ 30

Bride's farewell

üt 198

A - na, göl - gem, a - na - ci - ğım,

Ko - yu göl - gem a - na - ci - ğım.

Mal - la - rn - dan mal - lar is - te - mem.

№ 31

Parlando \( \text{\textbullet} 132 \)

Bride's farewell

A - na, Büt - yük göl - gem, a - na - ci - ğım,

Bu sa - bah - ki sa - bah-lar - da

Ne - ler - de eğ - le - ni - yom.

№ 32

Parlando \( \text{\textbullet} 132 \)

Bride's farewell

Kalk, E - mi - nem, kar - da - şım, kalk.

Ah, bak, sa - bah - lar ol - muş,
Class 2. Tunes traceable to a single short line. № 21–85

№ 33

Parlando $\cdot \frac{96}{\text{Bride's farewell}}$

U-yan, a-nam, gi-di-yom,

Ay-ri-lık yel-le-ri e-si-yor,

A-nam, bu sa-bah-ki sa-bah-lar-da

Do-ğan gü-neş-ler ay-ri-lık gü-neş-le-ri.

№ 34

Parlando $\cdot \frac{90}{\text{Bride's farewell}}$

A-na göl-ge-ci-gım, a-na-ci-gım,

Ver e-li-ni, ö-pe-yim.
№ 35

Parlando \( \text{\textcopyright} \) 166

*Bride's farewell*

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Kalkin, kar-da\-sh-la\-rim, kalkin}, \\
\text{Sizin i\-s hiz-yol-lar\-iniz a\-cil-mu\-sh}, \\
\text{Bemim i\-s hiz-met yol-la\-rma}, \\
\text{Karaca di\-ken-le\-ri di-zilmis}.
\end{align*}
\]

№ 36

Parlando \( \text{\textcopyright} \) 182

*Bride's farewell*

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Ana, gol-ge-\-ci-gim, a-na-ci-gim}, \\
\text{Ana-ci-gim, do-kuz ay kur-sag-ci-gim-da ta\-si-ma-mu\-sh gi-bi}, \\
\text{Ana-ci-gim, yi\-lin on-i-ki a-yi-na}, \\
\text{Be\-\-zik dip-le-rin-de}.
\end{align*}
\]
№ 37

Alevi deyiş

Cennetten çıktı Adem,

Dunya'ya bastı kadem.

Bu nu söyledi her dem, Allah,

La ilaha illallah, Al-lah,

Muhammeden resul Allah.

№ 38

Kirklar semahi

Kirk lar meyدامina var dim,

Gel beru, ey, can, dediler, Hû, Hû, Dost, Hû.
№ 39

Kırk lar semahı

Kırk lar mey - da - mı - na var - dum,

Gel be - ri - ey, can, de - di - ler, Hü, Hü, Dost, Hü.

Cadence

Hü, A - lim, Hü, Hü, Şa - hum, Hü,

Hü, e - ren - le - rin de - mi - ne . . . . Hü.

№ 40

Nefes

Gök - te - ay, gün, yîl - diz dö - ner,

Aşk a - le - şi dur - maz, ya - nar.

№ 41

Nefes (Nevruzîye)

Se - ve - nin, Hü, de i - ma - ni

Class 2. Tunes traceable to a single short line. № 21–85

№ 42

Nefes (Matem)

Ey, nur-u čeş-mi, muh-tar

Ya, Hüs-se-yin.

№ 43

Folksong

Hı-sım por-ruk gi-bi,
Ne-de-dî-gin va-le-va-le.
Yo-lun-muş ta-vuk gi-bi
Bas-tı-rın pa-ra-la-ri Ley-la’ ya,
Yi-ne mi de ge-le-ce-ğiz dîn-ya-ya,

Cadence

Hoh, po-po-lar.
№ 44

Folksong

1. 100

Yay - la, yay - la, ko - ca yay - la,

Çık yay - la - ya, gön - lü - nü ey - le.

№ 45

Folksong

114

O, güller, güller, top güller,

Ya - ri - mi al - di yad el - ler.

№ 46

Hidrellez song

123

Hid - rel - lez ge - li - yor,

Ko - şu - ba yö - rün da - ne di - yor.
Class 2. Tunes traceable to a single short line. № 21–85

№ 47

*Hidrellez song*

\[ \text{\texttt{M\texttt{\texttt{\texttt{M}}}}} \]

\[ \text{\texttt{M\texttt{\texttt{\texttt{M}}}}} \]

Hidrellez gelli-yor-o,

Ko-șu-ba yö-rün da-ne di-yor-o.

№ 48

*Wedding song*

\[ \text{\texttt{M\texttt{\texttt{\texttt{M}}}}} \]

\[ \text{\texttt{M\texttt{\texttt{\texttt{M}}}}} \]

Vu-run gelinin ki-na-si-ni,

Ça-ğırın gel-sin ağa-bey-si.

№ 49

*Mani*

\[ \text{\texttt{M\texttt{\texttt{\texttt{M}}}}} \]

\[ \text{\texttt{M\texttt{\texttt{\texttt{M}}}}} \]

Keş-ke sevmez o-lay-dim,

Ölü-yor-rum bi-ra-kin.
№ 50

Hidrellez song

1. Ali'm gelir, Şah gelir,
   Birulu padışah gelir.

№ 51

Folksong

Men-dil sal-la,
Men-dilin ucuna sakız para yol la!

№ 52

Folksong

Çoba-ni, çoba-ni, bitli çoba-ni,
№ 53

Lullaby

Ce-vi-zin kö-kü su-da-dir, su-da,

Ki-mi-si-ni su-la, ki-mi-si-ni bu-gu-lan ay do-lup, nen-ni,


№ 54

Poco rubato 134

Wedding song

Dağ-dan ke-ser-ler bas-to-nu,
Dağ-dan ke-ser-ler gür-ge-ni,

Ha-ni de bu ge-li-nin yor-ga-ni.

№ 55

Folksong

Kır-mi-zı gü-lüm da-li var,

Her gün ağ-la-sam ye-ri var.
№ 56

Folksong

№ 57

Folksong

№ 58

Nefes (Methaye)
№ 59

*Nefes (Nevruz)我が*

Yüz dön-dür-mez yüz bınn er-den,
Kuşağı na dolu gel-di.

№ 60

*Dirge אלו*

Ah, Ali'm öl-müş du-yama-dım,
U-yur di-ye ki-yama-dım, ki-yama-dım.

№ 61

*Dirge אלו*

Ah, Ali'm yat-mış yol üstü-ne,
Tes-ti pur-çe kol üstü-ne.
№ 62  Dirge

Kalk, Ali‘m, kalk, sabah oldu,

Yen-ge-ler ka-pı-ya gel-di,

Yen-ge-ler ka-pı-ya gel-di.

№ 63  Semah

Aşk olsun meydan göre ne,

Aşk olsun meydan göre ne.

Bir ne-fes-çik söy-le-ye-yim,

Bu bi-zim Hak-tan aşk olsun...
№ 64

Semah

Aşk ol-sun mey-dan gö-re-ne...

№ 65

Semah

Aç-il-di cen-net ka-pi-sti, ka-pi-sti.

№ 66

Semah

E-lif-ten ö-te geçekem,

E-lif-ten ö-te geçekem,

ters o-ku-rum, düz o-ku-rum,

E-lif-ten ö-te geçekem.
**№ 67**

*Hidrellez song*

De-ve-ci gel-di, duy-du-nuz mu,
Kal-bi-ra sa-man koy-du-nuz mu?
Hös, Hös, de-ve-ci gel-di.

**№ 68**

*Semah*

Ters o-ku-rum düz o-ku-rum,
E-li-fi-ten ö-te ge-ché-mem.
Ar-ka-daş-lar geç-ti be-ni,
He-pi-sin-den kal-dım ge-ri.
№ 69

Mandi

En - ta - re - si ak gi - bi,

Ge - lir ge - çer ok gi - bi.

№ 70

Poco rubato

Folksong

Gar - daş ol - sun,

İ - ne - ğim gör - lü ol - sun,

Bu - za - ci - ğim et - li ol - sun,

№ 71

Nefes

Gö - nül aş - ka kan - din mu, kan - din mi?

Gö - nül aş - ka kan - din mu,

Gö - nül aş - ka kan - din mi, Hü, Hü.
№ 72

Semah

Şu dünyann ötesine,

Vardım diyen yalan söyler.


№ 73

Hidrellez song

İneğim etli olsun,

Buzağım sütü olsun,

Ba-ba-mın para ke-se-re-dı dol-

sun.

№ 74

Nefes

Eğil-dım, niyaz eyledim,

Ben dedem Ali’yi gördüm.
№ 75

\[\text{Hidrellez song}\]

\[\text{De - ve - ci gel - dî, duy - du - nuz mu,}\]

\[\text{Kab - ra - na buğ - day koy - du - nuz mu?}\]

\[\text{Vay, de - vem öl - dû, n'a - pa - ym,}\]

\[\text{Gî - ci - na şap - lar so - ka - ym.}\]

№ 76

\[\text{Hidrellez song}\]

\[\text{Vay, de - vem öl - dû, n'a - pa - ym,}\]

\[\text{Gü - tü - ne şap - lar so - ka - ym, so - ka - ym.}\]

№ 77

\[\text{Hidrellez song}\]

\[\text{Ar - pa da ver - dim hap tut - tu,}\]

\[\text{Çav - dar ver - dim şak tut - tu, tok tut - tu.}\]

Buğ - day ver - dim,
№ 78

Nefes

Gel-dik tür-be-ne, Gül Baba-bam,

Gül-le-ri-ni kok-la-ma-yə.

№ 79

Lullaby

Nin-ni, yav-rum, nin-ni, nin-ni,

U-yu-sun da bû-yû-sûn,

Yav-rum ge-ne ko-ca-man ol-sun.

№ 80

Mani

Ay de-dem kut-lu ol-sun,

Şer-be-ti tat-li ol-sun,
Class 2. Tunes traceable to a single short line. № 21–85

Ev-lat-la-ri-min ö-mü-rü u-zun ol-sun,

Ke-se-si pa-ray-la dol-sun.

Later

Ballad of the deer

Be-nim a-dim ka-ra-ca-dir,

Be-nim a-dim ka-ra-ca-dir,

Yav-ru-la-rım a-la-ca-dir.

№ 81

Parlando \( \frac{3}{4} \) \( \frac{3}{4} \) Folksong

Dag-lar, dag-lar, vi-ran dag-lar,

Yü-züm gü-ler, kal-bım kan ağ-lar,
№ 83

100

Hey, gül-lü, he-le he-le gül-lü,


№ 84

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

Gös-ter ce-ma-lin şe-mi-ni,

O-da yan-sin per-va-ne-ler, per-va-ne-ler.

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

Ey, Fa-ti-me, ey, Fa-ti-me,

Ka-mu sa-dık ya, Fa-ti-me,

№ 85
Array B. Melodies traceable to two short sections. № 86–238

Class 3. First line undulating low or rising, frequent A’A form. № 86–133

№ 86

Semah

Canım se-nin kur-ban ol-su-nana, Hü,
A-di güzel, ken-di
güzel Mu-ham-med, Hü, Dost, med, Hü.

№ 87

Semah

Canım kur-ban ol-su
se-nin yo-lu-na, Hü,
A-di güzel, ken-di
güzel Mu-ham-med, Hü, Dost, med, Hü.
№ 88

Folksong

Anadolu'da toplar atılır,
atılır,
Aliye kışak dokunur, dokunur.

№ 89

Folksong

Yol dağım çoraplar aygına of
Aygına oldu mu ince belim.

№ 90

Mani

Yarım sah a di ceşim
Hazır mı gelinlikler.

№ 91

Folksong

Koca adam desem ona,
Ne desem aılır bana.
№ 92

Folksong

Çiğdem sa-rn, ben sa-rn,

Dağ-la-ra sal-dim ya-ri.

№ 93

Folksong

Gi-den oğ-lan, dön be-ri,

E-lim-de mor men-di-li.

№ 94

Semah

Al-çak çök-tü-müz ba-ri,

Di-bin-de ye-şil ha-li.

Ya Mu-ham-med, ya A-li,

Sen gös-ter bi-ze bu yo-lu.
Bu yol da e-re-nil-dir,

Doğ-ru-ca ge-len-le-rin-dir.

Bu yo-la e-ri-li-rsem az,

Hem se-mah dö-nen-le-rin-dir.

Ek-sik-lik ken-di ö-züm-de,

Mey-da-na dön-me-ye gel-dim,

Nok-san-lık ken-di ö-züm-de,

Da-rı-na dur-ma-ya gel-dim.

Aşk A-li'm, Hüb, ya A-li, Hüb.

200

E-li ye-şil a-sa-li,

Bi-ze der-viş-le-r gel-di,

Der-viş-le-r gi-yer a-ba,

№ 96

Dancing song

\[ \text{Kampa} - \text{na mo} - \text{ru du} - \text{du} - \text{s} \quad \text{Kampa} - \text{na,} \]

\[ \text{O} - \text{ya} - \text{ya oya} - \text{ya gel ba} - \text{na.} \]

Melody

\[ \text{Malka} - \text{ra} - \text{mn ckerleri} \quad \text{h} \quad \text{esana,} \]

\[ \text{Kampa} - \text{na mo} - \text{ru du} - \text{du}, \quad \text{Kampa} - \text{na.} \]

№ 97

Folksong

\[ \text{bul bula,} \]

\[ \text{bul bul ler.} \]

№ 98

Folksong

\[ \text{In dere ye, de re ye,} \]

\[ \text{Soy le, ya rim ne re ye,} \]

\[ \text{Kara goz Emine m.} \]
Class 3. First line undulating low or rising, frequent AcA form. №86–133

№ 99

*Hidrellez* song

\[ \text{Deveci gel-di, duydu-nuz mu?} \]

\[ \text{Kalbu-ra buğ-day koy-du-nuz mu?} \]

\[ \text{Hız, de-vem, hız!} \]

№ 100

*Mani*

\[ \text{Aşama-li yol-ları} \]

\[ \text{Taşlık-tır, yarım, taşlık.} \]

№ 101

*Rain begging song*

\[ \text{Bin na-za-ra, na-za-ra,} \]

\[ \text{Na-za-ra, min şul-va-ri,} \]

\[ \text{İste gel-dim pa-za-ra,} \]

\[ \text{BęŞ yu-mur-ta-ya yal-va-ri.} \]
№ 102

Mani

As - ma - ŋın yap - rak- la - rı,
Tel o - lur yap - rak - la - rı.
Gur - bete o - lan - la - rın,
Çın - la - sin ku - lak - la - rın.

№ 103

Mani

Kar - şı - da ka - ra tar - la,
Par - la, sev - di - ğım, par - la.
Class 3. First line undulating low or rising, frequent AcA form. № 86–133

№ 104

Folksong

Ay, mer ku-zum, mer ku-zum,
Ka-ra gö-züm, mer ku-zum.
Gö-s-ter bo-yu-nu ba-na,
Ne bon-cu-gu-nu is-te-rim,
Bon-cu k a-l a ym sa-na.
Ne bo-yu-mu gös-te-rim.

№ 105

Folksong

A-yâ-gm-da ter-lik-ler,
Ba-har aç-muş e-rık-ler,
Yaşım sana gideceğim,

Hazır mı gelinlikler?

Gümüşdesin evimiizin kuşusu,

Seviyorum, ayıla mam doğrusu.

No 106

Yeşil boyali taksi,

Hasiret kavuşur

Yar, yar, a-man, a-man.
№ 107

Folksong

Du-man da bas-ti dag-la-ra,
Ya-yil-di o-va-la-ra,
Yar, yar, a-man, a-man.

№ 108

Folksong

1) Ay-va gom-dum sa-ma-na,
Du-ma-na bak, du-ma-na,
Yar, yar, a-man, a-man.

№ 109

Nefes (Nevruzıye)

Hey, go-nül bül-bül-le-ri,
Mih-man-lar, hoş gel-di-niz.
№ 110

Hey, gönül bülbüleri,

Mihmanlar hoş geldiniz,

Karşular hoş geldiniz.

№ 111

Hey, gönül bülbüleri,

Mihmanlar, hoş geldiniz,

Karşular, hoş geldiniz.

№ 112

Hey, gönül bülbüleri,

Mihmanlar hoş geldiniz,

Karşular hoş geldiniz, geliniz,
Class 3. First line undulating low or rising, frequent Aca form. № 86–133

№ 113

\( \text{Mani} \)

\[ \text{Ben gelin ol mayn ca} \]

\[ \text{Kes me ben den um du} \]

№ 114

\( \text{Folksong} \)

\[ \text{Vu run vu run kiz lar,} \]

\[ \text{Vu run vu ra lim!} \]

\[ \text{Buge cee ki eg le cee yi} \]

\[ \text{Ner den bu la lim?} \]

\[ \text{Ner den bu la lim?} \]
№ 115

\[ \text{Mani} \]

\[ \text{280} \]

\begin{align*}
\text{Gi} & \, \text{de} & \, \text{gi} & \, \text{de} & \, \text{yol} & \, \text{bul} & \, \text{dum}, \\
\text{Ce} & \, \text{ke} & \, \text{ti} & \, \text{me} & \, \text{kol} & \, \text{bul} & \, \text{dum}.
\end{align*}

№ 116

\[ \text{Folksong} \]

\[ \text{244} \]

\begin{align*}
\text{Men} & \, \text{di} & \, \text{lim} & \, \text{ald} & \, \text{an} & \, \text{i} & \, \text{yi}, \\
\text{Bul} & \, \text{dun} & \, \text{mu} & \, \text{ben} & \, \text{den} & \, \text{i} & \, \text{yi}?
\end{align*}

№ 117

\[ \text{Folksong} \]

\[ \text{122} \]

\begin{align*}
\text{Gi} & \, \text{de} & \, \text{rim} & \, \text{ben} & \, \text{de} & \, \text{de} & \, \text{me}, \\
\text{Bir} & \, \text{ay} & \, \text{vam} & \, \text{kal} & \, \text{di} & \, \text{sen} & \, \text{de}.
\end{align*}
Class 3. First line undulating low or rising, frequent AcA form. № 86–133

№ 118

Hz. 124

Hidrellez song

Kara - ran - fi - lim ta - bur - da,

Çok iş - ler var sa - bur - da.

№ 119

Hz. 338

Mani

İp - lik - ken ok gel - mez mi?

Yay - la - ya kuş gel - mez mi?

№ 120

Hz. 176

Folksong

Ay, el - le - ri, el - le - ri,

Aça - ma - dik el - le - ri.

№ 121

Hz. 100

Folksong

El - ler ya - rim de - dik - çe

№ 122

Folksong

Oturmuş taş üstüne,
Şapka yı kaş üstüne,
Karagöz Eminem.

№ 123

Mani

Al olaacak, olaacak,
Su testime dołacak.

№ 124

Mani

Oya örece, oya,
Oya değil firekte.
Class 3. First line undulating low or rising, frequent AcA form. № 86–133

№ 125
Hidrellez song

\begin{music}
\begin{musicart}
\hspace{1cm}
\end{musicart}
\end{music}

\begin{music}
\begin{musicart}
{\textit{Sai ya - rim ko - yun - la - r,}}
\hspace{1cm}
\end{musicart}
\end{music}

\begin{music}
\begin{musicart}
{\textit{Bi - zim tar - la ke - lem - li.}}
\hspace{1cm}
\end{musicart}
\end{music}

№ 126
Mani

\begin{music}
\begin{musicart}
{\textit{De - re ge - li - yor, de - re,}}
\hspace{1cm}
\end{musicart}
\end{music}

\begin{music}
\begin{musicart}
{\textit{Ku - mu - nu se - re se - re.}}
\hspace{1cm}
\end{musicart}
\end{music}

№ 127
Folksong

\begin{music}
\begin{musicart}
{\textit{Çık, bo - yu - nu gö - re - yim,}}
\hspace{1cm}
\end{musicart}
\end{music}

\begin{music}
\begin{musicart}
{\textit{Boy - nu - na fis - tan a - la - ym.}}
\hspace{1cm}
\end{musicart}
\end{music}
№ 128
Kırklar semahı

Alçaçık kıraz dalları,

Di-bin-de yeşil hal clan, Aşk, A-li, Hü, Dost, A-li, Hü.

№ 129
Lullaby

Dan-dini, dan-dini das-tana,

Da-na-lar girmiş bos-tana,

Kov bos-tan-ci da-na-yi,

Ye-me-sin la-ha-na-yi, E, e.
№ 130

Lullaby

Dağ - la - ra var - dim, dağ - lar u - yur,

E - vi - mi - ze gel - dim, yav - rum u - yur,

U - yu - san yav - rum, nin - ni,

Bü - yü - sün yav - ru - um, nin - ni.

№ 131

Lullaby

Dan - di - ni, dan - di - ni das - ta - na,

Al - kım gir -miş bos - ta - na,

Kov bos - tan - ci Al - ki - mi,

Ye - me - sin bos - tan - la - rı,

Nen - ni, de, nen - ni, nen - ni,

U - yu - san yav - rum şim - di.
№ 132

Lullaby

Dan-dini, dan-dini, dastana,

Danalar girmiş bostana,

Kov bostancı danayi,

Yemesin lahanaı,

E-e-e-e,

E-e-e-e.

№ 133

Lullaby

Benim yavru-ma, ninni,

Uyusun yavrum, ninni,

Ba-yu-sun ku-zum, nin-ni.
Class 4. Stagnant, descending or hill-like short first line of a close range. № 134–238

№ 134

*Rubato* 114

*Dirge*

Karı-şi dağın yılan-la-ri,

Ge-lir do-lan do-la-ni.

Ye-tim yav-ru-mun ya-re-le-ri,

Gör-dü-nüz mü ba-şi du-man-li dağ-la-r?

 Şu dağın ar-dın-da bir ge-lin ağ-la-r,

Nin-ni, be-nim yav-rum, nin-ni.

№ 135

128

*Mani*

In de-re-ye, de-re-ye,
Ne ol-sa söy-li-yor-la-r,

I-ne-me-di-k le-ri-ne,
Çe-ke-me-di-k le-ri-ni,

sür-me-li yar.
№ 136

Alevi deyiş

Hak'tan bize namé gel-di,

Pir'im sana be-yan olsun.

№ 137

Mani

Ay, na-za-ra, na-za-ra,

Gel, gi-de-lim pa-za-ra.

Ver, Allah'im bir bulut da,

Yar olan köye düşem.

№ 138

Karklar semahi

Bir ne-fes-cik söy-le-ye-yim,

Din-le-mez-sen n ey-le-ye-yim,

Bir ne-fes-cik söy-le-ye-yim,

Din-le-mez-sen ney-le-ye-yim.
№ 139

Kırklar semahi

Ayna-yı tut-tum yü-zü-me,
A-li gö-rūn-dū gö-zü-me.

№ 140

Kırklar semahi

Ayna-yı tut-tum yü-zü-me,
A-li gö-rūn-dū gö-zü-me.

№ 141

Mani

Kar-a ka-yş be-lin-de,
Ö-ren-de-si e-lin-de.

Ü-vey a-na e-lin-de.
№ 142

\large Mani

\begin{music}
\begin{align*}
\text{Ay-va sa-rí yá-pí-rak,}
\text{Dú-n-yá ká-ra tò-pú-rak.}
\text{Bén yá-ri-me doy-ma-dím,}
\text{Doy-sún ká-ra tò-pú-rak.}
\end{align*}
\end{music}

№ 143

\large Folksong

\begin{music}
\begin{align*}
\text{Al-dir, al-dir, al-dir mó-ru Mu-kad-des,}
\text{E-li-ne kí-na al-dir,}
\text{Al ya-nak-la-rín bal-dir.}
\end{align*}
\end{music}
№ 144

Nefes

Gönlü verdim sevdim seni,
Aman mürvet derga hina,
Ya Muhammed derga hina.

№ 145

Kırklar semâhi

Bizde Mevla'nın kuluyuz.
Yetmiş iki dil biz dedir,
Yetmiş iki dil biz dedir.

№ 146

Hidrellez song

Buhçelerde üç güzel var,
Gezer o Dost, gezer o.
№ 147

Hidrellez song

\[\text{Bahçe ler de üç güzel var,}\]
\[\text{Gezer o Dost, gezer o.}\]

№ 148

Hidrellez song

\[\text{Bahçe ler de üç güzel var,}\]
\[\text{Gezer o Dost, gezer o.}\]

№ 149

Hidrellez song

\[\text{Yağmur lar yağar e fendim,}\]
\[\text{Yer yaş o lur, yer yaş o lur.}\]
Class 4. Stagnant, descending or hill-like short first line of a close range. № 134–238

№ 150

Hidrellez song

Şarap içe r, e fen dim,

Sar hoş ol ur.

№ 151

Folksong

Yük sek, yük sek te pe le re

Ev kur mas lar, ev kur mas lar.

№ 152

Hidrellez song

Yağmur lar yağar, ey, e fen dim,

Ev taş üstü ne, ev taş üstü ne.
№ 153

200

De - dem şim - di yor - gun - dur,

Kal - kar oy - nar bi - raz - dan.

№ 154

170

Bah - çe - niz - de - ki gül - le - ri

Der de - di - niz, der - dik iş - te.

№ 155

160

U - yur i - dik, u - yar - di - lar.

Ye - di - ye say - di - lar bi - zı, lar bi - zı.
№ 156

Selman nefesi

Gelin, kar-daş, yol-umu-za

Giremezsin, demedin mi, medim mi?

№ 157

Nefes

İlk ev-ve-le şu dün-yaya, dün-yaya,

Yeşil gi-yip gelen kim-dir? len kim-dir?

№ 158

Nefes (Nevruzıye)

Ali ga-zî-le-rin ba-şı,

Hzur Bey dir yol-da-şı.
№ 159

Nefes

Gece gün düz arı-yo-rum,
Gece gün düz arı-yo-rum,
Uçan kuş tan so-ro-yo-rum,
Aş-kin iyilen a-teş ol-dum,
Su ver, Ley-lam, ya-ni-yo-rum.

№ 160

Hidrellez song

Su Hid-rel-lez ge-li-yor-o,
Cu-ma ak-şa-mı ge-li-yor-o.

№ 161

Hidrellez song
№ 162

Hidrellez song

Audio

稀 - 36

Di - rel - lez, ge - len el - lez,

Be-nium ye-me-ni - mi a - lan el - lez.

Be-ni sev - da - ya sa' el - lez.

Per - şem-be ak - şa - mi ge - len el - lez.

№ 163

Nefes


Söy-le, ca - num bül-bül, söy - le, bül-bül, söy - le.

№ 164

Folksong

İn de - re - ye, de - re - ye,

1 - ne - me-diğim yer - ler
№ 165

Folksong

Ver-sin-ler, ver-sin-ler,
Se-ven-le-ri sev-di-ği-ne ver-sin-ler.

№ 166

Wedding song

Vu-ra-lım mı ki-na-sı-nı?
Vü-rım so-run a-na-sı-na.

№ 167

Kırklar semaşı

Çe-ki-lip kır-ka-la-ra var-dım,
Ni-ye gel-din can de-di-ler,
Class 4. Stagnant, descending or hill-like short first line of a close range. № 134-238

№ 168

Kirklar semaşığı

Kırk-lar i-yə-len ye-dik, iç-tik,
Kay-na-yıp soh-be-te coş-tuk,
Ka-zan da kay-na-yə piş-tik,
Da-ha çığ-sın yan, de-di-ler.

№ 169

Folk song

Ah-met-le-r' dər kö-yü-müz,
Se-vip, se-vip ayr-il-mak,
Şe-ker gi-bi so-yu-muz,
Yok-tur öv-le hu-yu-muz.
№ 170

Folksong

Dut fi-da-nı bo-yun-ca, vay, vay,

Dut ye-me-dim do-yun-ca, vay, vay.

№ 171

Folksong

A-da-na’nın yol-la-rı taş-lık,

Yok ce-bim-de beş ku-ruş harç-lık.

№ 172

Folksong

Kah-ve ol-sam do-lap-lar-
da kav-rul-sam, a-man, a-man.
№ 173

Mani manileri için,
Başka mani bilmiyom,
Bu mani senin için,
Bu da hanırin için,

Refrain

evereşeyolırindardar,

Bana bakma, benim yarım var.

№ 174

Yuvası da kamışlar,
Düğün geler, yarıımı

Ka møş vi da møşlar,
Odu na yolmuşlar.

Evreşeyolırindardar,

Bana bakma, benim yarım var.
№ 175

Folksong

Bir firın yap-tur-dım,
Dol-dur-dum ek-mek-le-ri.
Gel, be-ra-ber yi-ye-lim,
Baka-rım kö-pek-le-ri.
Ev-re-se yol-la-ri dar, dar,
Bana bak-ma, ben-im ya-rim var.

№ 176

Wedding song

Oy-na, ge-lin, söy-le, ki-zım, oy-na-sı-na,
Bir a-ra-ya ge-lin-ce, ge-lin-ce.
Şıt mo-ri ya-re-le-li yar, yi-ne, yi-nı-na, yar, yi-nı-na.
Class 4. Stagnant, descending or hill-like short first line of a close range. № 134–238

№ 177

Nefes

Audio

Tiğ-i-bend-bağ-li bel-le-rinde,

Ha-cı Bektaş yol-la-rında.

A-li ser-men-zili uzak,
Cüm-le-miz za-ti-na mûş-tak.

№ 178

Folksong

Audio

İn de-re-nin iç-i-ne, Ka-nar-yom,

Yem ve-re-lim ke-cı-ne, hoy, hoy, ne.

№ 179

Folksong

Audio

A, mer ku-zum, mer ku-zum,

Ka-ra göz-lüm, mer ku-zum.
№ 180

Folksong

Hay, mer ku-zum, mer ku-zum,
Ka-ra göz-lüm, mer ku-zum.

№ 181

Folksong

Ay, mer ku-zum, mer ku-zum,
Ka-ra göz-lüm, mer ku-zum.

№ 182

Folksong

Ka-pi sîk-tu e-li-mi,
Kim-e tes-li-m e-de-yim
Fe-lek bûk-tû be-li-mi,
Ka-ra göz-lüm ya-ri-mi?
Ay-dîn o-da-lar, o-da-lar, o-da-lar,
Ya-şâ-sîn de-li-kan-li-lar.
№ 183

Bulgarian folksong

№ 184

Hidrellez song
№ 185

Semah

Bir ana ba cy lan da, Hü,

bir Müs üm ba çi, çi.

Kalk sin, semah ey le sin is tek li can lar, hey, can lar,

Kalk sin, semah ey le sin is tek li can lar, hey, can lar,

Kal dir, in dir kol lar ni, kol lar ni.

№ 186

Folksong

Bir ev ler yap tir dum, be, Ra mi zem,

Sa ra ya kar şî, am man, am man, şî.
Class 4. Stagnant, descending or hill-like short first line of a close range. № 134–238

№ 187

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{Şu benim divaneye gönüm,} \]

\[ \text{Yine habandan hava düştü.} \]

\[ \text{Yine habandan hava düştü.} \]

№ 188

\[ \text{Mani} \]

\[ \text{Misir kazarm misir, rim misir,} \]

\[ \text{Oturdum arasına, na.} \]

№ 189

\[ \text{Mani} \]

\[ \text{Çi-kip meydana dönemin, dönemin,} \]

\[ \text{Mürşide kurban ola lim, ola lim.} \]

\[ \text{Hüseyn kurban ola lim.} \]
№ 190

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{Gü-} \text{lı} \text{ bağ-} \text{lär} \text{ de} \text{s-} \text{te} \text{ de} \text{s-} \text{te}, \]

\[ \text{Bağ-} \text{lär} \text{ da} \text{ gön-} \text{de} \text{r} \text{ir} \text{ dos-} \text{ta}. \]

№ 191

\[ \text{Dirge} \]

\[ \text{Ya-} \text{ṣım on-} \text{se-} \text{kiz, an-} \text{nem gel-} \text{me-} \text{sin}, \]

\[ \text{Çe-ne-} \text{mi si-} \text{kin, be-} \text{ni gör-} \text{me-} \text{sin.} \]

№ 192

\[ \text{Semah} \]

\[ \text{B} \text{u bir ri-} \text{za, lok-} \text{ma-} \text{sı-} \text{dr,} \]

\[ \text{De-} \text{me-} \text{dim mi, de-} \text{me-} \text{dim mi.} \]

\[ \text{Yi-} \text{ye mez-} \text{sin, de-} \text{me-} \text{dim mi?} \]

\[ \text{Yi-} \text{ye mez-} \text{sin de-} \text{me-} \text{dim mi, Hū.} \]
№ 193

Nefes

Ey, Fati-me, ey, Fati-me,

Ka-nim şa-ha - det Fa- ti-me, Al-lah, det Fa- ti-me.

№ 194

Folksong

Rubato • 138

Se-kiz pi-na-rn su-yu bit-ti,

Do-kuz a-ra-dan o-dun git-ti.

Kaz kal-dır-miş ka-fa-su-nu,

Yi-ye-me-dim, uç-tu git-ti.

№ 195

Mersiye

Poco rubato • 108

Dert-li der-dim dün-ya - ya, Al-lah,

Der-dim a-kar zı-ya - de,
№ 196

Folksong

Em-i-nem de giy-miş şal-va-ri, şal-va-ri.

Si-ra be-yaz kol-la-ri, kol-la-ri.

rep.

№ 197

Folksong

De-dem şim-di yor-gun-dur,

Kal-kar, oy-nar bi-raz-dan.
№ 198

Hidrellez song

Ü - sü - düm, ü - sü - düm,
Ah, benim canım, ü - sü - düm.

№ 199

Folksong

Ü - sü - düm, ü - sü - düm,
Ah, benim canım ü - sü - düm.

№ 200

Mersiye

Büz dün - ya - dan gi - der ol - disk,  
Ka - lan - la - ra se - lam ol - sun, Hü, Hü.

Audio
№ 201

Parlando \( \frac{\text{88}}{\text{s}} \)

1) Bride’s farewell

Çocuk anaşı, yiğit anaşı,

İki elinde mum yanaşı.

№ 202

\( \frac{\text{105}}{\text{s}} \)

Mani

Teyyaretler tek gider,

İçine Islim biner,

İçine Islim biner.

№ 203

\( \frac{\text{124}}{\text{s}} \)

Kirklar semału

Kudretten bir dolu geldi,

İç bakaлим, nasıl o lur, Hü.
№ 204

162

Folksong

Câdi, evler de alsan,
Câdi bana da versen,
Câdi, küstüm, barışmam.

№ 205

225

Folksong

Al beni, götür dere,
Ya-re-le, ya-re-le,
Kumu nu se re se re, Ya-re-lel- li.

№ 206

222

Mâtem nefesi

İn-dim tu-ra ba döşen-dim,
İn-dim tu-ra ba döşen-dim,
№ 207

Kırklar semahi

Alçaklık kıraz dalıları,

№ 208

Nefes (Ağlaş)

Men yö-rû-rûm ya-ne ya-ne,

Aşk bo-yâ-di me-ni ka-ne.

№ 209

Nefes

Hak yo-lu-na gi-den-le-rîn

A-sa ol-sam el-le-rî-ne.

№ 210

Folksong

Ben gü-lü-me gül de-mem, E-mî-nem,

Gü-lûn öm-rû az o-lur, oy, az o-lur, oy.
№ 211

Wedding song

Çağırın kızını yengisini,
Vursuneline alkınasını.

№ 212

Wedding song

Çağırın kızını yengisini,
Yaksuneline alkınasını.
Anne ben bu geçe misafirim,
Ni-ne ben bu geçe turaceşim.
Gelinaliçiyaya yol yaraşır,
Anne ben bu geçekuraçeyim,
Ni-ne ben bu geçemisafirim.
№ 213

Ey, े ren - ler bezm - mi - zе, े
Gel, de - di - niz, gel - dik iş - te.

№ 214

Ik - rar ver - dik biz bir pi - re, े
Dil sor - ma - yiz her bir ye - re, े
Dil sor - ma - yiz her bir ye - re.

Ben - de - le - ri u - lu e - re,
Biz Bek - ta - ʃigulp - le - ri - yiz,
A - yin - i ce - min bül - bül - ु - yиз.
№ 215

Mani

Kaşların karaşına

Gül koydum arasına.

№ 216

Mersiye

Hüseyin'i der Yezid'e,

Bir içim su verin bile,

Ka'nım helalolsun size,

Ah, Hasanım, vah, Hüsey'n'im.

Refrain

Nazihimam Şuh Hüsey'nim.
№ 217
Nefes

İşte gel-dim, işte git-tim,

Yaz çiçek-gi gibi bit-tim.

Şu dün-yada ne iş et-tim,

Ömür-cü-güm geç-ti git-ti.

№ 218
Folksong

Audio
(humming)

Refrain

D.C. al Fine
№ 219

\section*{Nefes}

\[\begin{align*}
U \text{- yan} & \text{- dir ci} \text{- ra} \text{- gin yan} \text{- sin,} \\
Dol & \text{- num i} \text{- ce} \text{- ne kan} \text{- sin.} \\
M \text{- hip le} \text{- rin sa} \text{- na yan} \text{- sin,} \\
Dur & \text{- ma, y} \text{- o} \text{- r} \text{- \ü, Ha} \text{- san ba} \text{- bam.}
\end{align*}\]

№ 220

\section*{Folksong}

\[\begin{align*}
Gok yu \text{- z\ü\-n} \text{\ü gok bu} \text{- lu} \text{- du,} \\
Em & \text{- di der ya} \text{- yi b} \text{- ri} \text{- du, yi b} \text{- ri} \text{- du.}
\end{align*}\]

№ 221

\section*{Wedding song}

\[\begin{align*}
Var & \text{- in so} \text{- run a} \text{- na} \text{- si} \text{- na,} \\
\text{l} \text{- zin ver} \text{- sin ki} \text{- na} \text{- si} \text{- na.}
\end{align*}\]
Class 4. Stagnant, descending or hill-like short first line of a close range. № 134–238

№ 222

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{Ceset i-çin - de bu cani} \]

\[ \text{Bi-ti-re-nin de-mine, de-mine, Hül.} \]

№ 223

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{Şükür bizi bu mey-dana,} \]

\[ \text{Ge-ti-re-nin de-mine, de-mine, Hül.} \]

№ 224

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{Şükür bizi bu mey-dana} \]

\[ \text{Ceset i-çin - de bu cani,} \]

\[ \text{Ge-ti-re-nin de-mine, Hül.} \]

\[ \text{Bi-ti-re-nin de-mine, Hüy,} \]

\[ \text{A bu demi Haydar de-mi,} \]

\[ \text{Böy-le ge-çer dü-m-yä ga-mu, dü-m-yä ga-mu.} \]
№ 225

132

\[ \text{Mersiye} \]

\[ \text{Hüseyn der Yeziđe,} \]

\[ \text{Bir içim su verin bize.} \]

№ 226

106

\[ \text{Mersiye} \]

\[ \text{Hüseyn i der Yeziđe,} \]

\[ \text{Bir içim su verin bize.} \]

\[ \text{Later} \]

\[ \text{Bir içim su verin bana,} \]

\[ \text{İç sin onu kana kana.} \]

№ 227

138

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{Mürşid o lup ta miraca,} \]

\[ \text{Muhammed' teki melek tir, melek tir.} \]
№ 228

Folksong

1) Meşeli dağlar meşeli,

2) Dibinde ha-ılar dö-se-li, ha-ılar dö-se-li.

rep. rep.

№ 229

Folksong

1) Kül ol-dum, ben bu aş-ka dü-se-li,


rep. rep.

№ 230

Mani

Ay-va sarı-si, ya-rım,

Ay-va sarı-si, ya-rım,
№ 231

\[ A - l e m, a - l e m o - l a - h i \]

\[ La F e - t a i l - l a A - l i. \]

\[ A - l e m, a - l e m o - l a - h i \]

\[ La F e - t a i l - l a A - l i. \]

№ 232

\[ B u - g ü n b i - z e p i r g e l - d i, \]

\[ G ü l - l e r i t a - z e g e l - d i. \]
Class 4. Stagnant, descending or hill-like short first line of a close range. № 134–238

№ 233

Dövazdeh nefesi

Her sa-bah, her sa-bah var-di-güm
On i-ki i-mam A-li'm, A-li'm.

Her sa-bah, her sa-bah var-di-güm
On i-ki i-mam A-li'm, A-li'm.

№ 234

Mani

İnc-e cık e-lek-ler-den
Un-dan mi e-li-yor-san?
№ 235

Mani

\[90\]

A - la - y - da ay - ri - l r - lar,

Sa - ray - da sav - ru - lur - lar.

Gel, ü - zül - me, sev - di - şım,

Bir za - man ka - vu - şur - lar.

№ 236

Semah

\[142\]

Bir ne - fes - cik söy - le - ye - yim.

Class 4. Stagnant, descending or hill-like short first line of a close range. № 134–238

№ 237
Semah

Güzel așık çevrimizi,

Güzel așık çevrimizi,

Çeke mez-sin demedim mi, aşık Alî'm, Hü,

Çeke mez-sin demedim mi, aşık Alî'm, Hü.

№ 238
Folksong

Şemisyemin ucu kara,

Sen açın da günümе yara,

Sen açın günümе yara.
Array C (= Class 5). Four short sections with (A) main cadence. № 239–293

№ 239

Folksong

Varin söyleyin boya-ci ya, ya,

Al lar boya-sin am-man boya-ma-sin.

№ 240

Nefes

Su ya-lan dun-ya ya gel-dim, gi-de-rim,

Gö-nüll sen-den öz ge yur bu-la ma-dim, Hû, dim.

№ 241

Nefes

Bül-bül ler ko ku yu gül ler den a - lir,

Mecnun çıkmış dağ-la-ra Ley-la’yi a-rar, a-rar.
Number 242

Nefes

\[ \text{\textit{Çok sü-kür mü-ba-rek ce-ma-lîn gör-düm,}} \]
\[ \text{\textit{Ha-yat bul-dum bu cis-mi-me can gel-di, Hü, Hü,}} \]
\[ \text{\textit{Ha-yat bul-dum bu cis-mi-ne can gel-di, Hü.}} \]

Number 243

Nefes

\[ \text{\textit{Ha-ya-tın üs-tün-de dîl-dar e-der-ken,}} \]
\[ \text{\textit{El-le-ri es-rar-dan bir süb-han gel-di, Hü,}} \]
\[ \text{\textit{El-le-ri es-rar-dan bir süb-han gel-di.}} \]
№ 244

Kırlar semahi

Ma-na e-vi-ne dal-dım, Ma-na e-vi-ne dal-dım.


Höy.

№ 245

Folksong

Bah-çe-le-rde eğ-rel-ti,

Oy-na-yan-lar i-ki el-ti.

İ-ki-si de bir boy-da,

Bi-lin-mi-yor kıy-me-ti.

Şišt mo-ru ye-re-li, ye-ne-ne-ne ne-ne-nom,

Yar yi-ne ye-ne-ne-ne, ne-ne-ne-ne ne-ne-nom.
Array C (= Class 5). Four short sections with (A) main cadence. № 239–293

№ 246

Alevi deviş

Ey, a-lem-le-ri ya-ra-tan Al-lah, Al-lah,

Kai-dır pe-rde-yi a-ra-dan, Al-lah,
Göster ce-ma-lın ya-ra-tan Al-lah.

№ 247

Nefes

Bülbül-ler ko-ku-yu güller-den a-lur,

Mec-nun çı kı-sama ağ-la-ra Ley-lü'yi a-rar, a-rar.

№ 248

Nefes

Sir-rı-nı na-da-na söy-le-me sa-kın,

E-re-n-le-rı gibi-le mec-li-si var-dir, var-dir.
№ 249

Nefes

Bül-bül-ler ko-ku-yu güller-den a-lır,

Mec-nunçık-muş dağ-la-ra Ley-la-yı ara, ara.

№ 250

Mani

Men-di-li di-li-ne,

Men-dil ver-dim e-li-ne.

Ka-ra ka-na yol-la-muş

Yar be-nim el-le-ri-me.

№ 251

Mersiye

Ben me-la-met hır-ka-si-ni ken-dim gi-y-dim eğ-ni-me,

A-ru na-mus şi-se-si-ni ta-şça çal-dım, ki-me ne, ah,
Array C (= Class 5). Four short sections with (A) main cadence. № 239–293

№ 252

Mersiye

Ben me-la-met hir-ka-si-ni ken-dim giy-dim eğ-ni-me,

A-ru na-mus şi-se-si-ni ta-şâ çâl-dim, ki-me ne, ah,

Hay-dar, Hay-dar, ta-şâ çâl-dim, ki-me ne?

№ 253

Mersiye

Ben me-la-met hir-ka-si-ni ken-dim giy-dim eğ-ni-me,

A-ru na-mus şi-se-si-ni ta-şâ çâl-dim, ki-me ne, ah,

Hay-dar, Hay-dar, ta-şâ çâl-dim, ki-me ne?

№ 254

Nefes

Ben se-ni se-ve-rûm can-dan i-çe-ri,

I-lik-ten, ke-mik-ten, kan-dan i-çe-ri, Hû.
№ 255

Nefes

Ben se-ni se-ve-rim can-dan i-çe-ri,

I-lik-ten, da-mar-dan, kan-dan i-çe-ri, Hû.

№ 256

Nefes

Ge-ne mih-man gör-düm, gön-lüm şad ol-du,

Mih-man-lar siz bi-ze se-fâ gel-di-niz.

Mih-man-lar siz bi-ze hoş-ça gel-di-niz.

№ 257

Nefes

Şu-ra-bn a-bu-su do-lar di-li-me, Hû,
Ta-di can-dan tat-li gel-di e-li-me, Hû,

Ham-dül-il-lah Pi-rim ka-bul ey-le-dî, Hû, dî, Hû.
Array C (= Class 5). Four short sections with (A) main cadence. № 239–293

№ 258

Audio

Bir gün dal-dım e-ren-ler mey-da-nı-na, Hü,

Bel bağ-la-dım yo-lu-na, er-ka-nı-na, Hü.

№ 259

Birgün dal-dım e-ren-ler mey-da-nı-na, Hü, na, Hü,

Bel bağ-la-dım yo-lu-na, er-ka-nı-na, Hü.

№ 260

Her se-her vak-tın-de güller di-ke-lin, Hü,

Di-kip de dik-tı-ğı-mi yer-de bi-te-lim, Hü.

Var. of the second line (many times)
№ 261

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{Gönl\-den çi\-ka\-rip ya\-ba\-na at\-ma,} \]

\[ \text{Ist\-ni\-nat\-ga\-hi\-miz A\-li aş\-ki\-na, Hü.} \]

№ 262

\[ \text{Nefes (Nevruzîye)} \]

\[ \text{Ge\-lin, hey, kar\-da\-şlar, sey\-ran e\-de\-lim,} \]

\[ \text{A\-lî\-'nin doğ\-du\-ğu ey\-yam bu dem\-dir,} \]

\[ \text{Şah\-'î\-mmn doğ\-du\-ğu ey\-yam dem\-dir.} \]

№ 263

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{E\-ren\-le\-rin soh\-be\-ti, e\-le ge\-le\-si de\-ğil, si de\-ğil,} \]

\[ \text{Ik\-rar\-iy\-le ge\-len\-ler, mah\-rum ka\-la\-si de\-ğil.} \]
Array C (= Class 5). Four short sections with (A) main cadence. № 239–293

№ 264

Nefes


Biz de hiz-mer c - der him - met bek-le - riz, Hüb.

№ 265

Mani

De-re ge-li - yor, de-re,

Ku-mu - nu se-re-se-re.

№ 266

Folksong

Bay-ram gel-di - ni - me, a-man, a-man, ga - ri - bem,

Kan dol-du yu-re-ği - me, a-man, a-man, ga - ri - bem.
№ 267

Gold \(\text{\textcopyright} 86\)

A-çıl-dum bir ke-nar-siz şen um-ma-ni-na, Hü,

A-çıl-dum bir ke-nar-siz şen um-ma-ni-na, Hü,

Şa-ra-bın a-bu-su do-lar e-li-me, Hü,

Ta-dı da can-dan tat-li gel-dı ya di-li-me, Hü.

№ 268

\(\text{\textcopyright} 209\)

Folksong

Ev-le-rî-nin ö-nü bağ-li,

Ben is-te-rîm bur-da kir-ma-li yağ-li.

Kir-ma-yî-yîn ma-yî ol-dum,

Kir-ma-siz-lan ay-ri ol-dum.
Фольклорный

№ 269

168

Елмали оланда гел,
анам,

Бахçе-и доланда гел.

Иyi гүн-де гелмедин,
анам,

Бари кан вренде гел.

№ 270

Дуэзеде nefesi

230

1-2. Хер сабах, хер сабах varsı güm
3-4. Şeferbe-re ey-le yar-dım

Оnl-ki i-nam A-li’м, A-li’м.

Аллаh бир Mu-ham-med Hаk-tur,

Bи-lе-lerе sө-zүm yоk-tur.
№ 271

Folksong

\[\text{Ra-ma-zan da}\]

\[\text{Ra-ma-zan gel-di, gi di-yor,}\]

№ 272

Lullaby

\[\text{Nen-ni de sö-züm ya-ra-şır.}\]

\[\text{Uy-ku-la-ri do-la-şır,}\]

\[\text{Nen-ni de yav-rum, nen-ni.}\]

\[\text{U-yu-ya-cak da bü-yü-ye-cek şim-di,}\]

\[\text{Ho-ho-ho-ho, ho, dal-lar,}\]
Array C (= Class 5). Four short sections with (A) main cadence. № 239–293

№ 273

Her sa-bah, her sa-bah se-her yel-le-ri.

№ 274

A-man, ey. e-ren-ler, mü-rüv-ve-t siz-den,
Ök-sü-züm, ga-ri-bim, a-ma-na gel-dim,
Ök-sü-züm, ga-ri-bim, a-ma-na gel-dim.
№ 275

Bu zevk-lemün-ki-ri hayran e-de-lim, de-lim,


№ 276

İş-te ben gi-diyom kal a-hu gözlüm, Hü,

Ne sen be-ni u-nut, ne de ben se-ni, Hü, ni, Hü.

№ 277

Fat-mar-ler Ha-san, Hü-sey’n ana-si,

On-i-ki i-mam-la-nn soh-net ana-si,

On-i-ki i-mam-la-rnn soh-net ana-si.
Array C (= Class 5). Four short sections with (A) main cadence. № 239–293

№ 278

1) 150-208

Kurklar semahi

A-dım a-dım Hak yo - lu-na va - ra-yım,

Gü-ver-cin-lik der-ler sə-ra vər-dın mı?

A-li’nin doğ-du-ğu ye-ri gör-ddün mü?

rep.

№ 279

Semah

Hü de - ye-lim ger-cek - le-rin de - mi-ne,

Hü de - ye-lim ger-cek - le-rin de - mi-ne,

E-ren-le-rin de-mi n ur-dan sa - yı-lır, yı - lır.

№ 280

Nefes

Yi-ne mih-man gel-di, gön-lüm şaz ol-du,

Mih-man-lar siz bi - ze hoş-ça gel-di - niz.

Kar-daş-lar siz bi - ze se-fa gel-di - niz.
№ 281

Semah

340

Gel gi-ne, bu-gün Dosti li-ne gi-de-lim, Gül Ba-ba’m, Hü.

Ca-nım, şah-im pir sul-ta-nım, Gül Ba-ba’m, Gül Ba-ba’m, Hü.

№ 282

Troiksong

100

Pek kü-cu-cük tüm bir ada-ma

ver-di-ler, ver-di-ler.

Hem ver-di-ler, hem mü-na-sib


№ 283

Folk Song

180

A-li ço-cuk su dol-du-rur

de-re-den, de-re-den.
Array C (= Class 5). Four short sections with (A) main cadence. № 239–293

№ 284

116

Wedding song

Çağılığını kızın yengisini,
Vursun eiline al kınaşını.

№ 285

230

Nefes

Can dediler, can dediler,
Gel, işte meydanı, dediler.

Huüzündanda durдум dara,
Yardım et kırklar ye-der.
№ 286

Nefes

Çe-ki-lip kık-ra-var-dim;
Ni-ye gel-din can de-di-le-
er.
Baş eğ-dim, ni-yaz ey-le-
dim,
Geç, o-tur mey-dan, de-di-
er.

№ 287

Hidrellez song

Kar-ta-lım, kar-ta-lım,
Ne-re-le-de ya-ta-lım,
Bir es-ki de kür-küm var,
Sa-ri-la-lım, ya-ta-lım.
Array C (= Class 5). Four short sections with (A) main cadence. № 239–293

№ 288

Mani

\[ \text{Gel-di ba-bam, Hú, Hú.} \]

\[ \text{Re-is ba-bam, Hú, Hú.} \]

\( \text{Bir çörek yap-tüm yal gi-bi,} \)

\( \text{Ge-lin, yi-yelim, bal gi-bi.} \)

\( \text{Kız-la-ra he-lal ol-sun,} \)

\( \text{Ço-cuk-la-ra ha-ram ol-sun.} \)

№ 289

Nefes

\( \text{Ki-şi hal-den an-la-yın-ca,} \)

\( \text{Ha-ki-ka-ti din-le-yın-ce,} \)
№ 290

Folksong

Hak-tan di-lek di-le-di-gim,
Hak-tan di-lek di-le-di-gim,
Gö-gös-ten gi-ne do-la-di-gim,
Mev-lam bu ta-şa can ver-sin.
Array C (= Class 5). Four short sections with (A) main cadence. № 239–293

№ 291

80

Folksong

Ak-taş de-dim, bi-ley-dim,
Hak-tan di-lek di-le-di-güm.
Tül-ben-di-me buğ-la-di-güm,
Mev-lam bu ta-sa can ver-sin.

№ 292

Folksong

An-nem ağ-lar i-çin, i-çin,
Ba-bam ağ-lar bil-mem ni-çin.
Ağ-la, an-ne, ağ-la, ba-ba,
Şu be-nim genç ya-şim i-çin.
Ve-rem ha-pi yu-ta yu-ta.
Array D. Melodies with four or more sections. № 294–516

Class 6. Low-moving tunes with B(B)x cadences and higher ones with D(B)x cadences. № 294–312

№ 294

Şu karışıki yayla ne güzel yayla,
Bir dem süre me-dim Dost- lar, gi-de-rım böy-le.
№ 295

Şu benzim sevdiğim başta o-turur,
Bir güze lin der-di be-ni bi-tirir,
Geçti Dost ker-vari, ey-le-me be-ni, ey-le-me be-ni.

№ 296

Şu karşı ki yay-la-da göc ka-tar ka-tar,
Bir güze-lin der-di bağ-rım-da tü-tü, bağ-rım-da tü-tü

№ 297

Gör-düm şu bina-yı kan-dan i-li-tten,
Du-var-la-rı et-ten, ta-şi ke-mik-ten,
A-dım a-dım kut-lu tek-ke-me gel-dim, tek-ke-me gel-dim.
№ 298

*Ke-ram-et baş- ta- dir tacs-da de- şil- dir,*

*Ha-ram- ret na- da- dir sač-da de- şil- dir.*

*Her ne a- rar i- sen, ey, Dost, ken-din-de a- ra,*

*Ku-dus-te, Mek- ke- de, arș-ta de- şil- dir.

№ 299

*Sul-tan Sůl-ey-man'- a kal- ma-yan důn- ya,*

*Su důn-ya ye- rin-de i-ri-lir bir gün, Hůy, Hůy, Hůy.

№ 300

*Bir sa-rı yi- lan sar-di da be- ni,*

*On ye-di ye- rim den ya- ra- la- di be- ni.*
№ 301

Semah

Ya-ka-dan gi-der i-ken,

Zi-kir Al-lah ve-riken,

Is-ma-il pey-gam-be-rin

Koy-nu gü-der i-ken, Hü, Hü, Hü.

№ 302

Nefes

Ya-ka-dan gi-der i-ken,

Zi-kir Al-lah ve-riken,

Is-ma-il pey-gam-be-rin

Koy-nu gü-der i-ken, Hüy, Hüy, Hüy.
№ 303

Nefes

\[ \text{Dal dan in mi\text{-}tir kar n ca.} \]
\[ \text{Dolu ol maz sa ya r n ca.} \]
\[ \text{Hu, Hu, Hu, Hu, Al lah,} \]
\[ \text{Hu, sa ki le rin de mi ne, Hu.} \]

№ 304

Nefes

\[ \text{Mur si di miz Mu ham med} \]
\[ \text{Reh be ri miz dir A li.} \]
\[ \text{A s\text{-}ik o\text{-}lan can be n im} \]
\[ \text{Mur si d i le reh be re, reh be re.} \]
№ 305

Nefes

Ar-zu-la-dım sana gel-dim,

Hün-kar Ha-çı Bek-taş Ve-lim,

Eşiği-ne yu-züm sür-düm,

Hün-kar Ha-çı Bek-taş Ve-li.

№ 306

Mih-man oл-duк ce-mi-ni-ze,

Hü di-ye-lim de-mi-ni-ze.

Hay-ran kal-dık yolu-nu-za,

Bu mey-dan-da, bu di-van-da.
№ 307

Mih - man ol - duk ce - mi - ni - ze,
Hü di - ye - lim de - mi - ni - ze, Hü,
Hay - ran kal - dık yo - lu - nu - za,

№ 308

Mih - man ol - duk ce - mi - ni - ze,
Hü di - ye - lim de - mi - ni - ze,
Hay - ran kal - dık yo - lu - nu - za,
Bu mey - dan - da, bu di - van - da.
Class 6. Low-moving tunes with B(B)x cadences and higher ones with D(B)x cadences. № 294–312  231

№ 309

Nefes

Kırk-lar-e-li ı-li-ne aç-tık bir o-cak,

Medet mür-vet, Şah’ım vi-la-yet Mür-ta-za.

№ 310

Nefes

Ka-rar-miş gönül-le-rin pas-si si-lin-di,

Pak o-lur ha-ne-miz mih-man ge-lin-ce.

№ 311

Nefes

Şu dün-ya de-r-đin-den bik-tüm u-san-dım,

Çek-ti-ğim ce-fa-yı hep se-fa san-dım.
№ 312

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Class 7. Low and higher moving melodies with C(C)x cadences. № 313–361} \\
\end{align*}
\]

№ 313

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Nefes} \\
\end{align*}
\]

№ 314

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Nefes} \\
\end{align*}
\]
Class 7. Low and higher moving melodies with C(C)x cadences. № 313–361

№ 315

\[\text{Nefes}\]

Kar-şi da gö - rü - nen ne gü - zel yay - la,

Bir dem sü - re - me - dim Dost - lar, gi - de - rim böy - le.

№ 316

\[\text{Folksong}\]

A - man, a - man, kur - de - lem, yo - rul - dum,


№ 317

\[\text{Folksong}\]

Ver ya - rim men - di - li - ni, ben dü - re - yım,

Yol - la ya - rim bir dü - güm, sa - na dö - ne - yım.

№ 318

\[\text{Folksong}\]

zurna
№ 319
Nefes
184
Ezekiel ezeldenden öte den beri,
Sevdiçe sevesim gelir Pirimi.

№ 320
Nefes
192
Bülbulün halili bir manaaldi,
Gönlü evini figana saldi.

№ 321
Nefes
96
Ben bu mecidiylerden ibaretler aldım, Allah,
Uyдум, uyдум, ben hayal gördüm.
№ 322

Parlando 4/66

Mersiye

A-klı pa-di-şah-tır, gö-nül ve-zir-dir, gö-nül ve-zırdı,
Bu can ten-den eğ-ken ge-mım ha-zir-dir,

ge-mım ha-zırdır, Hüı.

rep.

№ 323

Kırklar semahı

Adım adım Hak yolu-na varay-dım,
Gü-ver-cin-lik der-ler şa-ra var-dın mu, Hüı, var-dın mı?

rep.

№ 324

Folksong

Bu-gın çağ-rılm-a-dık, biz-de-dır, biz-de,
Kapı-çene-nı, biz-de-dır, biz-de.
№ 325  

Folksong

Ka-le-den ka-le-ye şa-hin u-çur-dum,

Ah i-len, vah i-len ö-mür ge-çir-dim.

№ 326  

Folksong

Ar-zu’-mun e-vi-nin ar-di bok-luk-tur, bok-luk,

Ar-zu’-ma ge-li-yor bok-luk ta sîl-lîk.

№ 327  

Folksong

İs-tan-bul, İs-tan-bul, vi-ran ka-le-si,

Ta-şi-nı to-p ra-gî-mî sel-ler a-la-sîn.

rep.
№ 328

Folksong

Sal-lan, ka-vak, sal-lan, da-lin ku-rü-sun,
Ye-re dü-san yap-ra-ğın yer-de çü-rü-sun.

№ 329

Folksong

Eniș-tem, eniș-tem ab-lam mi san-dın,
Al-tı ay-lık ge-linden ne tez u-san-dın, san-dın.

№ 330

Folksong

Yük-sek yük-sek te-pe-le-re ev kur-ma-sın-lar,
Ve-la taş-li yer-le-re kız ver-me-sın-ler.
№ 331

Folk Song

Har-man ö-te-sin - den at-la-ya-ma - dim,

№ 332

Giusto

Nefes

Arz ey-le-yip yo-la gir-sem, Hû,
O mü-ba-rek yü-zân gör-sem, Hû,

E-si-gi-ne yü-züm sür-sem De-mir Ba-bam,

№ 333

Nefes

Mu-hab-bet ka-pi-si-ni a-ça-yum der-sen,
Class 7. Low and higher moving melodies with C(C)x cadences. № 313–361 239

№ 334

\[\text{Nefes}\]
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{M} & \text{u-} \text{h} \text{a} \text{b} \text{e} \text{t} \quad \text{k}\text{a-pi-si-mi} \\
\text{a} & \text{ç} \text{a} \text{y} \text{i} \text{m} \quad \text{d} \text{e} \text{r-s} \text{e} \text{n} \\
\end{align*}
\]
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{A} & \text{ç} \text{a} \text{n} \quad \text{d} \text{a} \quad \text{aç-ti-ran} \\
\text{A} & \text{l} \text{i} \quad \text{d} \text{ir}, \quad \text{A} \text{l} \text{i}, \\
\end{align*}
\]
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{A} & \text{ç} \text{a} \text{n} \quad \text{d} \text{a} \quad \text{aç-ti-ran} \\
\text{Şa} & \text{h} \text{m} \text{d} \text{ir}, \quad \text{A} \text{l} \text{i-m.} \\
\end{align*}
\]

№ 335

\[\text{Düvazdeh nefesi}\]
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{M} & \text{u-} \text{h} \text{a} \text{b} \text{e} \text{t} \quad \text{a} \text{ç} \text{i} \text{l} \text{s} \text{i-n} \\
\text{c} & \text{e} \text{-} \text{m} \text{a} \text{l} \quad \text{gö-rün-s} \text{ü-n} \\
\end{align*}
\]
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Mu} & \text{h-a} \text{m} \text{e} \text{d}, \quad \text{Mu} \text{s} \text{t-a} \text{fa} \\
\text{gü} & \text{l} \text{ü} \quad \text{aş} \text{-} \text{k} \text{t} \text{ına}. \\
\end{align*}
\]

№ 336

\[\text{Folksong}\]
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{An} & \text{n} \text{e}, \quad \text{a} \text{n} \text{e}, \quad \text{b} \text{e} \text{n} \quad \text{b} \text{a} \text{b} \text{a} \text{m} \text{i} \text{n} \\
\end{align*}
\]
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Ta} \quad \text{c} \text{a} \text{n} \text{m} \text{d} \text{a} \text{n} \quad \text{öz} \text{-} \text{l} \text{e} \text{-} \text{d} \text{i} \text{m}. \\
\end{align*}
\]
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Göz} \quad \text{l} \text{e} \text{r} \text{m} \text{d} \text{e} \text{n} \quad \text{a} \quad \text{kan} \quad \text{ya} \quad \text{şi} \\
\end{align*}
\]
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{E} \text{l} \quad \text{v} \text{u} \text{r} \text{u} \text{p} \quad \text{t} \text{a} \quad \text{si} \quad \text{m} \text{e} \quad \text{d} \text{i} \text{m}. \\
\end{align*}
\]
№ 337

\[ 168 \]

Kim ne bı - lır bı - zi biz ne soy - da - nız,

Ne bir zer - re ot ne ot su - da - nız.

№ 338

\[ 112 \]

Ar - zu e - der - di - nız, hey, Dost bir yol gör - me - ye,

Bu-gün bı - ze hoş gel - di - nız e - ren - ler.

№ 339

\[ 144 \]

Ar - zu e - der - di - nız, hey, Dost bir yol gör - me - ye,

Bu-gün bı - ze hoş gel - di - nız e - ren - ler.

№ 340

\[ 160 \]

Kar - sı - da gö - rü - nen ne gü - zel yay - la,

Bir dem sı - re - me - dim Dost - lar, gi - de - rim böy - le.

Nefes
№ 341

Semah

Sey-yah o-lup şu a-le-mi ge-ze-lim,

Bir Dost bu-la-ma-dım da, Hü, gün ak-șam ol-du.

№ 342

Nefes

Bir bő-lük tur-na-ya sö-kün de-di-ler,

Yü-rek-te-ki der-di, Dost-lar, dö-kün de-di-ler.

№ 343

Nefes

Ha-cı Bak-taş Ve-li bı-zi dü-şür-me,

Ha-cı Bak-taş Ve-li bı-zi dü-şür-me,

Gü-zel ce-ma-li-nın hay-ra-nı ol-dum, Hü,

№ 344

1) 160

Der-dim çok tur han-gi - si-ne ya-na - yum, yun,

Ge-ne ta-ze - len-di yü-rek yâ-re-si, yâ-re-si,

Ge-ne ta-ze - len-di yü-rek yâ-re-si.

Audio

№ 345

92

Sev-dim se-ni mah-bu-bu-ma, ca - nan di-yê sev-dim,

Bir ben de-ğil a-lem sa-na hay-ran di-yê sev-dim, di-yê sev-dim.

№ 346

144

Gel ge-ne, bu-gûn dost e-li-ne gi-de-lim, gi-de-lim,

Ar-şa di-rek di-rek za-rım Gül Ba-ba, Gül Ba-ba.
№ 347

Çe-ke çe-ke ben bu dert-ten ö-lü-rüm,
Se-ver-sen A-lî’-yi değ-me ya-ra-ma,
Se-ver-sen A-lî’-yi değ-me ya-ra-ma.

№ 348

E-ren-ler to-p-la-nır mey-da-nı-mı-za,
Yok mey-da-nı de-ğıl var mey-da-nı-dir,
Yok mey-da-nı de-ğıl var mey-da-nı-dir.
№ 349

Nefes

Der-ya-da bó-.lu-nen sel-le-re dön-düm,


№ 350

Nefes

Er-kan-iye zin-de-yım,

Za-hit-le-re ben-de-yım.

Boy-nu bag-li ben-de-yım,

Ben de bir e-rin oğ-lu-yım,

Yol e-hli-nin ku-lu-yım.

Hay-de-ri-yem, Hay-de-ri.
№ 351

Er - ka - nuis - da, zin - de - yim,
Za - hit - le - re, han - de - yim,
Boy - nu ba - gi, ben - de - yim,
Hay - de - ri' - yem, Hay - de - ri.

Nefes

No 352

Ya - kin yen - ge - le - rim, ya - kin, ki - na - m yi - ka - kin,
Ya - rim a - lay bo - s - dö - ne - cek, cü - m - bü - şe ba - km, ba - km.

Wedding song

No 353

U - yan, u - yan e - re - ce - gîm se - nin o - la - yım,
Ar - da - lar al - di, ya ner - de bu - la - yım, la - yım.

Dirge
№ 354

```
Folksong

\[ \frac{\text{Ah, an-ne-ci-ğim, vah, an-ne-ci-ğim, yak-tun ya be-ni,}}{\text{So-ğuk so-ğuk su-la-ra at-tun ya be-ni.}} \]

\[ \text{Bu genç ya-şım-da yak-tun ya be-ni.} \]
```

№ 355

```
Folksong

\[ \frac{\text{Ot-man Ba-ba der-ga-hi-ni so-rar-san,}}{\text{Der-ga-hi een-net-tir Mey-da-ni gü-zel-dir Ot-man Ba-ba-nın Hü, Hü.}} \]
```

№ 356

```
Kırklar sema hu

\[ \frac{\text{Sey-yah ol-dum şu a-lem-de ge-zer-ken, Hü, ken.}}{\text{Şu-kür ol-sun Hak-a, ih-sa-ni bul-dum, Hü, Hü.}} \]
```
№ 357

Çi-kıp mey-da-na, dö-ne-lim, dö-ne-lim,
Hü-se-yin’e kurb-an o-la-lim, o-la-lim.

№ 358

Çi-kıp mey-da-na, dö-ne-lim,
Çi-kıp mey-da-na, dö-ne-lim,
Hü-se-yin’e kurb-an o-la-lim,
Hü-se-yin’e kurb-an o-la-lim.
№ 359  

_Hidrellez song_

O tepe-den bu tepaye keçi geçer mi?

Aklı başında olan içki içer mi, mi?

№ 360  

_Folksong_

Zurnas and drums

№ 361  

_Folksong_

Onbeşinde gidiyor kızın göz yaşı,

Aslan yarım kız senin a-din Hediye.
Class 8. "Psalmodic" and descending tunes with E/D(C)/C/A cadences. № 362–413

№ 362

120

Nefes

Pir Sultan‘im, şu dünyaya

1) Do lu gel dim, do lu benim.

Bil meyener bil sin beni,

Men Ali‘yim, Ali benim,


1. 2.

rep. rep.

№ 363

Folksong

126

Yav ru nun der di ne bu lun maz der man, a man, a nam,

Gez me cey lan bu dag lar da se ni av lar lar,

A na dan, ba ba dan, yar den ay ri ko yar lar.
№ 364

Folksong

E-ğer çe-ke-mez-sen aş-kin sa-zı-nı, Al-lah,
Ne di-ke-ne do-kun ne gü-lü in-cıt, Al-lah,
ne gü-lü in-cıt.

№ 365

Folksong

Ki-na-yı tuz-suz ka-ran-lar,
Ka-rın da in-ge-ne ki-na-yı,
Se-vin-di-rın ca-dı kayn-an-a-mı.
Ak ba-kı-r-la-rım su-suz kal-dı,
Ki-zın a-na-sı kiz-sız kal-dı.
Class 8. “Psalmodic” and descending tunes with E/D(C)/A cadences. № 362–413

№ 366

Lullaby

Karın da ingenene kinami.

Sevin dirin düşman kuynanamu.

1.

2.

rep.

rep.

Evin dönune

asma-ya kurdum sa-lin-cak,

Eli-ne de ver-dim

hem se-ke-riy-nen o-yun-cak.
№ 367

*Parlando* 120

*Lullaby*

\[\text{Nin - ni, yav - rum, nin - ni,}\]

\[\text{U - yu - ta - yım se - ni.}\]

\[\text{U - yu - ta - yım da bü - yu - te - yım,}\]

\[\text{Ço - cuk sü - rü - sü - ne ka - ta - yım, nin - ni.}\]

№ 368

*Folksong*

\[\text{Te - kir - dağ' - dan yün al - dim da,}\]

\[\text{Kazak ö - re - yım di - ye,}\]

\[\text{Te - kir - dağ' - li bir yar sev - dim,}\]

\[\text{Her gün gö - re - yım di - ye.}\]
Class 8. “Psalmodic” and descending tunes with E/D(C)/C/A cadences, № 362–413

Refrain

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh olsun da,

Es-ki yarım yok olsun.

Yeni ler den bir yar sevdim,

O nun ım rü bol olsun.

№ 369

138

Aşk olsun şu geline,

Gidiyor sevgiline, di-loy loy.

Halden bilmez, ne fayda,

Söz anlamaž, ne çare?
№ 370

184

Folksong

Bir su içtim su baştan,

Poti nim kaydi taştan.

Poti nimi arrar ken, hannım kız,

Akill kalma di baştan.

№ 371

138

Folksong

1) Benim de bir yarım var,

oy, oy, oy, oy.

2) Bül-bül gibi zarnım var,

Es me rim, am man.
№ 372

Folksong

Disar-da de-li dal-galar,

Gelir du-var-la-ri ya-lar.

Beni bu ses-ler o-ya-lar,

Al-dir-ma, go-nul, al-dir-ma,

Al-dir-ma, go-nul, al-dir-ma,

go-nul, al-dir-ma.

№ 373

Alevi deyiș

Ah, Mu-ham-med A-li Dost, Dost,

Cev-ru-ma si-ze gel-di.

A-li cey-ni-mam su-na-si,
№ 374

Refrain

Al-lah, Al-lah, ev al-lah,
La i-la-he ill-al-lah.

Dirge

Şe-ra-fet’-in kär-de-şi
mal-la-ra i-yi bak!
Kasaba-yayi gider-ken,
dön, meza-rıma bak.
№ 375

Köy koru-su ar-di-nा
sila m'o-kur-dum,
Ben ba-ba-mdan kor-ku-ma
can-im vur-dum.

№ 376

Tut e-lim-den düș-me-yе-yım,
Doğ-ru yol-dan şaş-mа-yα-yım, Hü.

Ben der-di-mi deş-me-yе-yım,
Şah'a bö-y-le bil-dir be-ni, Hü.
№ 377

Nefes

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Tu} & \text{t e} - \text{lim} - \text{den} & \text{düş} & \text{-} & \text{me} & \text{-} & \text{ye} - \text{yım,} \\
\text{Dö} & \text{ğ} & \text{r} & \text{u} & \text{yol} - \text{dan} & \text{şas} & \text{-} & \text{ma} & \text{yay} - \text{yım,} & \text{Hü.} \\
\text{Be} & \text{n} & \text{der} - \text{di} & \text{-} & \text{mi} & \text{deş} & \text{-} & \text{me} & \text{-} & \text{ye} - \text{yım} \\
\text{Şa} & \text{h} & \text{'} & \text{a} & \text{böl} & \text{-} & \text{le} & \text{bil} & \text{-} & \text{dir} & \text{be} - \text{ni,} & \text{Hü.}
\end{align*}
\]

№ 378

Diyavazdeh nefesi

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Ha} & \text{-} & \text{san, Hü} & \text{-} & \text{se} - \text{yin} & \text{'} & \text{in} & \text{de} - \text{mi} & \text{sü} & \text{-} & \text{rül} & \text{-} & \text{sün,} & \text{Hü,} \\
\text{Ha} & \text{-} & \text{ti} & \text{-} & \text{ce, Fa} & \text{-} & \text{ti} & \text{-} & \text{ma} & \text{gül} & \text{-} & \text{lů} & \text{aş} & \text{-} & \text{ki} & \text{-} & \text{na,} \\
\text{Şa} & \text{h} & \text{-} & \text{ım aş} & \text{-} & \text{ki} & \text{-} & \text{na.}
\end{align*}
\]
№ 379

Al Fa-di-mem, bal Fa-di-mem,

Ya-nak-la-ri gül Fa-di-mem.

U-yan u-yan, sa-buh o-l-du,

Gül yu-zü-nü yun Fa-di-mem.

№ 380

Yü-rü, bi-re ey, ya-lan dün-ya,

Ya-lan dün-ya de-gil mi-sen.

Ha-san’-la Hü-se-yi-ni de,

A-lan dün-ya de-gil mi-sen.
№ 381

Alem yuzune saldi ziya

Ali, Muhammed,

Seyfin sak edip gedi yine

Ali, Muhammed,

Ali, Muhammed.

№ 382

Rabato 168

Taslar oدنede, ey,

uzan-dm, yat tim,

Duy-dum bin-ba sı ge-li-yor,

niza-ma kalk-tum,

Duy-dum bin-ba sı ge-li-yor,

niza-ma kalk-tum.

Folksong
№ 383

Folksong

İşte derdim başlar benim,
Gözlerimde yaşlar benim,

İyi gün de dost olanlar

Kötü gün de taşlar beni,
Kötü gün de taşlar beni.

№ 384

Ramazan folksong

Ne u-yur-sun, ne u-yur-sun,

Bu uy-kuy-la ne bulursun.

Al ab-des-ti-ni, kil na-ma-zi-ni,

Cennet ala-yı bulursun.
№ 385

\[ \text{Folksong} \]

\begin{align*}
\text{Sabah-} & \quad \text{tan çeş-} \quad \text{me-} \quad \text{ye} \quad \text{var-din} \quad \text{mu}, \\
\text{Elînî,} & \quad \text{yû-zû-nû} \quad \text{yu-dun} \quad \text{mu}? \\
\text{Çeş-} & \quad \text{me ta-şînîn} \quad \text{Üs-tûn-} \quad \text{de} \\
\text{Sen} & \quad \text{be-nîm bi-le-zi-gî-mî} \quad \text{bul-dun} \quad \text{mu}? \\
\end{align*}

№ 386

\[ \text{Folksong} \]

\begin{align*}
\text{Sabah-} & \quad \text{tan çeş-} \quad \text{me-} \quad \text{ye} \quad \text{var-din} \quad \text{mu}, \\
\text{Elînî,} & \quad \text{yû-zû-nû} \quad \text{yu-dun} \quad \text{mu}? \\
\text{Çeş-} & \quad \text{me ta-şînîn ba-şîn-} \quad \text{da}, \\
\text{Sen} & \quad \text{be-nîm bi-le-zi-gî-mî} \quad \text{bul-dun} \quad \text{mu}? \\
\end{align*}
№ 387

208

Nefes

Ku - zu - lar, ku - zu - lar, Hü,
naz - li ku - zu - lar, Hü.

Gö - nüf aşış - lin - de, Hü, Hü, Hü,
kal - bum si - zi - lar, Hü, Hü.

№ 388

226

Nefes

Sor - dum sa - ri çiğ - de - me, çiğ - de - me,
Se - nin ben - zin ne sa - ri,
Se - nin ben - zin ne sa - ri.

Ne so - rar - san hey, der - viş, Hu, der - viş,
lik o - kup - ta dön be - ru.
lik o - kup - ta dön be - ru.
№ 389

120

Folksong

Köp-rü-den geç-ti gelin,

Köp-rü-den geç-ti gelin, di-loy-loy,

Sąç ba-gi düş-tü gelin,

Hal-dan bil-mezeug ne fay-da,

Sız an-la-maz ne ça-re.

№ 390

215

Nefes

Ba-şı-nağy-miş al-tun taç gi-bi,

En-se-si-ne dökül-muş si-yah saç gi-bi.
№ 391

Folksong

E-kin ek-tim çöl-le-re de,
Yol-dırm-a-dım el-le-re,
Kü-cük yaş-ta bir yar sev-dım,
Ver-men o-nu el-le-re.

Refrain

Çit, çit, çit, çit, çe de-ne-ne,
Sar-be-de-ni be-de-ne.
Dün-ya do-lu yar ol-sa da,
A-la-ca-ğım bir ta-ne.
№ 392

Nefes

Na-zar ol-dum sul-ta-na

Ka-vuş-tum ih-sa-mı-na,

Mu-rat-la-dın in-sa-na,

O-ceak aç-tım e-ren-le-r,

 № 393

Nefes

E-ren-le-rin ce-mi-ne

Se-fa gel-dık, hoş bul-duk.

Kırk-la-rın sür-düğü de-me

Se-fa gel-dık, hoş bul-duk.

Kırk-la-rın sür-düğü de-me

Se-fa gel-dık, hoş bul-duk.
Class 8. "Psalmodic" and descending tunes with E/D(C)/C/A cadences. № 362–413

№ 394

Nefes

E- ren - le - rin ce - mi - ne
Se - fa gel - dik, hoş bul - duk,
1) 2)
Kırk - la - rın sür - dü - gi de - me

Se - fa gel - dik hoş bul - duk, hoş bul - duk.

№ 395

Nefes

Rabato 80

Hü, Dost,
Hü, Dost!

Oy - na - yan a - lem-de her dem
Sîr - rî süb - han - dir A - li,
Şâh -î Me - r-dan, sîr - rî Ye - z - dan,
Kütb - ü dev - ran - dir A - li,

Hüy, Hüy, Hüy, Dost.
№ 396

La-net ol-sun Ye-zid-le-rin ca-mi-na,

Kıy-dı Ye-zit i-mam-la-rın sa-zı-na.

№ 397

E-ren-le-rin ce-mi-ne

Se-fa gel-dık, hoş bul-duk, hoş bul-duk,

Kırk-la-rın sür-düğü ce-me

Se-fa gel-dık, hoş bul-duk.

№ 398

E-ren-le-rin ce-mi-ne

Se-fa gel-dık hoş bul-duk,
№ 399

Üç-ler i-le gö-rüş-tük,
Ye-di-le-re ka-vuş-tuk.
Nes-li-mi-ze e-riş-tik,
Se-fa gel-dik, hoş bul-duk.

№ 400

Şe-ri-at ba-bın-dan gir-me-yen aş-ık,
Ta-ri-kat sır-rın-na er-me-yen aş-ık,
№ 401

192

Dün sa-bah çeş-me-yə var-dım-di,

E-li-mi yū-zū-me çal-dım-di.

Taş üstün-de bi-le-zig-i-ni gör-düm-dü,

Val-la-hi al-ma-dım Ar-zu.

№ 402

148

Folksong

zurna
No 403

Folksong

İn-ö-nü dağ-la-rım-da o-tur-düm kal-dım,

Şe-hit o-lan-la-rı de-f-te-re yaz-dım,

Ba-ba-sız ye-tim-le-rı bağ-ri-ma bas-tım,
№ 404

Parlando 150

Alevi deviş

Ben yi-ne der-vis bu der-de duşur-düm,


Ben ö-zü-mü tel çev-re-sin-de pişir-dim, pişir-dim, pişir-dim.

Bir Al-lah, bir Mu-ham-med, bir A-li.

№ 405

Folksong

I-nö-nü dağ-la-rın-da çiçekler açar,

Al-ti gümüş vur-du sir-ma-li sa-ca,

Ya-sha Mus-ta-fa Ke-mal pa-sha, ya-sha,

Al-ti gümüş vur-du sir-ma-li sa-ca

Is-min ya-zı-la-cak mü-ne-ver ta-sha.
№ 406

\[116\]

Hişrellez

Kızım seni Ali'ye vereyim mi?

İstemem babaciğim, istemem,

Onun adı Ali, sülalesi deli,

İstemem babaciğim, istemem.

№ 407

\[126\]

Folsong

Çoboann karısı pazı yazamaz,

Çoboann karısı pazı yazamaz,

Çoban gibi pezevenk karnı bakamaz, karnı bakamaz,

Ne güzel oğlan, yaşa be çoban.

Çoban gibi pezemek karnı baka maz,

Ne güzel oğlan, yaşa be çoban!
№ 408

Ki-la-rız na-maz, kı-lı-ma-yız de-gil,
Biz Hakkın em-rı-nı bil-me-yız de-gil.

Kur-an ki-ta-bı-mız İsl-am di-nı-mız,
Ha-di-sen a-ye-ten al-ma-yız de-gil.

Bil-dık ru-mu-zu-nu sen mi se-la-tın,
İs-te-yıp i-zı-nı bul-ma-yız de-gil,
İs-te-yıp i-zı-nı bul-ma-yız de-gil.
Class 8. “Psalmodic” and descending tunes with E/D(C)/A cadences. № 362–413

№ 409

Nefes

Der-man a-rar i-ken der-de düş ol-dum,

 Ağ-la-ma göz-le-rim, Mev-lam ke-rim-dir,

 Ağ-la-ma göz-le-rim, Mev-lam ke-rim-dir.

№ 410

Nefes

Gur-bet el-de bir hal gel-di ba-sı-ma,

 Ağ-la-ma göz-le-rim Mev-lam ke-rim-dir,

 Ağ-la-ma göz-le-rim Mev-lam ke-rim-dir.
№ 411

Gürbet elde bir hal gel di başıma,
 Ağlama göz le rim, Mevlam kırim dir,
 Ağlama göz le rim, Mevlam kırim dir.

№ 412

Şu yalan dünyaya gel dim, gidirim,
 Gönül sen den öz ge yar bu la ma dim,
 Gönül sen den öz ge yar bu la ma dim.

№ 413

Beyleri miz el van gü lün üstüne,
 Erler gelir Pir' im Abdal Musa' ya.
Class 9. “Çanakkale” melodies. № 414-476

№ 414

Nefes

Şeh-ri-ban yas tu-tur, o-nun ya-nı-da,

İ-ki-sı-nı tu-ta-nın önün-de gi-der, Hü.

№ 415

Nefes

Ma-tem ay-la-rın-da şe-hit gi-den-ler,

Ha-ti-ce, Fa-ti-me, Şeh-ri-ban an-da, Hü.
№ 416

E-ğil-dim e-şi-gi-ne ni-yaz ey-le-dim,

Yü-züm ta-ba-ni-na sür-me-ye gel-dim,
sür-me-ye gel-dim.

№ 417

Pi-rım A-li de-ğil mi dil-de söy-le-nen,

Kis-be-ti-ni ka-yır-maz-dan u-ru-nan.

№ 418

Ceb-ra-il’-e nur li-çin-de gő-rű-nen

Hün-kar Ha-çi Bek-taş Ve-li de-ğil mi?
№ 419

Folk song

A- man, Sür-man A- ğa, ar-pa-lar ol- du mu,

B e-ni ve-ri- yor- lar ha-be- rin ol- du mu?

№ 420

Nefes

Fe-lek bir ok at-ti, bük-tü be-li-mi,

A- kar göz-le- ri-min kan i-le ne-mi, Hü,

A- kar göz-le- ri-min kan i-le ya- şı, Hü.

rep.

№ 421

Nefes

Dün-ya-da üç nes-ne bük-tü be-li-mi,

Bir yok-suz-lük, bir ay-ri-lik, ah, ö-läm.
№ 422

Nefes (Nevruzîye)

Yine koç burnundan verdi isaret,

Gönlüler Sultanı Nevruz.

Gönlüler Sultanı Nevruz.

№ 423

Nefes

Beyin tutana kemal sorulmaz,

Altısın' tutana azap buyulmaz, Hû.

№ 424

Nefes

De-de-si Hûseyn'i verdi hocaya,

Ah, senin dertlerin, i-mam Hûseyn, Hû.
№ 425

Sür-man A-ğa’nın ko-yun-la-rı-nı, Gel gi-de-lı-m, gi-de-lı-m,

Kü-cü-cük-sün Sür-man A-ğa, Sö-zü-ne di-re-ne-mem.

Folksong

№ 426

Ba-ğa gir-dı-m, bağ bu-dan-mış, Bağ bül-bül da-dan-mış,

On-beş ya-şın-da da Na-zı-fe de ha-nım-mım, Kim-le-re al-dan-mış,mış?

Folksong

№ 427

İn de-re-ye gö-re-yım, ca-nım, Elı-ne gül ve-re-yım.

Dal-ga-çı-sm sev-di-gım, ca-nım, Na-şıl gö-nül ve-re-yım.

Hidrellez song
№ 428

Folksong

Kar-an-fil o-la-cak-sin, ca-nim, Sa-ra-np so-la-cak-sin.

Ağ-lat-ma be ya-rim, ca-nim, Sen be-nim o-la-cak-sin.

№ 429

Hidrellez song

Gi-din, bu-lut-lar, gi-din, ca-nim, Ya-ri-me se-lam e-din.

Ya-rim uy-ku-da i-se, ca-nim, Uy-ku-su-nu terk e-din.

№ 430

Folksong

I-ne-ği sağ-dim, sü-tü-nü al-dum,

Hiç el vur-ma-dan, ge-lin ha-nım, do-la-ba koy-dum.
№ 431

Kaleden kaleye taş ben olayım,
Yalnız yazan kızlarara eş ben olayım.

№ 432

zurna

Refrain

№ 433

zurna
№ 434

Şu dünyada derdinden baktım uşandım,
Çektigim ceфа yı hep seфа sandım.

№ 435

Eşği ne baş vurup yatan ablalar,
Der-ga-hı cen-net-tir Ot-man Ba-ba-nın,
Meydana güzel dir kan-i Sul-ta-nın, Hü, Hü.

№ 436

Ki-zıl-cık lar öldü mu, Sele-le-re doldu mu?
Yol-la-dığım mek-tü p lar E-li-ne u-laş-tu mu?

Refrain
Men-di-li e-li-ne, Men-dîl ver-dîm e-li-ne.
Class 9. "Çanakkale" melodies. № 414-476

№ 437

\[ \text{Mani} \]

\begin{align*}
240 & \quad \text{Kızılçık lar o l d u m u,} \\
& \quad \text{S e l e - l e - r e d o l - d u m u?} \\
& \quad \text{Gö n - d e r - dü ğ i m ç o - r a p - l u r} \\
& \quad \text{A - y a - ğ i - n a o l - d u m u?} \\
& \quad \text{R e f r a i n} \\
& \quad \text{M e n - d i - l e - l i - n e,} \\
& \quad \text{M e n - d i l v e r - d i m g e - l i - n e,} \\
& \quad \text{K a - r a k i - n a y o l - l a - m i ş} \\
& \quad \text{Y a r b e - n i m e l - l e - r i - m e.} \\
\end{align*}

№ 438

\[ \text{Folksong} \]

\begin{align*}
214 & \quad \text{O - t u r b e y a - r i m,} \\
& \quad \text{O - t u r,} \\
& \quad \text{A - r a - b a - y a k a - n a - d a,} \\
& \quad \text{O y.} \\
& \quad \text{Y a - r i m s a - n a g i - d e - ç e ğ i m} \\
& \quad \text{D ü ş - m a n - l a - r a,} \\
& \quad \text{I n a - d a,} \\
& \quad \text{O y,} \\
& \quad \text{O y,} \\
& \quad \text{K a - r a m.} \\
& \quad \text{B a - n a y a - ş a - m a k h a - r a m,} \\
& \quad \text{O y.} \\
\end{align*}
№ 439
258

Mani

Ak ko-yun, ka-ra ko-yun, Gel, ya-rim bur-da so-yun, vay.

Ge-ce-le-rin i-ki sa-at, Çi-ka-ra-lım bir o-yun, vay, vay, du-man,

Ya-rim ya bur-da du-man var.

№ 440
224

Folksong

Kas-la-rın ça-tık ma-tık, Söy-le-me be-ni ar-tık, ey.

Öy-le bir yar se-v-düm ki, Ya-van ek-me-ge ka-tık, ey, ey, gül-ler, ey.

№ 441
242

Folksong

Par-marım da-ki yu-zük, Ya-rım gü-müş hal-kam, oy.

Can-dan mi se-vi-yor-sun, Yok-sa ya-rım dal-ga mi, oy? Oy, ka-ram,

Ba-na ya-sa-mak ha-ram, oy.
Class 9. “Çanakkale” melodies. № 414-476

№ 442

Folksong

_Al - çak-ta yük - sek - te ya-tan e-ren - ler, Hü, ler, Hü,
Mür - ve - ti - niz var - dır, bul-maz dert bi - zi,
gör-mez dert bi - zi, Hü,

№ 443

Nefes

Biz bu Göl - is - tan’- in bül-bül-le-ri - yiz,
Bah-çe-le-rin, da - lin süm-bül-le-ri - yiz,
Av - mı Ba - ba - mnı gül - le - ri - yiz,
Sey-yid A - li Sul - tan kül-la-ri - yiz,

№ 444

Nefes

Audio

Audio

Audio
**№ 445**

*Nefes*

1) **Yine mih-man gel-di, gün-lüm şad ol-du,**
2) **Mih-man lar siz bi-ze hoj-ça gel-di-niz, Hüy, Hüy.**

**№ 446**

*Folksong*

1) **A-ğa-bey Stür-man a-ğa ar-pa-lar ol-du mu?**
2) **Beni veri-yor lar ha-ber-in ol-du mu?**

**№ 447**

*Folksong*

1) **Yük-sek, yük-sek te-pe-le-re ev kur-ma-smalar,**
2) **Aş-ri aş-ri yer-le-re de kiz ver-me-sin ler.**
№ 448

Folksong

200

Anne-si-nin bir ta-ne-si-ni hor gör-me-si-ni-

Uçan da kuş-lara ma-lum ol-sun, ben an-ne-

Hem an-ne-mi, hem ba-ba-mu, ben kö-yü-

1)

Folksong

100

Çanakkale iç-i-de ay-na-li çar-şi,

Anne ben gi-di-yom düs-ma-na kar-

genç-li-gim, ey-vah.
№ 450

Folksong

Ça-nak-ka-le i-çin-de ayn-a-li çar-şti,
Anne ben gi-diyom düş-ma-na ka-rşti, of,
genç-li-gim, ey-vah, ey-vah, yan-dı da dün-ya.

№ 451

Folksong

zurna

№ 452

Nefes

Değ-me ki-şi gö-nül e-vi-ni dâ-ze-mez, e-fen-dim,
Hakk‘-m tak-di-rı-ni kul-lar bo-za-maz,
Hakk‘-m tak-di-rı-ni kul-lar bo-za-maz.
№ 453

Nefes

\[ \text{Şanık aşık yen zen, tevhide ozen, e-fen-dim,} \]

Tev-hid-dir on la-rn ka-le-sin bon-za-n,  
Tev-hid-dir on la-rn ka-le-sin bon-za-n.

№ 454

Nefes

\[ \text{Hiç ken-diken-dine kay-nar mi ka-zan, e-fen-dim,} \]

Et-ra-fi-na a-teş ey-le-me-yin-ce,  
Yaben o-le-yim mi jóvenes-me-yin-ce.

№ 455

Nefes

\[ \text{Aşık Gar- der-le der-num ya-nar, e-fen-dim,} \]

Aşık olan aşık na mu-sun di-lер.
№ 456

Dert-li-le-ri dağ-la-ya - lim, Gel, Ha-san’im, vah, Hú - seyn’ im, Hú.

№ 457

Sa-ba-hun se - her vaktin-de, a-man, gö-re-bil-sem ya - ri-mi,
Gül di-kend-de, bül-bül dal-da, a-man, çe-ker ah - m za - ri-ni.

№ 458

Zey-nep düs - tâ, ba - yil - di, fe-re-ce - så su - ya ya - yil-di,
Zey-neb’ in sa - ri saç-la - ri sö - güt - le-re do - lan - di.
№ 459

Folksong

Zey-nep et-miş bir tara ba var, U-zun-o- luk-tan ge-lir se-lam,

Ha-san Zey-neb'i so-rar-sa dal-ga-lar önün-den gi-der,
E-ğer Zey-neb'i so-rar-sa, dere boy-la-rn-dan gi-der.

№ 460

Folksong

Zey-nep düş-tüş, ba-yil-di, Fere-ce-si su ya ya yil-di,

Ha-san da Zey-neb'i a-rar-sa, so-rar-sa, de-re boy-la-rn-dan gi-der.

№ 461

Nefes

Yi-ne i-mam nes-li zu-hu-ra gel-di,

Bi-ri El-ma-li-da Bur-sa'da kal-di, di,

Hü, Al-lah, Hü.
№ 462

Yi-ne i-mam nes- li zu-hu-ra gel-di,

Bi-ri El-ma-lı da Bur-sa-da kal-di, di,

Hü, Al-lah, Hü.

№ 463

Ha-ki- kat kar-daş-lar ha-lim-den bi-ler mez,

Ta-ri- kat kar-daş-lar ha-lim-den bi-ler mez,

Ha-lim-den yo-lum-dan bi-len-ler gel-sin, Hü, Hü, Hü,


№ 464

Se-yran-gah ye-ri-dir can-lar ge-lir-ler,

Kur-ban-lar tü-g-la-mıp özül-di-ler-ler, Hü, Hü, Hü.
Но 465

Nefes

Bir a-ra-ya gel-se üç-beş a-şık-lar,


Но 466

Atatürk nefesi

E-lest-i be-zin-de de mi-şiz be-li,

Em-r-i fer-man et-ti ol Rab-bi çe-li,

Ef-ka-ri-muz ol-sun gün-düz, ge-ce-li,

A-man ya Mu-ham-med me-det ya A-li,

Ru-hun şad ol-sun, Atatürk, hiz-me-tin ba-

1) rep. 2) rep.

Но 467

Atatürk nefesi

Se-la-nik şeh-rin-de dän-ya-ya ge-len,

№ 468

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{{Nefes}}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
&K\text{-}a\text{-}y\text{-}a\text{-} c\text{-}k\text{-}t\text{a}n \quad \text{g}e\text{-}c\text{-}e\text{-} \text{lim}, \quad y\text{o}l \quad s\text{i}\text{-}z\text{i}n \quad o\text{l} \quad s\text{u}n,
&Yi\text{-}y\text{-}e\text{-}l\text{i}m, \quad i\text{-}c\text{-}e\text{-} \text{lim}, \quad g\text{o}\text{l} \quad s\text{i}\text{-}z\text{i}n \quad o\text{l} \quad s\text{u}n, \quad g\text{o}\text{l} \quad s\text{i}\text{-}z\text{i}n \quad o\text{l} \quad s\text{u}n.
\end{align*} \]

№ 469

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{{Turnular semahi}}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
&Y\text{e}\text{-}m\text{e}n \quad e\text{l} \quad l\text{e}\text{-}r\text{in} \quad d\text{e}n \quad b\text{e}\text{-}r\text{u} \quad g\text{e}\text{-}l\text{\textprime}r\text{k}e\text{n}
&Tu\text{r}\text{-}n\text{a}\text{-}l\text{a}r \quad A\text{-}l\text{\textprime}r\text{\textprime} \text{m}i \quad g\text{\textprime}r\text{-}\text{me} \text{-}d\text{i}\text{-}n\text{i}z \text{m}i, \quad \text{H\textuacute{}}}u,
&Tu\text{r}\text{-}n\text{a}\text{-}l\text{a}r \quad \text{S\textuacute{}}h\text{\textacute{}}}\text{\textprime} \text{r} \text{m}i \quad g\text{\textprime}r\text{-}\text{me} \text{-}d\text{i}\text{-}n\text{i}z \text{m}i, \quad \text{H\textuacute{}}}u?
\end{align*} \]

№ 470

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{{Folksong}}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
&G\text{i}t\text{-}t\text{i} \quad g\text{-}e\text{l\textprime}r\text{i}m \text{d}i\text{-}y\text{e}, \quad a\text{-}m\text{a}n, \quad a\text{-}m\text{a}n,
&A\text{-}m\text{a}n, \quad y\text{o}\text{-}l\text{u} \quad b\text{i}\text{-}l\text{\textprime}r\text{i}m \text{d}i\text{-}y\text{e}.
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
&A\text{-}m\text{a}n, \quad \text{h}u \quad b\text{i}\text{-}l\text{\textprime}r\text{i}m \text{d}i\text{-}y\text{e}.
\end{align*} \]
№ 471

Se-ka-hum sırrı-nı söy-le-me sa-ıkın, sa-ıkın,
Sak-la ku-lum be-nı, sak-la-yam se-nı, se-nı.

№ 472

Bi-ze mih-man gel-dı, gön-lüm şad ol-du,
Mih-man can-lar bi-ze se-fa gel-di-nız, Hū,
Mih-man can-lar bi-ze ne hoş gel-di-nız, Hū.

rep.

№ 473

Meh-det sen-den, me-det sul-ta-nım, A-li,
№ 474

\[ \text{Folksong} \]

Șar-kö-yü-ne gi-der i-ken sı-ra sı-ra zey-tin-ler.


№ 475

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

Ge-ce gün-dâz ni-yaz ey-le-rim sen-den.


rep.

№ 476

\[ \text{Folksong} \]

O te-pe-den bu te-pe-yə o-yun o-lur mu?

On-leş ya-şm-da da Na-zî-fe de ha-nî-ma do-yum o-lur mu?
Class 10. Melodies built of line- or bar-sequences. № 477–495

№ 477

\[ \text{Folksong} \]

\[ \text{Sev-di-gim kiz ge-lin ol-mu\text{"s},} \]

\[ \text{Be-nim de-gil, e-lin ol-mu\text{"s}.} \]

\[ \text{Be-yaz ge-lin-lik i-\text{"cin de} \}

\[ \text{Gi-der ge-ne a\text{"hi-yor-mu\text{"s.} } \]

№ 478

\[ \text{Folksong} \]

\[ \text{Oy, na-rin, na-rin, na-rin,} \]

\[ \text{So-f\text{"ur d\text{"ur be-nim ya-rim.} } \]

\[ \text{Ca-\text{"u\text{"s i-zin ver-\text{"mi-yor,} } \]

\[ \text{N\text{"o-la-ceak be-nim ha-lim?} } \]
№ 479

Folksong

Kaynar kazan tasmaz mı?

Yol buralar dan aşmaz mı?

Zerya bir gün kambilr,

Haydi arkan laslan.

№ 480

Folksong

Ak tavuk olmadım mı,

Kumese dalmadım mı,

Bir bagir su kaynana

Kagzelin olmadım mı,

Gidiyorum an nem

Karaçali ya,

Kircalı ya.
№ 481

Folksong

Nh n n d l a n d c c k l r

Al t n g m v r m s s rm l sn c

Ya s M s t f K m p s y s

Is m y n l c m n v t

 № 482

Nefes

Ha y m d r y m d r d m d

Ne r b sm b r y n n b n

Ne r a r d g d l d m d

Bo sn m y r y r m b n

Bo sn m y r y r m b n
№ 483

E-vem üs-tüm şu ci-ha-na gel-me-den,
A-dem a-ta gel-di, Pir-im gör-dün mü?
Ab-dest a- lip na-ma-zi-ni ki-lar-ken
Üs-tü mü-ze do-ğan nu-ru gör-dün mü?

№ 484

Gö-nül, gel, se-nil-le mu-hab-bet e-de-lim,
Gel, gö-nül se-nil-le mu-hab-bet e-de-lim,
A-ra-ya kim-se-yi al-ma sev-gi-lim, al-ma sev-di-güm,
Ya be-nim ki-mim var, ki-me yal-va-ra-yım,
Kal-dir kal-bin-de-ki ka-ra-yı, gö-nül.
№ 485

E-la göz-lüm, ben bu ev-den gi-de-r-sem,
Züm-rüt pe-ri-şan-nım kal me-lul, me-lul, kal me-lul, kal me-lul.
Ke-ra-met hak-kin-dan çı-kar-ma be-ni,
A-la göz-ya-şı-mi sil, me-lul, me-lul.

Folksong

№ 486

A-na-dan ay-rı, ay-rı, ba-ba-dan ay-rı,
Ya-zık ol-du gel-di geç-ti en güzell yıldar,
Se-ver-ken se-vin-mez ol-du a-ci gün-le-rim.

Wedding song
№ 487

Şu yalan dünyaya geldim, gidirim.

Gönlüm senden özge yar bu-la-madım, yar bu-la-madım.

Yaralan-dım al kan-la-ra bo-yan-dım,

Yaralırm der-man bul-ma-li yar.

№ 488

Ay mı-dur, gün mü-dür, doğmuş a-le-me,

Yüzünden a-ki-yor nur Ha-çı Bektaş,

Yüzünden a-ki-yor nur Ha-çı Bektaş.
№ 489

Hay-di do-la - sa-lim yū-ce dağ - lar-da,
Dost be-ni bi - rak-tun ah i-len zar-da, ah i-len zar - da.
Gez-mek is-ti - yo-rum vi-ran bağ - lar-da,

№ 490

Şu kar - şı ki yay-la - da göc ka - ter ka - ter,
Bu ay - ri - lik ba - na o-lüm - den be - ter,
Geç-ti dost ker - va - ni, ey-le-me be - ni, eğ-le-me be - ni.
№ 491

Rubato  88

Lullaby

Nen-ni, nen-ni, yav-ra-ma,

U-yu-sun da bü-yü-sün.

Nen-ni, nen-ni, yav-ra-ma,

U-yu-sun da bü-yü-sün.

Be-nim gü-zel yav-rum,

Nen-ni, nen-ni, nen-ni,

U-yu-sun yav-rum, nen-ni,

U-yu-sun da bü-yü-sün.
№ 492

Nefes

Pir Sultan'ım şu dünyanın

Do - lu gel - dim, do - lu be - nim,

Bil - me - yen - ler bil - sin be - ni,

Ben A - li' - yim, A - li be - nim,

Bil - me - yen - ler bil - sin be - ni,


№ 493

Semahı

İpti - da - i yol so - rar - san,

Yol Mu - ham - med A - li' - min - dir.

Yetmiş iki dil sorrasan,
Dil Muhammed Ali’min-dir, Hüy, Hüy, Hüy,
Dil Muhammed Ali’min-dir, Hüy.

Gece olur, gündüz olur,
Cümle alem dün-düz olur,
Gök te kaç bin yıldız olur,
Ay Muhammed Ali’min-dir,
Ay Muhammed Ali’min-dir.
No 494

Nefes

Ala göz lü güzel Pırim,

Derdi me derma na gel dim.

Senden gayrı yok tur kim sem,

Derdi me ferma na gel dim.

Sensin ho calar ho ca sı,

Kuranda o ku nur he ce si.

Bün ri za ge ce si

Derdi me derma na gel dim.
Kırklar semahi

Der-dim çok tur hângi-sîne yâ-nâ-yım,

Der-dim çok tur hângi-sîne yâ-nâ-yım,

Yi-ne ta-zel-În-diyûrek yâ-re-si.

Ben bu der-de der-Îman nêr-îden bu-la-yım,

Mê-ger dost e-lîn-de o-la çâ-re-sî,

E-le-man, e-le-man benîm e-fen-dîm,

Be-nîm bu dert-le-re der-Îman e-fen-dîm.
Class 11. Disjunctive melodies. № 496–516

№ 496

\[ FOLKSONG \]

Yeşil ördek gibi,
Sen düşür dün beni
Başım alıp gitsem
dal dim göl le re,
dil den dil le re,
gurbet el le re,
Ne sen beni unut
ne de ben se nı,
Ne sen beni unut
ne de ben se nı.

1. rep. 2. rep. rep.
№ 497

Nefes

Gel, göñül, yö - la gi - de - lim,

A - di gü - zel A - li’ım i - le.

Aç - lar doy-rur, su - suz - lar kan - dır,

Leb - le - ri - nin ba - li i - le


№ 498

Nefes

A-li’ım ba - na ne - ler et - ti,

E - lim a - lip da - ra çek - ti.

E - lin-de - ki do - lu i - len

Üs - tü - mü - ze yü - ri - yüş et - ti,

№ 499

Dirge

An-ka-nă-nin ta-şı-na bak,

Göz-le-rim ya-şı-na bak!

Ma-lum ol-sun ga-rip a-nam,

Şu fe-le-gim i-şi-ne bak!

№ 500

Neşes

Eş-ref-əğ-lu al ha-bə-ri,

Bah-çe bı-zıg gïl bızd-ə-dır.

Biz de Mel-ə-nınu ku-lu-yuz.

Yet-miş-i-ki dîl bızd-ə-dır.

Biz de Mel-ə-nınu ku-lu-yuz.

Yet-miş-i-ki dîl bızd-ə-dır.
№ 501

Tag-tan yap-tur-dım ka-le-yi,
Aldım başı-ma be-la-yı,
Gönlül terk et-me si-la-yı,
Yaben ki-me yal va-ra-yın.

Folksong

№ 502

Kamber durur-du sa-gın-da,
Gören de cennet ba-gın-da,
Ali Fatma Tur da-gın-da,
Ben de-dem Ali’yi gör-düm,
Dost bi-ri Ve-li’yi gör-düm.

Nefes
№ 503

Semah

Gel gönlü yola gidelim

Adi güzel Ali'ılen,

Açlar doyur susuzlar kandır

Lebreinin balılen, Hü Ali

№ 504

Nefes

Dağlar var dağlarダン yüce,

Dağ mı dayanır bu güce.

Derdim var üç gün üç gerce,

Anlat-sam bitmez yalınız, Hü, Dost, Hay, Hü.
№ 505

Rubato 92

Geçmiş siz can ile serden,

Pir-im Haçi Bektaş Ve- li.

Bizi ağah eyle sirdan,

Pir-im Haçi Bektaş Ve-li, Hû, Dost, Hû, Hû.

№ 506

Rubato 88

Yolcu oldum, yola düştüm,

Yol-la-rım Ali'-ye çağırır.

Bülbül oldum güle düştüm,

Gül-le-rım Ali'-ye çağırır, Hû, Dost, Hû, Hû.
№ 507

Nefes

Al-lah bir Mu-ham-med Hak-tur,
Bi-len-le-re sö-züm yok-tur.
A-li'nin in-sa-nı çok-tur,

№ 508

Semah

Gözel aşık çev-rim-i-zi
Bu bir ri-za lok-ma-si-dir,
Çe-ke-mez-sin, de-me-dim mi?
Yi-ye-mez-sin de-me-dim mi?
De-me-dim mi, de-me-dim mi,
Gör-nül sa-na söy-le-me-dim mi?
Bu bir ri-za lok-ma-si-dir,
Yi-ye-mez-sin, de-me-dim mi?
№ 509

88

Nefes

Ben bu mecels-ler-den
ibret-ler al-dım, Al-lah,
U-yu-dım, u-yan-dım,
ben a-yan gördüm, Al-lah, düm, Hü.

rep.

№ 510

84

Nefes

Kal-bî-mî nur i-ile
boyan-miş gördüm, Al-lah,
Muhammed’in kû-sû
Ol serverin is-mî
№ 511

Nefes

\[\text{80}\]

A-di-na, şa-mi-na kur-ban ol-du-gum, Hü,

Bi-ri-si Mu-ham-med, bi-ri-si A-li,
Bi-ri-si Ha-san’-dir, bi-ri Hü-se-yin.

№ 512

Nefes

\[\text{84}\]

Pir Sul-tan’-im bu ne-fe-si Hak-la-yan, Hü,
Şah e-fen-dim bu ne-fe-si Hak-la-yan, Hü,

A-li’ sır-ri-mi can-dan sak-la-yan,
Şah’i-mın sır-ri-mi can-dan sak-la-yan.

№ 513

Nefes

\[\text{106}\]

Mu-hip kar-daş-la-rın tat-hi-di-li-ni, li-ni,

l-i-si-dik-ce gö-nül fe-rah-la-m-yor, ni-yor.
№ 514

Nefes

Ey, e-ren-ler be-nim me-yıl ver-di-gım, Hü,

Bi-ri-si Mu-ham-med, bi-ri-si A-li,
Bi-ri-si Ha-san’-dir, bi-ri Hü-se-yin.

№ 515

Folksong

Ka-ra-dir kaş-la-rın fer-man yaz-di-rır,

Bu aşk be-ni di-yar di-yar gez-di-rır.

Lok-man He-kim gel-se ya-ram az-di-rır,

Ya-ra-mu sar ma-ya yar ken-di gel-sin.
Array E (= Class 12) Melodies of tripodic lines, № 517–562

№ 516

\[\text{Nefes}\]

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{Ey, za-hit şa-ra-ba ey-le ih-ti-ram,} \\
\text{İn-san ol ci-han-da, dün-ya fa-ni-dir.} \\
\text{Eh-li-ne he-lal-dir na-eh-le ha-ram,} \\
\text{Biz içe-riz bi-ze yok-tur ve-ba-li, yok-tur ve-ba-li.}
\end{array}
\]

Array E (= Class 12) Melodies of tripodic lines, № 517–562

№ 517

\[\text{Nefes}\]

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{Ey, e-ren-ler be-nim me-yil ver-di-gim, Hü.} \\
\text{Bi-ri-si Mu-ham-med, bi-ri-si A-li,} \\
\text{Bi-ri-si Ha-san-dir, bi-ri Hü-se-yin.}
\end{array}
\]
№ 518

Nefes

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Audio</th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>100</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Muhabbet köpünün şara bi ol sam,
Dost beni dol durur içeri mi bilmem.

№ 519

Nefes

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Audio</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>192</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Muhabbet köpünün ol sam şara bi,
Yar beni dol durup içeri mi bilmem.

№ 520

Nefes

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Audio</th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>200</td>
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<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Gönnüden çıkarup yabanı atma,
İstiнатga hümuz Ali aşkına.

№ 521

Nefes

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Audio</th>
<th></th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>270</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Dünü günnü arzuname gel beri,
Dileğim imam Hüseyn aşkına,
Aşkına Şahım, aşkına.
Array E (= Class 12) Melodies of tripodic lines, № 517–562

No 522

Nefes

Ger-çek e-ren-le-re yüzl-er sü-re-yim,

Ni-çin git-mez Yıldız da-ğın du-ma-nı,
Du-ma-nı, du-ma-nı, el-ler gü-ma-nı.

No 523

Nefes

Ger-çek e-ren-le-re ha-ber so-ra-yim,

Ni-çin git-mez Yıldız da-ğın du-ma-nı,
Du-ma-nı, du-ma-nı, el-ler gü-ma-nı.

No 524

Nefes

Sor-dum da sa-rı sa-rı çı-g-de-me, hey, Dost, çı-g-de-me,

Se-nin boy-nun ne eğ-ri, ne eğ-ri,

Ne so-rar-sm be hey de-vriş, be kar-daş,

Ben hak lok-ma-sı ye-rim, Şah ye-rim,
Kud-ret kor-ku-su çe-ke-rim, çe-ke-rim.
№ 525

Nefes

Ha-ni be-nim hur-ka i-len post-la-rum,

Hä-ni be-nim hur-ka i-len post-la-rum,

Tat-lı dil-li şe-ker söz-li dost-la-rum, dost-la-rum,

Tat-lı dil-li şe-ker söz-li dost-la-rum.

№ 526

Folksong

Gü-zel o-la-ni sa-rar-lar e-şim, a-man, a-man.

Al ka-deh, ver ба-de, dol-dur, i-ce-yim, yim.

№ 527

Dü vazdeh nefesi

Poco rubato

A - kil al-maz Ya-ra-dan’ın sir-ri-na,

№ 528

Folksong

A-man or-man-ci, ca-nnm, or-man-ci,

Kö-yü-müzüz sus-la-rn so-guk, i-çil-mez,

Köp-rü-lær yap-tür-dim ge-lip geç-me-ye.
№ 530

\[ Mersive \]
Ey, nur-i çeş-mi Ah-me-di muh-tar, ya Hü-se-yin,
Ey, ya-di-ga-ri Hay-da'r-i ker-rar ya Hü-se-yin.

№ 531

\[ Mersive \]
Ey, nur-i çeş-mi Ah-me-di muh-tar, ya Hü-se-yin,
Ey, ya-di-ga-ri Hay-da'r-i ker-rar, ya Hü-se-yin.

№ 532

\[ Parlando – 116 \]
Nefes
Hey, Dost,
Dül-dül iy-le Zül-fi-kar’-m sa-hi-bi,
Hem da-hi bil ya-ri Kam-be’-dir A-li, Hü,
Hü, Şah’im, Hü.
№ 533  

Nefes

<music notation>

Güzel Şah-tan bi-ze bir do-lu gel-di,

Bir sen iç, sev-di-gim, bir de ba-na ver, Hü, Hü, Hü.

№ 534  

Nefes

<music notation>

E-ren-le-ri sev-dık, gel-dik bu-ra-ya,


№ 535  

Matem nefesi

<music notation>

Bu-gün gü-zel-le-ri-nın sey-ri-ne var-dum,


№ 536  

Folksong

<music notation>

De-ve yü-ksek, a-ta-na-dım ur-ga-nı,

Ah, a-man, a-man, ur-ga-nı.
№ 537

\[ \text{Folk song} \]

\[ \text{De ve yuks ek, a tama dam ur gan,} \]

\[ \text{Ah, a man, a man ur gan.} \]

 № 538

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{Kirk lar iyle bir mee lis te o tur duk,} \]

\[ \text{Ce va bm da bul du gu i rak ta de di ler, de di ler.} \]

 № 539

\[ \text{Hidrellez song} \]

\[ \text{Kar a goz lüm ef kar lan ma, gül d ay r,} \]

\[ \text{Iri bik ler o ter o t mez or da ym,} \]

\[ \text{Vatan bor cu bi ter bit mez, or da ym.} \]
№ 540

Folksong

270

Бей-им я-рин ку-чъ- кут, бы-ю-муш.

Су-ру-ден ай-ри-лан сур-ме-ли ко-ьун,

О-да-лар до-ш-тетим, гель, я-рин, о-тур.

№ 541

Folksong

88

Учъ беш гу-зель бир а-ра-я гель-миш-лер,

Бей-им сев-це-гым йок а-ра-си-на, йок а-ра-си-на.

№ 542

Folksong

80

Учъ беш гу-зель бир а-ра-я гель-миш-лер,

Бей-им де сев-це-гым йок а-ра-си-на, йок а-ра-си-на.
№ 543

Folksong

\[ \text{Üç beş güzel bir araya gelmişler,} \]
\[ \text{Benim sevgili yarım yok arasında, yok arasında.} \]

№ 544

Nefes

\[ \text{Payım gelir erenlerin payından, payından,} \]
\[ \text{Mo-ham-med nes-linden A-li so-yun-dan, Hü, Hü, Hü.} \]

№ 545

Parlango \( \text{Lullaby} \)

\[ \text{Beşik-le-re taş be-le-dim, nen-ni,} \]
\[ \text{Mev-lam-dan oğul di-le-dim, nen-ni,} \]
\[ \text{Mev-lam ba-na oğul ver-di, nen-ni,} \]
\[ \text{Şim-di de uzun ömür ver-sin, de, bů-yů-sun, nen-ni.} \]
№ 546

Dirge

Cu-ma gür-nü has-ta-ne-ye var-dım,

Be-yaz te-ni-mi has-ta-ne-ye ver-dım.

Dok-tor ba-na yü-re-güm-de ce-na-ze,

Yan a-nam ba-na genç Ni-yä-züm di-yor.

№ 547

Nefes

Bül-bül ka-nat yay-muş gö-lün üs-tü-ne,


sometimes (9/8)

№ 548

Nefes

Ge-ne mi gel-di ilk yaz ba-har ay-la-ri.

Gö-nül se-fa i-len ö-tü-sur bül-bül, Şah bül-bül,

Aş-kin a-te-şin-le tu-tu-sur gö-nül, Şah gö-nül.
№ 549

Dirge

Ak-şam ol-du
kum-ru-lar ö -
ter sa-çak-tan,

Yav-ru-la -
rm ök-süz kal -
di bi-çak-tan.

№ 550

Folksong

Ha-lił ço-cuk, 
çık de-re-den, de-re-den,

Göș-te-bi -
ze yol ne-den, ne- den,

A, di- 
li büll-bül, sa-çı züm-bül Ha-lił'-
in.

№ 551

Folksong

Ha-lił ço-cuk, 
çık de-re-den, de-re-den,

Göš-te-bi -
ze yol ne-den, ne- den.
№ 552

Der-ya - da ge - zer-ken çık - tum ka - ra - ya.

№ 553

A - lip a-kil - ci - gö - mi da be - ni şa - şır - ma,
Emir - lik ker - va - ni da bel - den aşır - ma, Hü, Hü,
Emir - lik ker - va - ni da bel - den aşır - ma, Hü, Hü.

№ 554

El - lim - den al - dir-dim tat - li ku - zu - mu,
Her gün ki - ya - met-te őg - lu - ma ya - na - rm, Hü, Hü,
Her gün ki - ya - met-tir Şah'i - ma ya - na - rm, Hü, Hü.
№ 555

Nefes

1) Gayet lâtf-iyyelen biri-biri ne söyler,
2) Pir-im A-li a-hir za-ma-ni söyler,
3) Hû, Hû, Dost,

Höy.

№ 556

Kirklar semala

1) Türülü donlar giyer gûden na-zik tîr,
2) Bülbül cevr-ey-le-me gû-le, ya-zîk tîr,

Höy, Höy, Dost,

Höy.

№ 557

Folksong

1) Püs-kül pense-re-den üçtu, gü-lüm ey, de, tu,
2) Üçtu da der-ya ya göç tû, gülmümen ey de, tû.
№ 558

Ah içinde yataıyor Müslüman yigitler,
Çekil, göñül, çekil, Şah'a vara-li, gel, va-ram, Hü, Hü.

№ 559

Ah, Hzir paşam bizi de berdar etmeden,
Çeken göñül, çeken, Şah'a vara-li, gel, va-ram, Hü, Hü.

№ 560

Yağmur yağıyor, seller akan, çok olar,
Kazanı kazalar pare-yi, ver pare-yi ça - ki-lan.
№ 561

Folksong

A-la-man’-da gün-den tur-nam ge-lir-sin,

Ma-car Bal-kan’-m-da yol-lar a-çar-sin,
A-na-lar ağ-la-di kan-lar sa-çar-sin,
Tu-nüs’êt hâ-rap o-lur sul-tan Ce-za-yîr.

Ye-şîl-len-miş o dağ-la-rîn saz-la-rîn,

Ö-tü-shû-yor ör-dek i-le kaz-la-rîn.

№ 562

Folksong

Ce-mîl’em-in gez-di-ği dağ-lar me-şe-li, i-ma-nîm,


Refrain

Ay-rîn kur-bân Ce-mî-lem, na-sîl na-sîl e-de-lîm biz bu i-şi,
Ni-kah-i-mîzî kıy-sîn dün-den ge-len ho-ca-nun i-şi?
Array F (=Class 13). Domed melody structure. № 563–593

№ 563

Kürtler senalı

Bir ne-fes-cık sőy-le-ye-yıım,
Din-le-mez-sen ney-le-ye-yıım,

Aşk der-ya-sın boy-la-ya-yıım,

Um-ma-na dal-ma-ya gel-dım,
Um-ma-na dal-dım, yo-rul-dım,

Ka-za-na gir-dım, kav-rul-dım,

Aşk A-lım, Hü, Ya, Şa-hım, Hü, Dost,
№ 564

Nefes

Parlando 75

Mersiye

Mah - imu - ha' hie - ran - da,

Şah Hüs - se - yin der - de,

yana - ral - ra - rum.
Array F (= Class 13). Domed melody structure. № 563–593

№ 566

Nefes

Çık-tim gö-nül tu-ru-na,
Niyaz et-tim nu-ru-na,
Elif o-lup da-ri-na,
Dur-ma-ga gel-dim Pir-im.

№ 567

Nefes

Ce-ma' in cen- ne-ti-ni,
Gör-me-ye gel-dim, Pi-rim, dim, Pi-rim,
Pu-si-dine yü-zü-mü,
Stir-me-yer gel-dim, Pi-rim.
№ 568

Nefes

\( \text{Nefes} \)

\( \text{Cemal' in cenneti ni,} \)

\( \text{Görmeğe geldim, Pirim,} \)

\( \text{Pusidine yüzer mü,} \)

\( \text{Sürmege geldim, Pirim.} \)

№ 569

Folksong

\( \text{Folksong} \)

\( \text{Alem ağlar içinin için,} \)

\( \text{Ben biliirim kimin için,} \)

\( \text{Ağlasın damnam, ba-bam,} \)

\( \text{Şu benim gençliğimin için.} \)
№ 570

Bu-gün bi - ze mih - man gel - di,
Han-ne - mi - zi şen ey - le - di,
Bi - zim göl er yüz - le - ri - miz
On - la - ri sey - ran ey - le - di.

№ 571

Ö - ter bül - bül şa - hm di - ye,
İ - mam A - li'ın ma - hm di - ye.
Di - lim söy - ter A - li di - ye,
Fe - rah - la - di de - li gõ - nül.

Sometimes the melody begins as follows

3x
№ 572

Nefes

Gel-di ba-har o-t-tu bül-bül,
Fe-rah-la-di de-li gö-nül.
Açıl-di ta-cece süm-bül,
Fe-rah-la-di de-li gö-nül.

№ 573

Mersiye

Ker-be-la’nın ga zi-le-rî,
Ya-zılı-mış-tur ya-zi-la-rî.
Fat-ma A-nä-nän ku-za-la-rî,
Gel nazlı-mam Şah Hü-se-yîn, Hü.

№ 574

Nefes

Bu-gün bi-zë mih-man gel-di,
Ha-ne-mî-zî şen ey-le-di,
Bî-zim gü-le-rî yüz-le-ri-miz
On-la-rî sey-ran ey-le-di.
No 575

Nefes

Çeşneglar canlar uyanmış,

Gönlüler şeyk ile yanmış,

İla hi aşık a boyanmış,

Erkan meydanda, dan-da,

Hü, Hü.

No 576

Nefes

Muhammed Ali aşkına,

İnsan meydanda, meydanda,

Pir Bektaş Veliaşkına,

Kurban meydanda, meydanda, Hü, Hü.
№ 577

Rubato \( \frac{1}{2} \) 168

\( \text{Nefes} \)

Yeşil dağım köşesinde

Ağlýorum sana sana,

Yol-ランド다 o nu

Beklýorum ka-na ka-na.

№ 578

\( \frac{1}{2} \) 68

\( \text{Folksong} \)

Kaynar kazan taşmaz mı,

Yol bu-ra-çık-tan aşmaz mı?

Sil gözünün yaşını, Ha-ti-cem,

Ayrılan ka-vuşmaz mı?
№ 579

\[ \text{Cen-net-in ka-pi-si-ni a-ça-koy-muş-lar,} \]

\[ \text{O-lü kiz-la-ri-ni si-ra si-ra koy-muş-lar,} \]

\[ \text{U-yan uy-ku-su hiç ol, göz-le-rim uy-yan, kalk, ni-yaz ey-le.} \]

№ 580

\[ \text{Kur’an ya-zı-lır-ken arşı Rah-man’da,} \]

\[ \text{Sir kud-ret ka-ti-binin elin-dey-di, Hü, Hü, di, Hü, Hü.} \]

№ 581

\[ \text{Bal-çık-tan ya-rat-tu Al-lah A-dem’i,} \]

\[ \text{Ol va-kit ben o-nun ya-min-day-dım, Hü, dım, Hü.} \]
№ 582

Nefes

Dün ge-ce se-yi-rım-de
bir do-lu iç-tim,

Hün-kar Ha-ci Bek-taş
sen im-dad ey-le.

№ 583

Nefes

Al-lah bir-dir, Hak Mu-ham-med A-ll’-dir,

A-nın is-mi cüm-le a-lem do-lu-dur, Hü.

№ 584

Düvasedeh nefesi

Mu-hab-bet a-çıl-sin, ce-mal gö-rüm-sün,


№ 585

Nefes

Subh-u şam, ey, gö-nül, çe-ko-li-m Gül-bank, Şah-im, bank, Şah-im,

Ha-yır-ılar feth ol-sun, şer-ler def ol-sun,
№ 586

Nefes

Mağ-rip ta-ra-fin-dan bir yıldız doğ-du, Hü, Hü,

Mağ-rip ta-ra-fin-dan şav-ki on se-kiz bin a-le-me ver-du, Hü, Hü.

№ 587

Nefes

Ölüm gel-di bul-du be-ni ha-nem-de, Hü, Hü,

Öl-lum, ta-lip-le- rim bil-sin kay-me-ti-mi, Hü.

№ 588

Nefes

1) Musa kul-i-yi be-yin ko-yu-nu-nu gü-de-r-ken,

Dört kurt gel-di kar-deş, kur-ban is-te-di, Hü.
№ 589

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{Müsa kul i-yi be-yin ko-yu-nu-nu gü-de-r-ken,} \]

\[ \text{Dört kurt gel-di kar-deş, kur-ban is-te-di,} \]

\[ \text{Dört kurt gel-di kar-deş, kur-ban is-te-di, Hü,} \]

№ 590

\[ \text{Matem nefesi} \]

\[ \text{Her bah-çe-de u-çan bül-bül Kuş gi-bi,} \]

\[ \text{Uç-tu-ran mi dert-li, u-çan mi dert-li, Hü.} \]
Çık-tum, sey-rey-le-dim ben şu a-le-mi,
Ba-na da bír han-di da-lim-den ol-dum,
Ba-na da bír han-di da-lim-den ol-dum.

Zan-net-me biz bu-gün ik-rar ver-mi-şiz,
Bi-zim ik-ra-ri-miz kal-ü be-li-den.
Zan-net-me biz bu-gün ik-rar ver-mi-şiz,
A-dem’-den Hav-va’-dan ev-vel er-mi-şiz,
№ 593

*Folksong*

*Rubato* 152

**Bir sani lan kova la di be ni.**

**Kara ca li ya do la di be ni.**

**Ah, ara ba ci, a man ta li ga ci.**
APPENDICES

App. 1. Tunes similar to the small form of the Hungarian and Anatolian laments. № 593–597

№ 594

Bu dert na-sil dert, ö-lüm den bet-ter,
Gen-cin ö-lüm mü, ca-nım a-nam, ci-ha-na ye-ter.
Kah-vuz dol - dur e-cel, hu-giin-le - re bel ge-çer,
A-kl bi-lir, söy-le - mez a - ma, a-ca - ba kal-bim-de ne-
ler ge-çer?

Refrain

U - zun u - zun ha - yat - lar,
O - tur - maş yar yor - gan kat - lar,
Ya - rim or - da, ben bur - da,
U - zun gün ca - num çat - la - yır.
№ 595

Parlando 1⁄104

Refrain

Men-dî-li-min ye-şî-li,

Ben kay-bet-tim e-şî-mi.

Ben e-şî-mi bu-lur-sam,

Al-lah bi-lir i-şî-mi.

Melody

Gî-de ge-le mah’le-ne-i ze u-san-dim,

A-ya-gi-ma di-ken bat-tî, gûl san-dim.

El ki-zî-ni ben ken-di me yar san-dim, a-man,

Ne ey-le-yim şu dûn-ya-da yar ol-ma-yîn-ca.
№ 596

Nefes

Ki-mi kö-y-le r fār-zi sūn-net, ey.

Od-ur Mu-ham-met, hūm-met, ey.

Ge-l-sīn Mu-ham-me-dīm, ge-l-sīn,

Dūş-mūs-le-rīn e-līn al-sīn, hāy.

№ 597

Folksong

Vār-rīn se-lam e-dīn, ah, ba-bām ge-l-sīn,

Sun-sūn e-li-nī, al-sīn yī-lā-nī,

Sun-sūn e-li-nī, al-sīn yī-lā-nī.
App. 2. Melodies moving by leaps. № 598–602

№ 598

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Folksong

\[ 104 \]

Ka-ra-ça-lı gi-bı

A-ra-mı-za gidın,

Ma-dem oğ-lun ky-met-liy-di,

Ma-dem oğ-lun pek tat-liy-di,

Ned-en ver-dın bana.
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№ 599

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Lullaby

\[ 126 \]

Ni-ni, de, ni-ni, ni-ni-sı var,

Gü-zel, gü-zel ku-zu-mın uy-ku-su var.
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No 600

Counting-out rhyme

Ley-lek, ley-lek ha-va-da,

Bu-mur-ta-si ta-va-da,

Bil-zim hayat yi-kil-di,

Gel-sin bi-zim ha-va-ta,

Uç, ley-le’m, uç!

No 601

Folk song

Yük-sek çar-dak-tan düs-tüm,

Ak ça-yırdan ot biği-tim.

Bin li-ra-hık kız i-dım,

Köy i-çin-de sev-di-gım,

Ha-yır-siz pos-ta düs-tüm.
Parlando \( \text{\textfrac{1}{8}} \)

\[ \text{Şu kar-şi-ki dağ-da de-ve-le-ri gü-de-rim,} \]

\[ \text{De-ve-le-rin tu-lum-la-ri de-ve-le-re yık-le-rim,} \]

\[ \text{Gö-tü-rüp de pa-zar-la-ra sa-ta-rım, val-lah,} \]

\[ \text{An-nem-den i-zin-siz ver-mem ay-ra-ni,} \]

\[ \text{Yav-rum ay-ra-ni, gü-zel ay-ra-ni, ça-nım ay-ra-ni.} \]
THRACIAN SONG TEXTS
INTRODUCTION

Not intending to interpret the texts, we present as faithful translations as possible to each folk song and hymn text, though we are aware that in the secret language of the Bektashis the common words may have different connotations. For them the colloquial yol ‘road’ only means ‘the road leading to God’, and yolcu ‘traveller’ is the person who has made up his mind to take the road leading to God and has pledged never to go astray. In some cases the texts had to be changed by us, because the original text was evidently unclear to the singer. Villagers often alter, ‘translate’ foreign loanwords, replacing them with their own Turkish words. This can be observed in № 564, in which kilavuzum ‘my guide, my conductor’ is replaced in a variant by kulağımız ‘our ears’, a word of equal number of syllables. In some cases older (Old or Middle Turkic) words are replaced by modern ones.¹

Dialectal phenomena in the texts

The texts were massively standardized by us in order to offer the reader a readable text. Some dialectal characteristics are noted here, a number of which are kept in the texts and others – for intelligibility’s sake – are replaced. Another reason for standardization was that certain words were often performed within a single song, by the same singer differently, and precise presentation would have required an enormous number of annotations, hindering readability.

Sometimes the dialectal verb form deviates from the standard while the number of syllables remains the same in some cases. We can detect certain dialectal verb forms such as: geçirke (as opposed to the standard) : geçirken (№ 92), istiyon : istiyorsun (№ 100), uyucak : uyuyacak (№ 133), olałm : olayım (№ 134, № 157), okum, yazam (№

¹ The last line of № 564: Instead of Çün Hakk’a ulaştı gönül ‘The heart reached the true God’, where çün stands as a variant of Old Turkic çın ‘true, genuine’ (Clauson 1972: 424), was replaced by Can aşkına düştü gönül ‘The heart fell into the soul’s love.’
In the Thracian dialect the initial $h$- is often omitted before a vowel: [h]uyumuz (№ 90), [h]em (№ 151), [H]akk (№ 209, № 227), [H]aticem (№ 578). In other cases inorganic $h$- is inserted before a word starting with a vowel: hicen (№ 158), (h)Allah (№ 195). Other inorganic phonemes might also appear in line with the general Anatolian tendencies: tiren (№ 141), topurak (№ 142), elektrik (№ 173). Elision occurs when from two subsequent identical syllables or phonemes the second is omitted: e.g. koca (a)dam (№ 91, № 161). The elided sounds are not written under the score when they have no rhythmic unit in the melody: n'apayım (№ 75, № 76), get'sin < getirsin (№ 79), n'oldu (№ 163), tatlılur (№ 192), Karaç'Ahmet (№ 232).

The tendency of two open syllables is present in Turkish as well: when more than two open syllables succeed one another in a word, the vowel of the second syllable is usually omitted, e.g. o-mü-rüm > ömrüm ’my life’, oğulum > oğlum. When the rhythm of the melody requires the syllable, the vowel is retained at the end of the second syllable: omürü (№ 80), ahiretimle (№ 124).

Dissimilation may occur when the vowel of the suffix does not harmonize with the stem. It is often caused by the rhyming formula and it is a characteristic phenomenon of the local dialect owing its presence to the effect of the Bulgarian language: dağler (№ 82, № 148, № 195), dalinde (№ 82), ayler (№ 88). Sometimes words with mixed, high and low vowels were homogenized and a suitable suffix was added: kardaşlar instead of kardeşler (№ 109, № 110, № 156, № 524), sermeyem instead of sermnayem (№ 149).

We had not indicated systematically the higher formation of vowels in the text, except where misunderstanding was to be avoided: -a- > -u-: e.g. baba in place of the dialectal buba (№ 73, № 151), also palayla instead of pulaylan (№ 3), gece instead of gice (№ 211). Labialization is widespread in Thrace. An unrounded phoneme in a labial context becomes rounded: bebek > böbek (№ 130), mürşid > mürşüd (№ 156), evler > övler (№ 179). In the standardized text they are not indicated but they can be easily spotted in the recordings.

Delabialization – unrounding the originally rounded phoneme – usually appears in foreign words: malum > malim (№ 151).

As for morphology the dialectal +nan is replaced by ile or +IA in the standardized text, e.g. annestyle for annesinnen. +IA or ile instead of the dialectal +lAn, e.g. alaylan is replaced by alayla (№ 1, № 2, № 3, № 6), sevdaylan is written as sevda ile (№ 380), etc. Assimilation was not indicated either, e.g. yerler was written for the dialectal yeller.
Precedents of text editions

In Europe, the first attempts to explore the collective art of the people were made in the age of romanticism. The interest in the mentality or soul of ethnicities is associated with the name of Herder. He took folk poetry – the voice of the people, as the basis of studying the language. He claimed that folk poetry was the pristine, intact part of a nation’s culture hence it conveyed the soul of that people most perfectly.\(^2\) Romanticism kindled a passion and longing for the East, the world of magic, dreams and tales.

Turkish folk song texts were collected and published more than a hundred years ago, too, usually without commentary. The enormous Siberian Turkic text collection of Wilhelm Radloff\(^3\) had a great impact on subsequent Hungarian Turkish scholars, including József Thúry in the 19th century, who also studied Turkish folk literature. A committed researcher of Ottoman Turkish language and ethnography, Ignác Kúnos conducted field collections in Ada-Kale, Turkey, in the 1880s, and he edited Radloff’s last volume in 1899.

Our Thracian collection is an addition to comparative ethnographic research. We demonstrate the interaction of the texts of Turkish folk songs and religious hymns. We present text variants of 13–16th century poems that developed into religious folk hymns and compare them with their contemporary forms. A glossary of special terms and words of specific meanings is compiled to help better understand the folk and religious texts, as well as Sufi mentality in general.

About Thracian folk songs

Artun has published two volumes of his West Thracian folk song collection (1978, 1983). We have of course collected many songs whose texts are found in the above mentioned books and are also known in other areas of Turkey. Also we have come across several new texts during our collecting trips between 1999–2003\(^4\), as folk songs were and are being born and individual informants have different repertoires. Below, we touch on the most important genres.

**Lullabies.** In lullabies mothers often sing about their untold desires or grievances to their babies (e.g. № 23, № 57 és № 272). These simple, often not strophic songs are sung to the rhythm of rocking from time immemorial. Sometimes the text only

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\(^3\) Radloff (1866, 1870, 1872, 1885, 1896 and 1899).

contains soothing, lulling formulae, the melody shunning changeable rhythms and large melodic arches. They are performed in a soft voice and become gradually softer and softer and if babies fall asleep, they may stop abruptly. The most frequent stylistic devices include repetition (döne döne) and parallelism as well as contrast: anası yok, bacısı yok ‘he has no mother, he has no elder sister’, but he has a father, who is a pig. Line endings of accentuated identity are typical: güne, döne, or in another strophe çamdan, damdan, ondan.

The suspended or standing cribs or a trough are easy to rock, even with the foot. It is a scene in Hungarian folk songs, too, that “she’s rocking with her foot, lulling with her mouth” while she is spinning with her hands. We saw among Turks that the mother who is leaning against the wall put the baby in swaddling clothes on her stretched legs. The head of the babe rested against the mother’s feet and she lulled him to sleep humming, looking at his face, while she was swiftly knitting. The baby can be lulled either by the mother, or sometimes by an elder sister or grandmother, or maybe another female relative. The mother’s lullabies are most diverse; in these songs the two of them (mother and baby) are the protagonists. The father is often far away and is awaited in the song (e.g. from Damascus) to bring candy or dates for the baby. Sometimes the circumstances of name-giving, everyday concerns or problems may also be told to the child in the lullabies (e.g. № 133, № 367).

It may also be ascribed to the similarity between sleep and death that the melodies of lullabies and laments are partly identical among the Anatolian Turks and perfectly identical among the Azeris. The Azeri word laylay⁵, for example, is an onomatopoeic word meaning both lullaby and dirge. In Anatolian lullabies the word nenni ‘hush, hush-a-bye’ is frequent, often repeated at the end of a line. This turns the song monotonous and more effective. The rocking-lulling word ninna-nenne is spread along the Mediterranean, in the Near East, the Caucasus,⁶ and even in India (Katona 1994: 28–38).

Laments or dirges. When genres of folk poetry began to differentiate, occasional songs attached to the beginning and ending points of life must have been among the first to stand apart. The music is wholly abstract and immaterial but charged with emotions – anyone can try it. Its beneficial effect was already recognized in antiquity: it gives relief to both the performer and the listeners. Iordanes’ ⁶th century Getica reveals that a lament was sung in honour of Attila, the Hunnish ruler when he died in 453. He was laid out in a silk tent and his heroic deeds were enumerated to the

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⁵ In his article on East Turkestanian folksong Jarring presumes that the word laylay is of Persian origin and translates it as ‘threshing song’. He notes that Moen who collected the Turk material mentions the word in his description of threshing: laylai aitdoq ‘we sang laylay (while we had the animals walk over the corn)’ (Jarring 1996: 17). We found an analogy in J. Sipos’ Azeri collection: Azeri women sing to the animal during milking to calm her and encourage her to give more milk.

⁶ Gyula Németh’s data, the Kumük ananay ‘song, chant Lied’ may as well be onomatopoeic, but it is not far from nenni ‘lullaby’, either (Németh 1911–12: 95).
accompaniment of pipes and drums. In an 8th-century Chinese short story, wailing\(^7\) was an acknowledged occupation, although there men pursued this profession. At the funeral ceremony of Köl Tigin, a Türk kagan in 732 both the **yüğcu**\(^8\) and the **sığıtçı**\(^9\) took part, both singing dirges (K).

Mourning for deceased family members may have always been a female genre among both Turks and Hungarians. We recorded several laments, all being emotionally charged without exception, as are bride’s laments (e.g. № 25, № 36, № 60–62, № 353–354, № 374, № 593). The whole community knows the deceased, and many know details of the tragedy, which provide an opportunity the wailers – relatives, friends and paid mourners – to improvise. There are laments stiffened to legends in which someone’s death is lamented though the person probably died many years earlier but the old people of the village still have memory of the circumstances of the death. The melodic world of these songs is characteristically different from the typical lament formulas (e.g. № 191). We were particularly lucky to be able to record the lament sung in Enez by a blind Gypsy woman said to be a hundred years old (№ 593). This song is special because Pál Péter Domokos (1987: 219) collected its Hungarian version in 1929 in a Moldavian village called Szeketura, north of Bákó. He only published the text of that song, but its eighteen lines are identical with the twenty-line Turkish song. However, this musical form used prevalently for lamentation both in Anatolia and in Hungarian areas hardly appears among Thracian Bektashis.

The **bride’s farewell songs** shed light on peculiar customs (e.g. № 29, № 54, № 113a, № 166, № 201, № 430). Solely female relatives, girlfriends, as well as women and maidens from the neighbourhood attend the farewell ceremony of the bride usually held on a Friday night at the bride’s house. The better-off also hire a musician, a woman singer. She is usually playing some metal or clay drum (**darbuka**). At the beginning they sing folk songs, mostly merry **manis**, and the women clad in male costumes with painted moustaches romp and frolic, dancing round dances (№ 90, № 102, № 117, № 119, № 96, № 170, № 107, № 199, № 406). Later they cover the head of the bride sitting on a chair with a red tulle veil. Then her hands and feet are painted with the prepared, soaked warm henna (e.g. № 48, № 54, № 113a, № 352). She is expected to mourn for her childhood and thank her mother and father for their kindness. The bride says farewell to her parents and siblings whom she may never see again with pathetic, heart-rending words (e.g. № 30–1, № 33–4, № 36). We met informants who

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\(^7\) In the 8th century, in the year of the wood pig, in the eighth month, Po Hsien-Chien put down the story of a young man who became the most well-trained mourner of the capital and sang the dirge of the Dewy Garlic at the competition of undertakers, earning great success (Hsieng-Chien 1977: 164).

\(^8\) In Clauson’s dictionary the word is **yüğçü**, the stem is **yü:ğ** ‘funeral feast’ (Clauson 1972: 899). In the same source the term **sığıt** ‘mourning and weeping’ can also be found. Clauson gives ‘mourner’ as the meaning of **sigator**, but it also means ‘weeping, lamentation’ (Clauson 1972: 806).

\(^9\) MT **sigator** ‘mourner’ (AHMA 175).
told us that after their weddings their husbands had never let them visit their families (№ 151, № 448).

_Hidrellez_ songs. The _Hidrellez greetings_ (e.g. № 1–10, № 50, № 73, № 75, № 127) are widespread in Thrace. They are associated with the spring equinox customs. Women, children, marriageable girls and lads have different tasks, and thus they sing different songs. The lassies and lads make a rope swing, and hang it in a tree. The younger ones and they themselves too can swing while singing to the rhythm of swaying (e.g. № 70, № 80). In Çorlu our informants introduced us to the camel game. The lads disguise themselves as camels, tie tin cans to the tail of the camel outfit pulling them behind and making a terrible noise: they entertain the fair lasses this way. Related songs are e.g. № 67, № 75–7, № 99. An analogy of the Hungarian rivalry of the flowers folksong group may be the group of tunes about the “three beauties” (e.g. № 146–8).

_Manis_ are sung on festive occasions, at weddings and merry feasts. The main formal feature is the four seven-syllabic lines, the rhyme scheme being _aaba_. The contents of successive strophes are usually incongruous (e.g. № 21–22, № 90, № 92, № 107–8). Every little girl learns _manis_ from older lassies on her way to the well, during cleaning the house or agricultural work. They compete in composing new lines to declare they are less idle or lazy than others, their fountain has finer water, etc. or they probe into the secrets of love. There are question-and-answer songs when two groups alternate (e.g. № 406).

The _rain-begging songs_ are vestiges of ancient Inner Asian Turkic traditions that had spread to the Balkans and even into the Carpathian Basin (e.g. № 13, № 101). On 18 January 2007 it appeared in _Yeni Gökkuşağı Gazetesi_ published in Osmaniye: “In the village of Tüysüz in Osmaniye county there was no rain for three months. Five thousand people ordered rain magic from twelve imams. 12 sacrificial animals were slaughtered, they were roasted (kavurma) and consumed.” An informant in Gaziantep told us in 1999 that she had also taken part in rain magic during a drought when she was 8 or 9. The whole village, young and old, went out to a huge solitary tree in the fields. There was the yatır “sacred grave” at which the animal sacrifice was held and the meat was roasted. After the meal everyone prayed for rain, and when the amen was said at the end, the sky darkened and it rained all the way home. The _yağmur duası_ (‘rain prayer’) was so effective that the reply was immediate. Osmaniye is not in Thrace but this song type is known in both regions.

In November 1999 we collected a lullaby in Thrace that began as a rain incantation which the singer suddenly changed into a lullaby (№ 128). This informant had been known as a singer in the village since her early childhood. With her father, a Ramazan drummer (_davulcu_) she walked the streets at dawn to wake the people and to collect

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10 _Hadir + İlyas_ the proper names of two saints were fused to create Hidrellez/Hıdırellez. The 40th day after the spring equinox (May 6th) is popularly considered as the beginning of summer (Redhouse 1974: 479).
All performers of the Thracian Bektashi songs claimed that they had learnt
the songs from their parents, grandparents or from the grand parents of their spous-
es, who were born in the Balkans, most of them in Bulgaria, some in Macedonia or
in the former Yugoslavia.

The ritual songs of Thracian Bektashis are cherished treasures. They are prayers,
the singing of which elevates them towards God. These tunes are passed down like
the folk songs, by word of mouth, and their texts are varied in the same manner. They
learn them from one another, most easily during the ceremonies, but these songs can
be sung at any hour of the day, without limitations. During singing each text line of

**Picture 15. Dörtlü semeh being danced transfigured in Zaytınburnu**
a sacred song (*nefes, semah*) is repeated, thus anyone hearing them for the first time may join in singing the repeated line and may easily learn them.

The Bektashis also collect these songs though most of them cannot read music, so they only copy the strophes in notebooks, calendars, or exercisebooks. These are called *cınk defter* 'song book'. Some of the Bektashis fill several such notebooks during a lifetime. We met a retired teacher who had at least ten such collections, one of which he lent us. In this notebook the picture of Atatürk was glued to the first page and a Turkish flag was drawn on the second. The pages were numbered by hand and the songs also had serial numbers. He also designed ornamental lines and ornate initials. He filled nearly four hundred pages in a clear hand in capital letters. At places he interpolated glosses. This collection also had a list of contents separately listing the *nefes*es and *semahs* in alphabetic order of the incipits of the first strophes. In other collections different methods of classification could be observed in the list of contents. It may be compiled by the last letter of the last line of the first strophe, or even by the last letter of the second line of the first strophe. This peculiar systematization reminds one of the Bektashis’ way of concealment.

Most *cınk defter*es are, however, not so elaborate, since most people cannot write clearly and correctly. Irrespective of the level of schooling, they long to learn as many hymns as possible. Quite a few illiterate old informants speaking a dialect sang the *nefes*es and *semahs* in Middle Turkic\(^\text{11}\).

The Bektashi ritual songs are typically didactic. Someone volunteers to sing in the ceremony, the leader gives permission and the person sings the first line, then the community repeats it. Minor alterations may appear, but this is a good opportunity for outsiders like we were to join in and learn the *nefes*es. When the singer arrives at a word he is unfamiliar with, he simply replaces it with a suitable one,\(^\text{12}\) which has the same number of syllables and a meaning compatible with the context.

Several motivic layers can be differentiated in the religious songs. One is related with magic numbers, e.g. four (No. 74), seven (No. 74, No. 155–156, No. 167, No. 195, No. 232), twelve (No. 278, No. 323, No. 414, No. 464), forty (No. 167, No. 263, No. 277). Light is a symbol that is typical to the east (No. 464, No. 483, No. 488, No. 493), while the lamb as a symbol has been presumably borrowed from Christianity (No. 14, No. 155, No. 387, No. 465, No. 588). Central to Sufi thought are the treacherosenity of world, the vanity of earthly things, the worship of God, etc.

Singing *nefes*es charges the Bektashis with energy, they are enlightened by their contents. The more they sing them the closer they come to God, which is the ultimate aim of their lives.

\(^\text{11}\) Middle Turkic is a category constructed by linguists, meaning the phase between Old Turkic and Modern Turkic. The period characterized by Middle Turkic began withingis’ conquests and lasted until the Ottoman age. The Middle Turkic literary language was Chagatay. In every phase several languages, dialects and layers must be reckoned with scattered over vast geographic areas.

\(^\text{12}\) The word *kılavuz* is replaced in example 2, see below.
The structure of the nefes

In the early tradition the predominant line structure was heptasyllabic, and in later tradition having eleven or even a higher number of syllables was preponderant. Several rhyming patterns are possible, the most frequent being aaab (№ 65, № 85) and abab (№ 12, № 14). Most ceremonial songs consist of five or six four-lined strophes, but we recorded some with 7–8 strophes (№ 216-7, № 227, № 351, etc.) and even longer ones as well (№ 193, № 232, № 493, № 576). Nefeses have no titles, but they are recognized by their first lines from where the community can continue.

Minor changes may occur in the repeated line, e.g. in the Hakk’ı zikreden kardaşlar (№ 40) the line Böyle bir Allah’ımız var (‘We have got an Allah like this’) was repeated as: Şöyle bir Sultanımız var (‘We have got such a Sultan like that’). Another example: the line Söyle canım bülbül söylene (‘Tell me, my dear nightingale’) was repeated as Söyle garip bülbü söyle (‘Tell me, poor nightingale’).

Nearly all nefeses have miscomprehended, altered variants. The following examples show the nature of these deviations.

Example 1.

From the following two nefeses, the one in the first column was sung by B. E. in the communal place in Çeşmekolu on 5 December 2002 (№ 208).13 In the second column a similar text from Doerfer (1996: 224) is shown.14

| Men yörürüm yane, yane, | Bän yörürüm yana yana |
| Aşk boyadı meni kane. | 'ışq boyadı bâni qana |
| Ne deliyim, ne divane, | nâ‘âqilâm nâ divânâ |
| Al, gör beni, aşk neyledi, | gâl gör bâni ‘ışq näylâdi |
| Refr. Gel, gör beni, beni aşk neyledi | |
| Derde girift ar eyledi | |

13 English version: I am walking burning, burning / Love painted me with blood / Neither fool, nor idiotic / Take a look at me, what love caused to me / Come, see what love caused to me / It caused trouble, ruined me. // I am blowing like wind / I am swelling like flood / Or else I’m flying like dust / Come, see what love caused to me / It caused trouble, ruined me. // I have been helpless from the very beginning / I’m Yunus, miserable / Full of wounds from tip to toe / Neither fool, nor idiotic / Come, see what love caused to me / It caused trouble, ruined me.

14 German version: Ich wandere brennend, brennend, / Die Liebe hat mich mit Blut gefärbt; / Ich bin weder vernünftig noch verrückt. / Komm, sieh, was die Liebe aus mir gemacht hat! // Bald wehe ich wie die Winde, / bald staube ich wie die Wege, / bald flinge ich wie die Sturzbäche. / Komm, sieh, was die Liebe aus mir gemacht hat! Ich, der arme Yunus, bin hilflos, / Bin von Kopf bis Fuß verwundet, / Aus Liebe zum „Freund“ (Gott) bin ich heimatlos. / Komm, sieh, was die Liebe aus mir gemacht hat!
Kah eserim yeller gibi,  
Kah çağlarım seller gibi,  
Kah tozaram yollar gibi, Refr.  
Biçareyim baştan ayal.  
Biçareyim baştan ayal.  
Ben Yonuz'um biçareyim,  
Baştan ayaga yarayım,  
Ne deliyim, ne divaneyim.  
Refr.  

Gah äsäräm yällär gibi  
Gah tozaram yollar gibi  
Gah aqaram seller gibi  
gäl gör bünü 'ısq näylädi…  
Gah äsäräm yällär gibi  
Gah tozaram yollar gibi  
Gah aqaram seller gibi  
gäl gör bünü 'ısq näylädi
gäl gör bünü 'ısq näylädi

Ben yürürüm yane yane15
Aşk boyadı beni kane
Ne aklem ne divane
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi

Aşkin beni mesteyledi
Aldı görüm hasteyledi
Öldürmeye kastedeyledi
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi

Gah eserim yeller gibi  
Gah tozaram yollar gibi  
Gah coşaram seller gibi  
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi
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Gel gör beni aşk neyledi
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi

Ben Yunus'u biçareyim  
Aşk elinden avareyim  
Baştan ayaga yareyim  
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi
Ben Yunus'u biçareyim  
Aşk elinden avareyim  
Baştan ayaga yareyim  
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi

Other variants of the same verse can be found in various publications, e.g. Kaplan (1991: 213, column 1) and Tanses (1997: 90 – column 2).

15 I am walking burning [with ardent love] / Th at has painted me with blood / I'm neither wise nor mad / Love painted me with blood / See what love has done to me // Your love enchanted me / I intend to kill [for you] / Took my heart made me sick / See what love has done to me. // Now I am blowing as winds / Now I am rising as floods / Now I am rising as dust from roads / See what love has done to me. // I am Yunus without help / I am wandering because of love / Full of wounds from tip to toe / See what love has done to me.

16 I am crying burning burning / Love painted me with blood / I’m neither wise nor mad / Refr. See what love has done to me // Love painted me with blood / I’m a victim of suffering / Now I am blowing as winds / Now I am raising as dust from roads / Now I am flowing as floods + Refr. // I am Yunus without help / I am wandering because of love / Full of wounds from tip to toe / Refr. I am Yunus without help / I am wandering because of love / Full of wounds from tip to toe / See what love has done to me.
The above four variants verify the survival of a poem by the 13th century Turkish poet Yunus Emre. Here and there they preserve word stems or suffixes in archaic forms but the implied meaning may be identical.

In the first variant, we recorded the first word with the initial \( m^- \), a secondary phenomenon in Turkish yet it is a criterion of old age. The verbal predicate \( yörü- \) ‘walk’ is more closed in modern Turkish: \( yürü \), but in the ritual song the more archaic form was sung and recorded.

**Example 2.**
The first version of the second example was collected from A. O. B. and I. D. in Muşlûça in November 1999 (№ 564 – column 1). Its printed variant was found in several books (Doerfer 1996: 229 – column 2, and Kaya 1999: 88).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>iv.</th>
<th>German version: Wieder kam vom Freunde Kunde, / My heart leapt for joy / A good soul found the path / My heart leapt for joy // Caliph Ali, my guide / Is surrounded by light, / All the ignorant friends / Were abandoned, what can we do? // The mystery belonged to Ali / He took a look around with pleasure, / There was a hunter there, / My heart fell into his net. // Roses of the garden blossomed / There sings the nightingale / Abundant came the drinks from the Friend / My heart became drunken. // What is Pir Sultan's lock good for? / What is Shah Sultan's lock good for? / Real man never retracts his confession // The idea is taking a walk around / Since the heart reached God.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>Translation: Got news from the Friend / My heart leapt for joy / A good soul found the path / My heart leapt for joy // Caliph Ali, my guide / Is surrounded by light, / All the ignorant friends / Were abandoned, what can we do? // The mystery belonged to Ali / He took a look around with pleasure, / There was a hunter there, / My heart fell into his net. // Roses of the garden blossomed / There sings the nightingale / Abundant came the drinks from the Friend / My heart became drunken. // What is Pir Sultan's lock good for? / What is Shah Sultan's lock good for? / Real man never retracts his confession // The idea is taking a walk around / Since the heart reached God.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Later the same nefes was also found in the handwritten çönk defters of R. E., O. B. and B. K. The latter variant displays several differences in meaning but the length is identical with the above two. We recorded the same nefes three years later in Kılavuzlu from other informants:

Yine dosttan haber geldi
Dalgalandı coştu gönlü
Yar elinden kevser geldi,
Derya gibi coştu gönlü

Kılavuzum Şah-ı Merdan
Her yanı dopdolu nurdan
Şurda her biri bir cândan,
Neylerin vaz geçti gönlü.

Sır Ali’ın sırrı idi
Sır edeni sever idim
Men kuluyum kemteriyim
Pir aşkına düştü gönlü

Açılıdı bahçenin güülü
Öter içinde bülbülü
Dost elinden dolu dolu
Serhoş oldu işte gönlü

Pir Sultanım dolu dolu
Er olan ikrari duru
Ceset bundan seyran eder
Can aşkına düştü gönlü

The personal pronoun sometimes changes, or the refrain may be different, and the rhyme scheme might change because of the word order. It was also strange to hear a familiar nefes sung to an unfamiliar tune at a Nevruz ceremony.
Example 3.
The third example was recorded by us in Thrace (№ 347 – column 1) but later we came across it in a book about the Tahtacıs (Çıblak 2005: 236 – column 2). The Tahtacıs are a Turkmen ethnic group scattered all over Anatolia, who have preserved the Alevi tradition. They moved from around Baghdad to Çukurova after the collapse of the Ottoman Empire (Yörükan 1998: 150). Today a sizeable group lives in the Taurus Mountains.

Çeke-çeke men bu dertten ölürüm
Seversen Ali’yi değme yarama
Ali’ının yarası yar yarasıdır
Seversen Ali’yi değme yarama
Ali’ının yarası yar yarasıdır
Buna merhem olmaz dil yarasıdır
Ali’yi sevmeyen Hakk’ın nesidir
Seversen Ali’yi değme yarama
Bu yurt senin değil konar göçersin
Ali’ının dolusun bir gün içersin
Körpe kuzulardan nasıl geçersin
Seversen Ali’yi değme yarama
Ilğıt ilğıt olmuş akıyor kanım
Kem geldi didara talihim benim
Benim derdim bana yeter hey canım
Seversen Ali’yi değme yarama
Pir Sultan Abdal’ım deftere yazar
Şah efendim Haydar deftere yazar
Hilebaz yar ile olur mu pazar
Pir merhem çaalmazsa yaralar azar
Seversen Ali’yi değme yarama

Translation: I will die because of this woe, / Don't touch my wound if you love Ali, / Ali's wound is my darling's wound, / Don't touch my wound if you love Ali, / Ali's wound is my darling's wound, / There is no remedy on the wound caused by the tongue. / What connection has to God the one who does not love Ali? / Don't touch my wound if you love Ali, / This country is not yours, you will die, / You will drink Ali's wine once / How can you leave your little ones? / Don't touch my wound if you love Ali, / My blood is flowing slowly, / The onlooker finds my luck little / Hey, darling, my woe is enough for me / Don't touch my wound if you love Ali, / My Shah Haydar writes into a book / My Pir Sultan Abdal writes into a book, / Can one bargain with a tricky lover? / Unless the saint does not apply ointment, my wounds become infected, / Don't touch my wound if you love Ali.
“Bu yurt senin/bizim değil” “This land is not yours/ours’ – though the actual meaning is different, it is secondary compared to the main message: none of us can possess this earthly world as our inheritance. Formally, any bisyllabic word (yours/ours) suffices.

Such nefes variants probably arise because the performer only remembers the essence of the message instead of its minor details. This is a one reason for the emergence of variants that enrich oral folklore, just as folk song variants do.

**Example 4.**
This is a poem by Yunus Emre which we collected from the same performers in Thrace in 2002 and 2003 (№ 254–255 – columns 1–2). The song is published with the score by Kaplan (1991: 128 – column 3) and Banarlı (1987: 333 – column 4). The nefes es below are presented in this order.

**Ben seni severim candan içerir**

*İlikten, kemikten, kanden içerir*

*Yolum var bu erkan, erkandan içerir*

*Meni sorma bana bende değilim, Bende bir bende var benden içerir. Kalmadı takatım dizde derman yok, Bu nasıl mezhep imiş dinden içerir? Süleyman kuş dinin söyler dediler, Süleyman var Süleymanından içerir.*

Yunus’un sözleri yare yakışır, Kapında kul var sultandan içerir.

**Seni ben severim candan içerir**

*Yolum vardur bu erkan dan içerir* & *Severem ben seni candan içerir*

*Şeriat tarikat yoludur varana* & *Yolum vardur bu erkan dan içerir*

*Hakikat marifet andan içerir* & *Şeriat tarikat yoludur varana*

*Beni benden sorma ben ben değilim* & *Hakikat meyvası andan içerir*

*Bir ben vardir bende benden içerir* & *Tecelliden nasib erdi kine*

*Süleyman kuş dinin biril öbürler* & *Kiminin maksudi bundan içerir* *

*Süleyman var Süleymandan içerir* & *Beni bende demen bende değilim*

*Kesildi takatım dizde derman yok* & *Bir ben vardur bende benden içerir*

*Senin aşkun beni benden aludpur* & *Senin aşkun beni benden aludpur*

*Miskin Yunus gözü tuş olduğu mana* & *Miskin Yunus gözü tuş olduğu mana*

*Kapunda bir kulur senden içerir*
The variants begin with a change of the word order which does not entail a change in the meaning: "I love you / You I love – I love you from the depths of my soul / deeper than anything / in my innermost." The poem says that man is capable of triumphing over his instincts, suppressing his desires and his own perishable personality or self and turning exclusively towards God. In this transitory, passing world we assume a body – but who is the I?

In modern Turkish word order the predicate is at the end of the sentence, in the fourth variant above it is in the front. Moreover, in this variant the labial character of the suffixes (Old Turkish stage) dominates. For both reasons, this version is believed to be the oldest.

Example 5.
The fifth example (nefes № 380) also has several variants. The closing strophe of the variant we collected (column 1) says it was written by Pir Sultan, but it also occurs with another poet’s – Hatayi’s – name. Both variants have five strophes, of which only the first and last one are presented here. The 16th-century Turkish poet Kul Himmet also has a nefes starting with the same line but it goes on differently, so we decided to ignore it here. Several variants of Şah Hatayi’s five-strophe verse survive, one is given in column 2 (Çiblak 2005: 261) and another one in column 3 (Arslanoğlu 1992: 516).

| Yürü, bire, ey, yalan dünya,20 | Yürü yalan dünya yürü | Yürü fani dünya yürü |
| Yulan dünya değil misen? | Yalan dünya değil misin | Fani dünya değil misen |
| Hasanlan Hüseyini de | Hasan ile Hüseyin'i | Hasan ile Hüseyin'i |
| Alan dünya değil misin? | Alan dünya değil misin | Alan dünya değil misin |
| ... | ... | ... |
| Pir Sultan'ın ne yatarsın | Şah Hatayi'ın deryalar yanıyor | Şah Hatayi'ın der konarsın |
| Kurmuş çarhu dönersin | Kurulmuş çarkı felek dönüyor | Pervane kurmuş dönersin |
| Ne konarsın ne göçersin | Kimisi göçmüş kimisi konuyor | Hem konarsın hem dönersin |
| Yalan dünya değil misin | Konan dünya değil misin | Dönen dünya değil misin |

There is a lot of evidence that these nefeses preserved for six or seven centuries are known in many variants. Sometimes there are considerable deviations, at other times the sequence or number of the strophes differs, or again sometimes the name of the poet mentioned in the last strophe is different. The variation of the texts of the ritual songs is thus very similar to the modification of folk song texts.

This holds true despite the fact that the context of ritual songs is more constrained than that of other songs, due to both the occasion they are sung and the theme they tell about, among other things. Since they are also passed down by word of mouth, they could not avoid variation, either.

20 In the study about Anatolian laments no. 66 begins like this: Yürü bire sarı çiçek… ‘Fade away ah, yellow flower’ (Esen 1982: 163). It begins identically with several nefes variants, the first strophe being the same and the rest deviating (Eyuboğlu 1993: 139).
The authors of *nefes*es and *semahs*

The majority of the Bektashi poets lived long ago (13–16th c.), hence there are many uncertainties about their lives. Even today, versifying is popular among the Bektashis, they take delight in finding rhymes, and there is a lot of compilation of existing elements. In Kırklareli, for example, we collected from a dervish "his own nefes", but later we came across a text variant in a book of songs. Some later and even contemporary poets try to ensure a more secure future for their poems by inserting a notable predecessor’s name in place of theirs in the first line of the last strophe.

The greatest and most popular poets of the Bektashis are: Yunus Emre (1247–1327?), Seyyid Nesimi (?–1404), Eşref Öğlu (1353–1469?), Derviş Tevfik of Istanbul (14th century), Kaygusuz Abdal (14–15th century), Hatayi (1487–1524), Pir Sultan Abdal (16th century), Kul Himmet (16th century), Muhittin Abdal (16th century?), Genc Abdal (Istanbul, 19th century) among others. They are enveloped in legends just like the Bektashi saints are. In the collection of their poems21 and in Turkish manuals of literary history22 their legendary lives are often narrated. Let us present a few episodes from the lives of the poets also included in our collection.

Yunus Emre is perhaps the best known Turkish poet; his poems are known over the entire Turkish language territory and posterity sings them like folk songs. He is revered as the "father" of mystic Turkic Islamic poetry. The subject of his poems is the love of God and our fellowmen, compassion for others, and a positive attitude to life. He speaks in an informal, direct, modern tone. He has innumerable funeral monuments in Anatolia and all over the Balkans.

The 14th-century Bektashi poet’s, Nesimi’s (originally called Ala’eddin Gaybi) poems radiate a personal tone that influenced nearly all his followers. It was he who spread Bektashism in Egypt, where four convents were built in his honour. In Aleppo his adversaries skinned him, but he did not renounce his faith.

Şah Hatayi is said to have stemmed from the Karakoyunlu clan and he was the first Safavid ruler. His original name is Şah Ismail. This cruel ruler wrote wonderful poems, laying the foundations of Bektashi poetry. His beloved son el-Kas Mirza was the commander of the castle of Niş and wrote poems under the pen name Can Hatayi.

Kul Himmet was also a 16th-century poet who retired from the Janissary corps in old age. He traversed the entire Ottoman Empire during his life, visiting even the smallest villages as well. For some time he served as a dervish in Haji Bektash Veli’s monastery.

Bedri Noyan (1912–1997) dedebaba earned a medical degree in Istanbul, and then settled in Izmir.

One of the more recent authors is Turgut Koca, who was born in Istanbul in 1921. As a mechanical engineer, he worked for the ground forces until he retired. He joined

21 There are other publications as well, but we utilized those enlisted under the references.
22 See Banarlı (1987).
the Bektashi order at the age of 23. He was appointed halifebaba by Bedri Noyan in 1976. His wife Adviye and he have written wonderful nefeses.  
Nefeses are written in every community to this day. Everyone can write them and the popular, famous nefeses are particularly enthusiastically performed. Most elevating is the kırklar semahi at the end of which the leader’s blessing follows and the community members leave with a strengthened heart.

Text of songs from Thrace

After the №-s we give the form of the song with the name of the singer. There follows the date and place of birth in parenthesis, the latter is only given when it differs from the place where we recorded the song. We also supply information in the same parenthesis about the person who was not a Bektashi in Thrace.
Folk Songs

№ 1. Hidrellez song. Fatma Bulut (1922 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Alayla, palayla,
Tahta kalayla, hoy, hoy,
Tahta kalayla,

Marching in a group,
With a wooden sword,
With a wooden sword.

Biz gelin alırız
Sizin alaydan, hoy, hoy,
Sizin alaydan.

We take a bride,
From your group, hey,
From your group.

Ne istersin, ne istersin
Sen bizim alaydan, hoy, hoy,
Sen bizim alaydan?

What do you want,
From our group, hey,
From our group?

Orda bir burda bir dilber gördüm,
Onu isterim, hoy, hoy,
Onu isterim.

Here and there I’ve seen a
Fair woman, hey.
I want her, I want her.

Dilberin adına, dilberin adına,
Bildirin bize, hoy, hoy,
Bildirin bize!

The fair woman’s name, her name!
Tell it to us, hey!
Tell it to us!

Dilberin adı, dilberin adı
Fatma hanımdır, hoy, hoy,
Fatma hanımdır.

The fair woman’s name,
Her name is Madam Fatma, hey,
Madam Fatma.

№ 2. Hidrellez song. Bektashi women, Kırklareli

Alayla, palayla,
Tahta kalayla, oy, hoy,
Tahta kalayla.

Marching in a group,
With a wooden sword, hey,
With a wooden sword.

Ne istersin, ne istersin
Sen bizim alaydan, oy, hoy,
Sen bizim alaydan?

What do you want,
From our group, hey.
From our group?

Güzeli gördüm, dilberi gördüm,
Onu isterim, oy, hoy,
Onu isterim.

I’ve seen a beauty, a fair lady,
I want her, hey,
I want her.

O güzelin adına, o dilberin adına
Bildirin bize, oy, hoy,
Bildirin bize

The beauty's name, the lady's name,
Tell it to us, hey,
Tell it to us.

O güzelin adı, o dilberin adı,
Şükrüye kadındır, oy, hoy,
Şükrüye kadındır.

The beauty's name, the fair lady's name is
Madam Sükrüye, hey,
Madam Sükrüye.
№ 3. Hidrellez song. Şehrban Bulut (1922 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Uslu mu yavaş mı?
Kendisi gelsin, oy, hoy,
Kendisi gelsin

Usludur, yavaştur,
Koçsuz varamaz, oy, hoy,
Koçsuz varamaz.

Alayla, palayla, davulla, zurnayla
Biz gelin alırız, oy, hoy,
Biz gelin alırız.

Is she decent and soft-spoken?
She herself should come, hey,
She should come here!

She's decent and soft-spoken,
She won't go till she's given a ram, hey,
Till she gets a ram.

Marching in a group, with a big drum, a Turkish pipe,
We will take a bride, hey
We will take a bride.

№ 3. Hidrellez song. Şehrban Bulut (1922 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Benim ağam katıra binmiş,
Yolları toz atır, oy, hoy,
Yolları toz atır.

Senin ağan eşeğe binmiş,
Küllere toz atır, oy, hoy,
Küllere toz atır.

Alayla, palayla,
Tahta kalayla, oy, hoy,
Tahta kalayla.*

Orda bir, burda bir güzel gördüm,
Onu isterim, oy, hoy,
Onu isterim.

* Güzelnin adını, dilberin adını
Bildirin bize, oy, hoy,
Bildirin bize!

Güzelin adı, dilberin adı,
Meltem hanımdır, oy, hoy,
Meltem hanımdır.

Allıdr, usıludur,
Koçsuz varamaz, oy, hoy,
Koçsuz varamaz.

My agha has got on a mule,
Kicking up dust on the road, hey,
Kicking up dust on the road.

Your agha's got on a donkey,
Kicking up dust on flakes of fire, hey,
Stirring dust on flakes of fire.

Marching in a group,
With a wooden sword, hey,
With a wooden sword.

Here and there I've seen a beauty,
I want her, hey,
I want her.

The name of the fair woman,
Tell us quickly, hey,
Tell us quickly!

The name of the beauty, of the fair lady, hey,
Is Madam Meltem, hey,
Is Madam Meltem.

She's fair and good as well,
She won't go till she gets a ram, hey,
She won't go till she gets a ram.
№ 4. *Hidrellez* song. Fatma Yetişir (1923 Deveçatağı), Deveçatağı

Yeşil yaprak, yeşil yaprak
Kervan kurmuş, kevran kurmuş,
Dallar çekemez, oy, hoy,
Dallar çekemez.

*Kardeşimden, kardeşimden*
Mektup gelmiş, mektup gelmiş,
Siladan geçemez, oy, hoy,
Siladan geçemez.*

Ahlat ağacı, ahlat ağacı,
Ahlat vermiş, ahlat vermiş,
Dallar çekemez, oy, hoy,
Dallar çekemez.

Yeşil yaprak, yeşil yaprak,
Kervan kurmuş, kevran kurmuş,
Yağmur geçemez, oy, hoy,
Yağmur geçemez.

*Kardeşimden, kardeşimden*
Mektup gelmiş, mektup gelmiş,
Yarden geçemez, oy, hoy,
Yarden geçemez.

№ 5. *Hidrellez* song. Huriye Engin (1943 Topçular), Kırklareli

Elma ağacı, elma ağacı,
Meyva vermiş,
Dallar çekemez, oy, hoy,
Dallar çekemez.

Yeşil yaprak kevran kurmuş,
Yağmur geçemez, oy, hoy,
Yağmur geçemez.

*Ağamdan, kardeşimden*
Mektup gelmiş, mektup gelmiş,
Yarden geçemez, oy, hoy,
Yarden geçemez.

Erik ağacı, erik ağacı
Meyva vermiş,
Dallar çekemez, oy, hoy,
Dallar çekemez.
Yeşil yaprak kevran kurmuş,
Yağmur geçemez hoy, hoy,
Yağmur geçemez.

Ağamdan, kardeşimden
Mektup gelmiş,
Yarden geçemez, oy, hoy,
Yarden geçemez.

Armut ağacı, armut ağacı
Meyva vermiş,
Dallar çekemez, hoy, hoy,
Dallar çekemez.

Alayla, palayla,
Tahta kalayla, oy, hoy,
Tahta kalayla.

Ne isterseven, ne isterseven
Sen bizim alaydan oy, hoy,
Sen bizim alaydan?

O, güzeli gördüm,
O, dilberi gördüm,
Onu istirin, oy, hoy,
Onu istirin.

O güzelin adını, o dilberin adını
Bildirin bize, oy, hoy,
Bildirin bize.

Dilberin adı, güzelin adı
Nuriye kadındır, oy, hoy,
Nuriye kadındır.

Aslı olsun, uslu olsun
Kendisi gelsin, oy, hoy,
Kendisi gelsin.

Kırk davulla, kırk zurnayla
Gelin alırız oy, hoy, gelin alırız.
Gelin alırız oy, hoy, gelin alırız.

Biz onu, biz onu
Kırk davulla, kırk zurnayla
Gelin veririz oy, hoy,
Gelin veririz.

№ 6. Hidrellez song. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç
№ 7. *Hidrellez* song. Fatma Yetiştir (1923), Deveçatağı

(Ахлат аğaçи) ахлат вержи, (The wild pear tree) has yielded field pears
Дальн цекемез, hoy, hoy, The branches are loaded full, oh,
Дальн цекемез. The branches are loaded.

Ясил япрак, ясил япрак, Green leaves, green leaves
Керван курмушь, Arranged in a canopy,
Ягымур гечемез, hoy, hoy, Rain won’t come through, oh,
Ягымур гечемез. Rain won’t come through.

Кардесямден, кардесямден From my brother, from my brother,
Мектуп гелим, I’ve got a letter,
Ярдень гечемез hoy, hoy, He can’t live without his darling, oh,
Ярдень гечемез. He can’t live without his sweetheart.

Ерик аğaçи, ерик аğaçи Plum tree, plum tree,
Ерик вержи, Has yielded plums.
Дальн цекемез hoy, hoy, The branches are loaded full, oh,
Дальн цекемез. The branches are loaded.

Ясил япрак, ясил япрак Green leaves, green leaves,
Керван курмушь, Arranged in a canopy,
Ягымур гечемез, hoy, hoy, Rain won’t come through,
Ягымур гечемез. Rain won’t come through.

Кардесямден, кардесямден From my sibling, from my brother,
Мектуп гелим, I’ve got a letter,
Ярдень гечемез hoy, hoy, He can’t live without his darling, oh,
Ярдень гечемез. He can’t live without his sweetheart.

№ 8. *Hidrellez* song. Fatma Yetiştir (1923), Deveçatağı

Дилдиги билemedim, I didn’t know what you wanted,
Арадигим бен сечерим, I choose what you’re looking for,
Хей, дилбера, hey! Hey, fair woman, hey!

Алтын кушак yalab olsun, May the golden belt glitter,
Биринчился lamba denebilsin, You may try the first lamp,
Хей дилбера, hey. Hey, fair woman, hey!

№ 9. *Hidrellez* song. Fatma Yetiştir (1923), Deveçataği

Ач көпү, ач көпү, Throw open your door,
Безирган гечек, Merchant’s getting through,
Ачамам көпү, I can’t throw open my door,
Герди калан көйли баш, May the abandoned bushel-headed one
Сиркели сач сенин олсун, with nits in his hair be yours!
№ 10. Mani. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Bir dilim, iki dilim, One slice, two slices,
Üç dilim elma, Three slices of apple,
Gel, sarılı boynuma, Come here and embrace me,
Almazsan alma. Don't marry me, if you can't!

№ 11. Counting-out rhyme. Sunni schoolchildren, Karacakılavuz

Yağ satarım, bal satarım, I sell butter, I sell honey,
Ustam ölmüş, ben satarım. The master died, so I sell them.
Ustamın kökü zarılır, The master’s hurt,
Sattım onbeş liradır, I've sold them for fifteen liras,
Zambak, zambak, danalara iyi bak! Lily, lily, take good care of the cows!

№ 13. Rain-begging song. Orhan Bulut's family, Çorlu

Yağ, yağ, yağmur, Let the rain fall,
Teknede hamur, Dough in the kneading through,
Tarlada çamur, Mud in the stubble field,
Ver, Allahım, ver, Give, my Allah, give us,
Sicim gibi yağmur. Pouring rain!

№ 15. Counting-out rhyme. Havva Hari (1945 Devletliağaç), Devletliağaç

Sıra sıra söğütler, Long line of willows,
İshe geldik yıgıtler, Here we are, lads.
Yiğitlerin karnı aç, The lads are hungry,
İki dipli bir kolaç. Dough fried on both sides.
Ev üstünde boyunduruk, There's harness on the roof of the house,
Bara bara boşuduk. We went on and drowned.
Kapı arkaında yarmalak, There's semolina behind the gate,
Çocuklar kapıyı tırmalar. The children climb up the gate.


Ay dede! Father Moon!
Evin nerde? Where is your house?
İnce belde, On a slim waist.
Tavuk getir, Bring a hen,
Yağa betir, Dip it into oil,
Bala batır, Dip it into honey,
Sen gelmezsen, If you don't come,
Bana getir, Bring it to me,
Ay dede! Father Moon!
№ 17. Quran recitation. Sunni women, Kırklareli

№ 18. Quran recitation. Sunni women, Kırklareli

№ 19. Quran recitation. Sunni women, Kırklareli

№ 20. Quran recitation. Sunni women, Kırklareli

№ 21. Mani. Halil Atakan (1928 Iştir - Çetaşka Macedonia), Kırklareli

Gidin bulutlar, gidin,
O yara selam edin,
O yar uykusunda ise,
Uykusun' haram edin!

Yörü yeşillim yörü,
Eşinden kalma geri,
Zehir olsa ver içeyim,
Süt gerdandan akan teri!

Bahçelerde enginar,
Her bir yariden civan,
Ben o yari sevmişim,
Sol yanağında beni var.

Elmayı nazık soyarlar,
Çini tabağa koyarlar,
Dost güzel olanı,
Candan sorarlar.

№ 22. Mani. Halil Atakan (1928 Iştir – Çetaşka Macedonia), Kırklareli

Gidene bak, gidene,
Gül sarılmış dikene,
Mevlâm sabrîk verse,
Gül gibi sevda çekene.

İndim çeşme başına,
Yazi yazdım taşına,
Gelen geçen okusun,
Neler gelmiş başına.

Gidin bulutlar, gidin,
O yara selam edin,
O yar uykusunda ise,
Uykusun' haram edin!

Yörü yeşillim yörü,
Eşinden kalma geri,
Zehir olsa ver içeyim,
Süt gerdandan akan teri!

Bahçelerde enginar,
Her bir yariden civan,
Ben o yari sevmişim,
Sol yanağında beni var.

Elmayı nazık soyarlar,
Çini tabağa koyarlar,
Dost güzel olanı,
Candan sorarlar.

Gidene bak, gidene,
Gül sarılmış dikene,
Mevlâm sabrîk verse,
Gül gibi sevda çekene.

İndim çeşme başına,
Yazi yazdım taşına,
Gelen geçen okusun,
Neler gelmiş başına.

Fly clouds, fly,
Greet my sweetheart,
If my sweetheart is still asleep,
Disturb her sleep!

Walk on, my green-dressed one, walk on,
Do not fall behind your husband,
Even if it's poison, let me drink
The sweat of your white neck!

Artichokes are in the gardens,
More roguish than any of your lovers,
I did love my darling.
With a mole on her left cheek.

The apple is peeled thinly,
And put on a china plate,
My friend, a real beauty
Is asked from the heart

Look at the one leaving,
Rose has entwined the thorn,
I wish God would give patience,
To the slave of fair love!

I went down to the spring,
And wrote on a stone,
Let the passers-by read,
What has happened to me.
№ 23. Lullaby. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Nenni, yavrum, nenni,
Uyusun da büyüüsün,
Oğlum büyük çocuk olsun,
Annesine babasına yardımcı olsun,
Yavrum büyüüsün de,
Koşa koşa yürüsün de.

Hush-a-bye baby,
Sleep and grow,
My little son, be a big boy,
A helper of his mother and father,
My little one should grow up
and run about!

№ 25. Dirge. Esma Ekin (1929), Kaşıkçı

Ol anacığım ol,
Bizi kime bıraktın?
Bize kim bakacak?
Bize kim ekmek verecek?
Nerden bulalım sizi?
Nereye gidelim?
Yol tozu kaldı,
Babam öldü,
Kızana küçük kaldı,
Kardeşim kaldı.

My fair little mother,
With whom did you leave us?
Who will take care of us?
Who will give us bread?
Where can we find you?
Where shall we go?
Only the dust of the road is left,
My father has passed away,
I am still little,
With a younger brother.

№ 26. Folk song. Bektashi congregation, Ahmetler

Varın sorun boyacıya,
Beyazlar boyasin, amman boyamasın!
Beyazlar giyen kızlar olur,
Pırl pırl elmas sürmeli kızlar,
Gözleri çapraz elmas düğmeli kızlar.

Sürün, sürün, amman sürün Fatma’ya,
Kıyamadım, amman tuttur düğmeye,
Varın sorun boyacıya, varın söyleyin boyacıya!

Ant yeşil boyasın, amman boyamasın,
Ant yeşil giyen gelinler olur,
Sürün, sürün, amman sürmeli kızlar,
Gözleri çapraz, amman düğmeli kızlar.

Go and ask the shoe painter,
He should paint white, but he shouldn't paint!
Girls wear white,
Girls with shining black diamond eyes,
Your eyes are diamonds, girls with nipples.

Smear it, smear it onto Fatma,
I couldn't, oh, I couldn't resist her nipples,
Go and ask the painter!
He should paint green, oh, he shouldn't paint!
Young wives wear green,
Smear it, smear it, oh, black-eyed girls,
Your eyes are diamond buttons.
№ 27. Folk song. Seviye Gerenli (1940, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

...aman Haydar,
Mektebe gidersin.
Mektep değil, etkinin Haydar,
Yine beni üzersin.

...oh, Haydar,
You go to school,
It is not the school, but your troubles
Haydar, that make me sad.

Mektebin bacaları Haydar,
Giyer alacaları,
Haydar beni dolaşır, Haydar
Her pazar geçeleri.
Yarım beni dolaşır, Haydar
Her pazar geçeleri.

Aman Haydar, canım, tümüm Haydar
Mektebe gidersin.
Mektep değil, efk arın Haydar
Yine beni üzersin.

Oh, alas, Haydar, my darling, my rose Haydar
You go to school,
It is not the school, but your troubles
That make me sad again.

№ 28. Lullaby. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

E-e-e,
Uyusun da büyüsün, ninni,
Tıpış-tıpış yürüsün,
ninni, e-e-e.

E-e-e
He should sleep and grow,
Hush-a-bye
He should toddle, e-e-e.

№ 29. Bride's farewell. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Vermem eller elimi,
Vermem eller kolumu,
Sende el kuvvetleri varsa,
Bende de kız kuvvetleri var.

Strangers, I don't give my hand,
Strangers, I don't give my arm,
If you have the strength of strangers,
I've got the strength of girls.

Eller, eller, yad eller,
Eller, eller alemler.

Strangers, wicked strangers,
Strangers, strangers, worlds.

№ 30. Bride's farewell. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Ana gölgem, anacırcım,
Koyu gölgem anacırcım,
Ver elini opiyeim,
Kaldır kolun, o geçeyim!

Mother, my protector, mommy,
My stronghold, my mommy,
Give me your hand, let me kiss it,
Raise your arm, let me go!

Ana, gölgem, anacırcım,
Mallarından mallar istemem,
Canlarından canlar istemem,
Ana, gölgem, anacırcım.

Mother, my protection, mommy,
I don't want any of your wealth,
I don't want any piece of your big soul,
Mother, my protection, mommy!
№ 31. Bride’s farewell. Hanife Konbal (1947), Çeşmekolu

Ana gölgem, anacığım,  
Büyük gölgem, anacığım,  
Bu sabahlarda nelerde eğlenirim?  

Mother, my shelter, mommy,  
My great shelter, mommy,  
On these mornings  
Where shall I play?

№ 32. Bride’s farewell. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Kalk Emine kardışım, kalk,  
Ah, bak, sabahlar olmuş,  
Üstümüze günler doğmuş,  
Uyumuşuk, uyanamamışık.  

Get up, my sister, Emine, get up!  
Look, morning has arrived,  
Another day dawned on us,  
We fell asleep, we couldn’t wake up.

№ 33. Bride’s farewell. Naciye Yıldız (1941), Ahmetler

Yok, anam gibi yok,  
Uyan, anam, gidiyor[ru]m.  
Ayrılık yelleri esiyor,  
Anam bu sabahlarda doğan güneşler ayrılık güneşleri.  
Anam ayrılık saatleri gelmiş,  
Ayrılık aşamları oluyor.  

No, there’s none like my mother,  
Wake up, Mother, I am leaving,  
The wind of parting is blowing,  
Mother, the lights born these mornings  
The lights of parting,  
These are the evenings of parting.
Ana gölge anacığım,
Büyük gölge anacığım,
Ver elini öpeyim,
Aç koltuğunu geçeyim!
Duam az mallarından çok mallar istemiyo[ru]m,
Az mallarından fazla mallar istemiyo[ru]m.
Hayır dualarım istiyo[ru]m.
Ver elini öpeyim,
Aç koltuğunu geçeyim,
Hayır dualarım bekliyo[ru]m.

Mother, my protector, mommy,
My great protection, mommy,
Give me your hand, let me kiss it,
Open your arms, let me go!

My request: I don't want much from your little wealth,
I don't want much from your little wealth.
I want your blessing.

I want your blessing.

№ 34. Bride’s farewell. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Ana gölge anacığım,
Ver elini öpeyim,
Aç koltuğunu geçeyim!

Mother, my protector, mommy,
Give me your hand, let me kiss it,
Open your arms, let me go!

You carried me in your belly for nine months,
I lay in a cradle for twelve months.

A lot of work waiting for me, your blessings,
Bless me, my father,
My sweetheart is living among strangers.

Father, my little shade, daddy,
Bless me, my father,
My silent father.

№ 35. Bride’s farewell. Şükriye Kanaat (1952), Kırklareli

Kalkın kardaşlarım, kalkın,
Sizin iş hizmet yollarınız açılmış,
Benim iş hizmet yolları
Karaca dikenleri dizilmiş.

Get up, brethren, get up,
Busy workdays are open to you,
Thorns have fallen
On my busy roads.

Get up, comrades, brethren,
Busy ways be ready for service, mind your duty,
My peers who are like me,
My brethren of whom I am never tired.
№ 36. Bride’s farewell. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı, Bulgaria), Kırklareli

My greatest protector, mommy,
Mother, as if you hadn’t carried me in your belly for nine months,
Mother, as if I hadn’t spent twelve months in the cradle,
Mother, you select me and throw me away from yourself,
Mother, are the she-lambs enemies?
Mother, the she-lambs are wicked,
Mother, when ill news are rumoured about me,
Mother, shall I go far?
Mother, shall I find someone who listens to me?

My knees and arms went numb in it,
Mother, you select me and throw me away from yourself,
Mother, are the she-lambs enemies?
Mother, the she-lambs are wicked,
Mother, when ill news are rumoured about me,
Mother, shall I go far?
Mother, shall I find someone who listens to me?

№ 43. Folk song. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Like an old relative,
What you said is rubbish.
Like on a plucked hen,
Hang coins on Leyla
Refr. Shall we come into the world once more?
Huh, bums!

My crown, my darling,
Strangers do not pity me,
If only you would pity me,
Shall we come into the world once more?
Hang coins on Leyla! Refr.
№ 44. Folk song. Huriye Engin (1943 Topçular), Devletliağaç

Yayla, yayla, koca yayla,  
Çık yaylaya, gönlünü eyle.  
Refr. İyi oku, doğru söyle,  
Biz sizin kızınızı almaya geldik,  
Ha'nızı hatrınızı sormaya geldik. Refr.  
Annesi cadı, babası kadı,  
 Ağası pezevenk, vermedi kızı.  

Yayla, yayla, koca yayla,  
Çık yaylaya, gönlünü eyle. Refr.  
Ha'nızı hatrınızı sormaya geldik.  
Okumayı bilirmiş dokumayı bilirmiş,  
Ev işi bilirmiş verinizi kızı!  
Annesi cadı, babası kadı,  
 Ağası pezevenk, vermedi kızı.  

Summer pasture, huge summer pasture!  
Go to the summer pasture, be happy!  
Refr. Learn well, speak the truth,  
We've come to take your daughter,  
To ask how you are. Refr.  
Her mother is a witch, her father is a judge,  
His brother is a pimp, he didn't give the girl.  

№ 45. Folk song. Bektashi women, Ahmetler

O, güller, güller top güller,  
Yarımı aldı yad eller.  
Yarımı alırsa eller,  
Beni de kara yeller.  
İnce giyerim ince,  
İnci yakışır gence.  
İnsan ne hoş oluyor,  
Sevdiğini görüşünce.  

Oh, roses, roses, guelder roses,  
Strangers took my sweetheart away,  
If strangers take my sweetheart away,  
May the north wind take me away.  
I wear thin clothes, thin clothes,  
Pearl suits the young,  
How kindly you can be,  
When you catch sight of your lover.

№ 46. Hidrellez song. Bektaş Erol (1920), Çeşmekolu

Hidrellez geliyor,  
Koşuba yörun dane, diyor.  

Hidrellez23 is approaching,  
Put the ox to a carriage, he says.

№ 47. See № 46

23 See above, footnote 10.
№ 48. Wedding song. Şerife Aktaş (1941 Ahmetler), Yeni Bedir

Vurun gelinin kınasını, Paint the bride’s henna on her body,
Ağlatın anasını, babasını, Make her mother and father cry!
Vurun gelinin kınasını, Paint the bride’s henna on her body,
Çağırın gelsin ağabeysi! Call her brother to come here!
Ağabeysi der, ben kıyamam, I can't do it, her brother says,
Vurun yengeleri kınasını, Her sister-in-laws should paint the henna,
Varm sorun yengesine, Go and ask her sister-in-law,
Hayır gelsin kınasına! May her henna be blessed.
Yengesi der, ben vururum, I will paint it, her sister-in-law says,
Ağlasın annesi ile babası! Let her mother and father cry!

№ 49. Mani. Fatma Kaçar (1910), Ahmetler

[Bir] gül aldım dilekten, I picked roses to my liking,
Bir yar sevdim yürekten, I loved one darling from my heart,
Keşke sevmez olaydım, I wish I had never loved you,
Ölüyorum bırakın. I am dying, leave me alone.
Mendilim dürüm dürüm, My handkerchief is folded,
Sözümü yürüdüğüm, I’ll fulfil my promise,
Elin ol değil mi, May you be the stranger’s,
Sevda ile çürüdüm. Love has made me sick.
Kara[n]fil ekemedim, I couldn't plant carnation,
Suyunu dökemedim, I couldn't water it,
Bayram geldi be yarım, The feast has arrived, my darling,
Elini öpemedim. I couldn't even kiss your hand.
Elini öpemedim, I couldn't even kiss your hand,
Bir toka yapamadım, I couldn't even clink glasses.
Kara[n]fil oylum, oylum, Frilled carnation,
Gel benim selvi boyolum! Come, my slender love.

№ 50. Hidrellez song. Fatma Bulut (1922) Kılavuzlu, Çorlu

Ali’n gelir, Şah gelir, My Ali comes, here comes the shah,
Bir ulu padişah gelir. A great ruler is coming,
Ver Allahum bir bulut, canım. My Allah, give us a cloud,
Yar olan köye düşer. It is raining where my sweetheart is.
Gidin bulutlar, gidin, canım. Go clouds, go,
Yarime selamedin. Greet my sweetheart!
Yarım uykuda ise, canım, Should my darling be asleep,
Uykusunu terk edin. You should disturb her sleep!
Ay doğar ayan beyan, canım
Yolları çıktım yayan
Orta boylu gül fidan canım
Koyuna girdim, uyan.

A big white moon is rising, darling,
I set out on foot,
My darling of middle stature,
I am in your lap, wake up!

№ 51. Folk song. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliağaç

...mendil salla
Mendilin ucuna sakız para yolla!
Çobanın anası pazı yapamaz

...wave a handkerchief,
Tie money in its corner for chewing gum!
The shepherd’s mother can’t cook wild spinach...

№ 52. Folk song. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Çobanı, çobanı bitli çobanı,
Yarım evlek yapamadı, kırdı sabanı.

You shepherd, you shepherd, lousy shepherd,
He couldn’t make a single furrow, he broke the plough.

Zilli çoban, ıllı,
Keçileri zilli,
Keçileri kapamadan,
Kulübeye girdi.

Belled shepherd, from the village,
His goats have bells,
He didn’t even lock them,
He went into the hut.

№ 53. Lullaby. Bektashi congregation, Çeşmekolu

Cevizin kökü sudadır, suda,
Kimisini sula, kimosunu buğulun,
Ay dolup, nenni,
Uyusun da büyüsun, nenni.

The foot of the nut tree stands in water, water,
Water one and steam the other,
It is a full moon, hush-a-bye,
Sleep and grow, hush-a-bye.

Armudun kökü sudadır, suda,
Kimisini sula, kimosunu buğulun,
Ay dolup, nenni,
Gir koynuma, sar boynuma, uyusun nenni.

The foot of the pear tree stands in water, water,
Water one and steam the other,
It is a full moon, hush-a-bye,
Come into my lap, hug me, hush-a-bye.

Eriğin kökü sudadır, suda,
Kimisini sula, kimosunu buğulun,
Ay doğdu, nenni.

The foot of the plum tree stands in water, water,
Water one and steam the other,
It is a full moon, hush-a-bye.
№ 54. *Wedding song*. Hatice Çetin (1952 Deli Orman, Bulgaria), Musulça

Dağdan keserler meşeyi,  
Hani bu gelinin döşeği?  
Dağdan keserler bastonu,  
Dağdan keserler gürgeni,  
Hani de bu gelinin yorganı?  
Vurun gelinin kınasını,  
Ayletmen garip anasını.

The oak is cut off the mountain,  
Where is the mattress of this bride?  
The stick is cut off the mountain,  
The hornbeam is cut off the mountain,  
Where is the blanket of this bride?  
Paint the bride's henna on her body,  
Don't make her miserable mother cry.

№ 55. *Folk song*. Fatma Şain (1936 Karacık), Musulça

Kırmızı gülün dalı var,  
Her gün ağlasam yeri var,  
Kırmızı gülün çiçeği.

The red rose has pomegranate,  
Every sinner has his place,  
The flower of the red rose.

№ 56. *Folk song*. [Can't be made out for the loud drumming]

№ 57. *Folk song*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Ağlama annem, ağlama,  
Kader böyleymiş,  
Köy kurusu ardında  
Kurt koyun yemiş.

Don't cry mother, don't cry,  
Fate is like this,  
Behind the glade of the village  
The wolf has eaten the lamb.

№ 60. *Dirge*. Bektashi women, Kırklareli

Ah, Ali’ım olmuş, duymadım,  
Uyur diye kıyamadım.  
Ben Ali’ım doyamadım,  
Uyur Ali’ım, uyan Ali’ım.  
Kalk, sabah oldu […]  
Oh, Ali’ım indirdiler attan,  
Mor menevşe yapracığı olursam.  
Ah, uyan Ali’ım, uyan Ali’ım,  
Gül yastığına dayan Ali’ım.

Alas, my Ali has died, I couldn't hear it,  
I felt sorry for him, let him sleep!  
I never got tired of my Ali,  
My Ali is asleep, wake up, my Ali.  
Get up, morning has arrived […]  
Alas, my Ali is taken off the horse,  
I wish I could be the leaf of a violet.  
Oh, wake up, my Ali, wake up, my Ali.  
Recline on my pillow of roses!
№ 61. Dirge. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı, Bulgaria), Devletliağaç

Ah, Ali’ım yatmış yol üstüne,
Testi pürçe kol üstüne.
Uyur Ali’ım, uyan Ali’ım,
Al kanlara boyan Ali’ım.

Benim Ali’ım şehit düştü
Uyur Ali’ım, uyandı
Al kanlara boyan Ali’ım,
Gül yastığına dayan Ali’ım.

Ali’ım ölmüş duymadım
Ben Ali’me doyamadım,
Uyur diye kıyamadım,
Al kanlara boyan Ali’ım,
Gül yastığına dayan Ali’ım.

№ 62. Dirge. Bektaş Erol (1920), Çeşmekolu

<Ah, Ali’ım ölmüş,> duyamadım,
Uyur diye kıyamadım.
Kalk, Ali’ım, kalk, sabah oldu,
Yengeler kapıya geldi.

№ 67. Hidrellez song. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Deveci geldi, duydunuz mu,
Kalbıra saman koydunuz mu?
Hös, hös, deveci geldi.

Entaresi ak gibi,
Gelir geçer ok gibi.
Hiç bu yana bakmıyorum,
Sevgilisi yok gibi.
Refr. Eyvallah, Şahım, eyvallah,
Adı güzel, kendi Şah.

İn dereye, dereye,
Kuru fındık bulursun.
Eğil bir yol, öpeyim,
Sonra da pişman olursun. Refr.

№ 69. Mani, Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Entaresi ak gibi, Her dress is snow-white,
Gelir geçer ok gibi. She walks very fast like an arrow,
Hiç bu yana bakmıyorum, She won't look this way,
Sevgilisi yok gibi. As if she had no lover.
Refr. Eyvallah, Şahım, eyvallah, Refr. Thank you, my shah, thank you,
Adı güzel, kendi Şah. Your name is nice, you are shah.

İn dereye, dereye, Descend to the stream,
Kuru fındık bulursun. You’ll find dry hazelnuts,
Eğil bir yol, öpeyim, Lean over here a little, let me kiss you,
№ 70. Folk song. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Ah benim kunduralım,24 Oh, my leather-shoed,
Nasil ayrı duralım. How can we stay away from each other?
Şu ayrılık aşına Come, let’s find some balm
Gel, bir çare bulalım. Refr. For our separation. Refr.

Refr.

№ 70. Folk song. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

[Hem] gardaş olsun, …he should be a brother.
İneğim gölüş olsun, My cow should have a big rump,
Buzacıçım etli olsun, My calf should be well-leshed,
Sallayan gardeşimin ömürleri uzun olsun! The life of my swinging brother should be long.

№ 73. Hidrellez song. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

İneğim etli olsun, My cow should be fat,
Buzacıçım sulmuş olsun, My calf should yield milk,
Babamın para keseleri dolsun. My father’s purses should be full!

№ 75. Hidrellez song. Bektaş Erol (1920), Çeşmekolu

Deveci geldi, duydunuz mu? The camel man has arrived, have you heard?
Kabrana buğday koydunuz mu? Have you put wheat in the basket?
Vay, devem öldü, n’apayım? Alas, my camel has died, what shall I do?
Gıcına şaplar sokayım. I’ll slap on its rump!

№ 76. Hidrellez song. Bektaş Erol (1920), Çeşmekolu

Deveci geldi, duydun mu? The camel man has arrived, have you heard?
Kaplara buğday koydun mu? Have you put wheat in the wicker baskets?
* Hay, devem öldü, n’apayım, Alas, my camel has died, what shall I do?
Gütüne şaplar sokayım. I’ll slap on its rump a couple of times,
Harman alıp bağladım, I have tied the sheaf of corn,
Geçtin ardına, yaladın. You went behind and licked him.

№ 77. Hidrellez song. Ahmet Dönmez (1920), Çeşmekolu

Kaldır deveci deveyi… Camel driver make the camel stand up,
* Arpa da verdim, hap tuttu, I’ve given him barley, he gulped it down,
Çavdar verdim, şak tuttu, I’ve given him rye, he crunched it,
Buğday verdim, tok tuttu. I’ve given him wheat, he’d had enough.

24 Kandura is a loanword from Greek in Turkish.
25 Naturally life is singular here also, but there was a syllable missing in Turkish, therefore they added +IAr (plural suffix) to the word.
№ 79. *Lullaby*. Hatice Çetin (1952 Deli Orman, Bulgaria), Musulça

Ninni, yavrum, ninni, ninni,
Uyusun da büyüsün,
Yavrum gene kocaman olsun,
Babaannesine sular get’sin!

Hush-a-bye baby, hush-a-bye,
Sleep and grow up,
My baby should grow huge,
And fetch water for his father’s mother!

№ 80. *Mani*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Ay dedem kutlu olsun,
Şerbeti tatlı olsun,
Evlatlarımın ömürü uzun olsun,
Keesis parayla dolsun.

May my moon grandfather be blessed!
And may his lemonade be sweet.
May my children live long,
And their purse be filled with money.

Türkiye’miz huzuru olsun,
İneğciğim sütlü olsun,
Buzacığım etli olsun,
Sallanan kardeşimin ömürü uzun olsun!

May our country, Turkey live in peace,
May my little cow yield well,
May my little calf be flashy,
May my swinging brother live long!

№ 81. *Ballad of the deer*. Havva Hari (1945 Devletliağaç), Kırklareli

Benim adım karacadır,
Yavrularım alacadır.
O server benim ocağımdır,
Ben bir geyik ağlar gördüm,
Yavruları meler gördüm,
Atladım çıktım kayaya.
Çevrildim baktım yuvaya,
Avcılar almuş araya,
Ben bir geyik avlar gördüm,
Yavruları [ağlar gördüm].

My name is „roe“,  
My young are spotty.
The prophet is my family,
I saw a deer weeping,
I saw his young crying,
I jumped onto the cliff.
I turned back and looked into their den,
Hunters had surrounded them,
I could see a deer hunt,
[I saw] the young crying.

№ 82. *Folk song*. Münne Pelvan (1925), Karacakılavuz

Dağlar, dağlar, viran dağlar,
Yüzüm güler, kalbım kan ağlar.
Uzun kavak ne uzarsın,
Dalında bülbül mü yatarsın,
Ötme, bülbülüm, ötme, yüreğim yara.

Mountains, mountains, barren mountains,
My face is laughing, my heart is bleeding,
Tall poplar, why are you stretching,
Does your branch give rest to a nightingale?
Don’t sing, nightingale, my heart is wounded.
№ 83. Folk song. Seviye Gerenli (1940, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Adana’nın yolları taştan,
You've turned my head,
Sen çıkardın beni, beni baştan.
Refr. The roads of Adana are paved with stones,
Refr. Aman, Adana’lı, yandım, Adana’lı,
Refr. Oh, you from Adana, I caught fire,
Adanada kaldı yavrum delikanlı.
My young sweetheart remained in Adana.
Hey güllü, hele hele güllü,
Hey, rosy, listen, rosy,
Peştemalı püsküllü. Refr.
Her girth is fringy. Refr.

№ 88. Folk song. Fatma Yetişir (1923 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu

Anadol’da toplar atılır,
The cannon is thundering in Anatolia,
Ali’ye kuşak dokunur,
A belt is being woven for Ali,
Ali de gönlünü eğler,
Ali is having a good time as well.
Hem tütün içer hem ayler.
He is smoking and crying.
Gene yeşillendi buğdaylar,
The wheat has turned green again,
Al yeşil olmuş şu dağlar,
The mountains are red and green,
Anadol’da toplar atılır,
The cannon is thundering in Anatolia,
Veli’ye kuşak dokunur,
A belt is being woven for Veli.
Veli de gönlünü eğler,
Veli is having a good time as well,
Hem tütün içer hem ağlar.
He is smoking and crying.
Al yeşil olmuş şu dağlar,
The mountains are red and green,
Gene yeşillendi şu dağlar.
The mountains have turned green again.

№ 89. Folk song. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Yolladığım çoraplar ayağına oldu mu?
Did the socks I sent you fit your feet?
Ayağına oldu mu ince bellim?
Did they fit your feet, my slim-waisted?
Rinna, rinna rinna rinna rin.
Rinna, rinna, rinna, rinna.
Maraş’ta asmalı salkım
A bunch of grapes in the town of Maras,
Gene gönlüm sendedir, darılma sakın!
My heart is still with you, don’t get angry!

№ 90. Mani. Sabite Toygar (1960 Beyci Kofçaz), Kırklareli

Ayağında terlikler,
Slippers on my feet,
Beyaza eşerler,
They are whitish in colour,
*Yarım sana gideceğim,
My sweetheart, I am going to you,
Hazır mı gelinlikler?
Is your wedding dress ready?
There is a fair in the village of Beyci,
A lot of people are walking about.
The lassies of Beyci,
They are more beautiful than ever.

Our village is Tatlimnar. Our stream is the water of life.
To love and then part,
We have no such habit.

If I ask the old man,
He will buy anything for me,
What shall we do with the old man?
Let’s push him down the stairs!
While he is falling downstairs,
He should mind his step!

Daffodils are yellow, I am yellow, too.
I have chased my sweetheart into the mountains,
I have regretted it, oh, mountains,
Send my sweetheart back!

Crenulate carnation
Have you seen my slender-built love?
As soon as she arrives to me,
My heart is filled with happiness.

My suit is finely cut,
I am dying for you.
I’ve quarrelled with many friends
Because I love you, my sweetheart.

Have you cut out my dress?
Sweetheart, have you crossed the road?
If you go across our road,
Will you choose our house?

The name of the village means ‘Sweetfountain, spring.’
№ 93. **Folk song.** Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı/ Bulgaria), Devletliağaç

Giden oğlan dön beri,  
Elimde mor mendili.  
Yaşım küçük, boyum alçak,  
Sevdam öldürür seni.

Come back, departing lad,  
I’ve got his lilac handkerchief in my hand,  
I am young and little,  
My love is killing you.

№ 96. **Dancing song.** Mehmet Serez (1929 Selanik, Sunni), Tekirdağ

Kampana moru duduş kampana,  
Oynaya oynaya gel bana,  
Malkara’nın şekerleri hep sana  
Kampana moru duduş kampana.

Brown lamb, brown lambkin,  
Come nearer dancing, dancing,  
All the sweetness of Malkara is yours  
Brown lamb, brown lambkin.

№ 97. **Folk song.** Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçataları – [cannot be made out]

№ 98. **Folk song.** Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

İn dereye, dereye,  
Söyle, yarım nereye,  
Karagöz, Eminem.

Go down to the valley, to the valley,  
Tell me where my lover is,  
My black-eyed Emine.

Bobanın parası yok,  
Seni evden dilmeye,  
Kara göz, Eminem.

My father’s got no money,  
To ask for your hand,  
My black-eyed Emine.

**Refr.** Emine de derler adına,  
Doyamadım tadına,  
Karagöz Eminem.

**Refr.** She is called Emine,  
I couldn’t have enough of her,  
My black-eyed Emine.

Elli de kuruş çok mudur  
Emine gibi kadına?  
Karagöz Eminem.

Would fifty kurush be too much  
For a woman like Emine?  
My black-eyed Emine.

İn dereye, göreyim,  
Eline Gül vereyim,  
Karagöz Eminem.

Go down to the valley, let me see you,  
Let me give a rose to your hand,  
My black-eyed Emine.

Dalgaçsun sevdigim,  
Nasil gounul vereyim  
Karagöz Eminem? **Refr.**

You are quarrelsome, my darling,  
So how could I fall in love with you?  
My black-eyed Emine.  **Refr.**

Elli de kuruş çok mudur  
Emine gibi kadına?  
Karagöz Eminem.

Would fifty kurush be too much  
For a woman like Emine?  
My black-eyed Emine.
№ 99. Hidrellez song. Şerife Aktaş (1941 Ahmetler), Yeni Bedir

Deveci geldi, duydunuz mu? The camel man has arrived, have you heard?
Kalbura buğday koydunuz mu? Have you put the wheat in the sieve?
Hız devem, hız! Sit down, my camel!

Deveci geldi, duydunuz mu? The camel man has arrived, have you heard?
Kalbura buğday koydunuz mu? Have you put the wheat in the sieve?
Hız devem, hız! Sit down, my camel, sit down!

№ 100. Mani. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Aşamalı yolları, The roads of Asamali27
Taşlıktır, yarım, taşlık. Are stony, my dear, stony,
Sen evlenmek istiyon, Would you like to marry me?
Bobam istiyor başlık. My father wants money28 for me.

Su geliyor enginden, The water is flowing wide,
Ayrımayın dengimden. Do not sever me from my love,
Dünya güzeli olsan, Should the beauty of beauties tempt me,
Ayrılmam sevdiğimden. I will never leave my lover.

Manıcı başmışın? Are you the leading singer?
Cebrail taşmışın? Are you the gem of Archangel Gabriel?
Sana bir mendil versem If I give you a handkerchief,
Cebinde taşır mısın? Will you carry it in your pocket?

№ 101. Rain-begging song. Havva Hari (1945 Devletliağaç), Kırklareli

Bin nazara, nazara, For a witch’s glance, a witch’s glance
İşte geldim pazara. I have come to the fair,
Nazara’nın şalvarı I have exchanged five eggs,
Beş yumurtaya yalvarı. For my Nazara’s29 shalvar30.

Yağmurlar yağsun, May the rain come,
Bol bucak olsun. May the fields be rich,
Koca karlar yağırın, May deep snow fall,
Geç karlar doğursun. May it bring late snow!

27 Place name in Thrace.
28 Head-money is paid by the bridegroom to the bride’s parents upon agreement.
29 A female name of Arabic origin from the word nazar ‘a looking, glancing at a thing; look, glance, sight; the malignant look of an evil eye’ (Redhouse 1974: 870).
30 The shalvar is a pair of comfortable loose trousers worn by both men and women in villages.
№ 102. Mani. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Ver, Allahım, ver, ver,
Bir gani yağmur.
Bu yıl bolluk olacak,
Boş ambarlar dolacak.
Ver, Allahım, ver, ver,
Bir gani yağmur.

Give, my Allah, give, give,
Abundant rain,
We'll have a rich harvest this year,
All the empty granaries will be full,
Give, my Allah, give, give,
Abundant rain.

№ 102. Mani. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Asmanın yaprakları
Tel olur yaprakları.
Gurbette olanların
Çınlasın kulakları.
Al giydim alsn diye,
Mor giydim sarsın diye.
İsteyene varmadım
Sevdigim alsn diye.

The leaves of wild vine
Its leaves become thin,
Those living in a foreign land
Should have their ears burning!
I dressed in red so that he'd marry me,
I dressed in lilac so that he'd embrace me,
I didn't marry my suitor,
So that my lover would marry me.

№ 103. Mani. Firde Gümüş (1936 Topçular), Tatlıpınar

Karşıda kara tarla,
Parla seviğim parla.
Yanıma gelemyon,
Uzaktan mendil salla!
Su koydum altın tasa,
Verin su susamışa.
Su lapacı gelmiyorsa,
Haddini bilmemişe.
Su gelir boz bulanık,
Kızlar uyur uyanık.
Yarimden mektup geldi,
Okunur yane, yane.

Black fields in front of us,
Shine, my sweetheart, shine!
If you can't come to me,
Wave your handkerchief from far!
I've poured water into a golden vessel,
Give water to the thirsty,
Even if the water is hardly trickling
For the one who behaves impudently.
The water is troubled and overflowing,
The lassies have a light sleep,
A letter's come from my sweetheart,
They read it crying and whining.

№ 104. Folk song. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Ay, mer kuzum, mer kuzum,
Karao gözüm, mer kuzum.
Göster boyunu bana,
Boncuk alayım sana.
Ne bonçuguunu isterim,
Ne boyumu gösterim.

Oh, my little lamb, my lambkin,
My black-eyed one, my little lamb.
Show yourself to me,
I'll buy pearls for you.
I don't want your pearls,
Nor will I show myself.
№ 105. Folk song. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliağaç

Ayakında terlikler, Slippers on my feet,
Bahar açmış erikler. The plum trees are in spring blossom.
Yarım sana gideceğim, I am going to you, sweetheart,
Hızır mı gelinlikler? Is the wedding dress ready?
Refr. Gümbürdesin evimizin kuyusu, Refr. Let the water purl in the well,
Seviyorum, ayrılamam doğru. I love her, I cannot leave her.
Ayakkabım toz atar, My shoes are kicking up dust,
Yarım bana göz atar. My sweetheart gives me a glance,
Atma yarım bana göz, Don't glance at me, sweetheart,
El alem bize bakar. Refr.

№ 106. Folk song. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Dargını barıştıran Refr. Yar, yar, aman, aman.
Refr. Yar, yar, aman, aman. Reconciling the angry,
*Yeşil boyalı taksi Refr. My sweetheart, my darling, oh.
Mendilinde güül oya, An embroidered rose in your handkerchief,
Dertlere kariyorum, I am in trouble,
Güneri saya saya. Refr. I am counting the days. Refr.
Bahçelerde kundura, Shoes in the gardens,

№ 107. Folk song. Sabite Toygar (1960 Beyci Kofçaz), Kırklareli

Duman da bastı dağılara, Mist descended on the mountains,
Yayıldız ovalara, It has spread over the plain,
Yar, yar, aman, aman. Sweetheart, sweetheart, oh, oh!
Altın yaptır üç yaptır, Have three pairs made,
Küpeleri çift yaptır, Three pairs of gold earrings,
Yar, yar, aman, aman. Sweetheart, sweetheart, oh, oh!
Yarım sana gideceğim Sweetheart, I'm going to see you,
Davulla düğün yaptır, Make a great wedding with music,
Yar, yar, aman, aman. Sweetheart, sweetheart, oh, oh!
Duman da bastı dağılara, Mist descended on the mountains,
Yayıldız ovalara, It has enveloped the plain,
Yar, yar, aman, aman. Sweetheart, sweetheart, oh, oh!
Yarın haberı olsa, Had my sweetheart heard the news,
Gelirdi buralara, She would have come here,
Yar, yar, aman, aman. Sweetheart, sweetheart, oh, oh!
№ 108. Folk song. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Ayva gömdüm samana, 
Dumana bak, dumana.
Ref r. Yar, yar, aman, aman.

You didn’t die, you have been saved,
Nor did I convert to Islam. Refr.

№ 113. Mani. Şerife Aktaş (1941 Ahmetler), Yeni Bedir

Benim yeleğim gibi, 
Yarım sana öreyim.
Beni beğenmezmişin, 
Bul ben gibi göreyim.

There are clouds in the sky, 
All of them rain clouds,
*Ben gelin olmayınca, 
Kesme benden umudu.

Bende mendil çok yarım, 
Al cebine sok yarım, 
Benim olmadığım yerde, 
Senin işin yok yarım.

 № 114. Folk song. Kerime Yavuz (1952, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Vurun vurun kızlar, vurun vuralım,
Böyle eğlenceyi nerden bulalım?

Beat, beat, girls, let’s beat [the drum],
Where can we find such a feast?
№ 115. Mani. Hanife Bayram (1944), Ahmetler

Gide-gide yol buldum, Wandering I found the way,
Çeketime kol buldum. I found sleeves for my coat,
Kara gözlü yarime, With my black-eyed sweetheart
Oniki yaşında vuruldum. I fell in love when she was twelve.

Şu dağlar olmasaydı, I wish there hadn't been these mountains,
Çiçeği solmasaydı, I wish the flowers hadn't faded,
Ölüm Allah'ın emiri, Death is upon Allah's order,
Ayrılık olmasaydı. I wish there was no parting.

Hani benim bandırmam, Where is my sweet darling,
Eskişeri andırmam, I don't remember the old ones,
Yeni bir yar sevdim, I have loved a new lover,
Ablama söyleyim mi? Shall I tell my sister about it?

№ 116. Folk song. Hanife Konbal (1947), Çeşmekolu

... akınca vurdum kalkmadı, ...I hit her, she did not stand up,
Kanlı göl oldu, akmadı. A puddle of blood formed, it didn't flow,
Bu sabah yari gördüüm, This morning I saw my sweetheart,
Dönüp ardına bakmadı. She did not even turn to look at me.

Mendilim aldın iyi, My kerchief is red,
Buldun mu benden iyi? Have you found one better than me?
Buldum ama sarmadım, I've found one but haven't embraced her,
Sen darılacağın deyi. Lest you should be angry.

№ 117. Folk song. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Giderim ben dedemle, I am going away with my grandfather,
Bir ayyam kaldı sende. I have left my quince apple with you,
Ayva gibi sarardım, I became pale like the quince,
Din imam yok mu sende? You show no respect at all, do you?

Gitme yarım o yana, Sweetheart, don't you go that way,
Gele bu yana, bu yana. Come this way, only this way.
Sana mani söylerim, If I sing a song for you,
Annem darılır bana. My mother’ll get angry with me.

Gitme dedim de gittin, I told you in vain, you left anyway,
Bilmediğini yollara. You set out on unknown ways,
Kar mı yağdırdın yarım? You let snow fall, my sweetheart,
Güvendiğin dağlara. On your trusted mountains.
№ 118. Hidrellez song. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzu

Karanfilim taburda, Bunches of carnations,
Çok işler var saburda. Patience is a great thing!
Ölürsek biz ölelim, If we must die, let us die,
Çift koysunlar tabuda. Let us lie in the coffin together!
O benim ceviz içim, She is my nut kernel,
Derd oldu benim için. She caused me trouble,
Dostlarım düşman oldu, My friends became enemies,
Seni sardığım için. Because I embraced you.

Yörü yeşillim, yörü, Go on, my green-dressed,
Kalma eşinden geri. Do not lag behind your spouse!
Zehirler olsa içerim, Should it be poison, I would drink
Yanaktan akan teri. The sweat of your brow.

Bahçelerde ıh derim, I wail in gardens,
Hasta oldum yatırım. I've fallen ill, I will lie down,
Doktor hekim istemem, I do not want a doctor,
Sevdiğiimi getirin. Just bring my sweetheart here!

Kaşları çatık matık, His eyebrow is bushy,
Söylete beni artık. Leave me alone at last!
Öyle bir yar sevdim ki, Once I had a lover,
Yavan ekmeğe katik. He was really gentle and nice.

Yamadan yarım yamadan, Hurry up, my sweetheart,
Yollar çamur olmadan. Before the mud becomes too deep,
Eğil bir yolcuk öpeyim, Lean over, let me kiss your
Al yanak tere batmış. Rosy cheeks before they turn pale.

Dağlarını mazı gibi, There are oak trees on my mountains,
Melerim kuzu gibi. I keep bleating like a sheep,
Koynumdan bir kız çıktı, A girl jumped up from my lap,
Sabah yıldızları gibi. She looked like the morning stars.

№ 119. Mani. Hatice Ergül (1924 Bulgaria), Devletliağaç

İplikken ok gelmez mi, An arrow can't reach me like a thread,
Yaylaya kuş gelmez mi? Does no bird alight on a summer pasture?
Akranların evlenmiş, All your girl mates got married,
Sana hiç güç gelmez mi? Do you take it amiss?

Manı bilirim yüz altmış, I know one hundred and sixty songs,
Ak güle gencefil katmış, She tied reseda to white roses,
Uyan ey kómür gözüm, Wake up, my black-eyed one,
Al yanak tere batmış. Your rosy cheeks are covered with sweat.

Manıcı başı musın? Are you the greatest singer?
Cevahir taş musın? Are you a precious stone?
404 Thracian Song Texts

№ 120. Folk song. Mehmet Bodur (1938 Tophüller), Kırklareli

Ay, elleri elleri,
Açamadık elleri.
Bir sabunla yıkarsan,
Gene çıkmaz kelleri.

Alas, those hands, his hands,
We couldn't open his hands,
Even if you soap them,
The hairs won't disappear.

№ 121. Folk song. Fatma Damgalı (1928), Çeşmekolu

Eller yarım dedikçe sıçıyor yüreklerim,
Ay, milli, milli, milli, sağ olsun ince belli, sağ olsun ince belli.
Bu türküyü çıkarılanların İzmir'in güzelleri,
İzmir'in güzelleri.

When strangers mention my sweetheart, it makes my heart tremble,
Oh, milli, milli, may the slim-waisted be healthy,
The fair girls from İzmir would sing this song,
the fair girls from İzmir,

Ay, benim tatlı yarım çobanlıkta çürüdü.
Kızdan kıymetli yarım, kızdan kıymetli yarım,

My sweetheart, the dearest girl of all, the dearest.

Ay milli, milli, milli, yaşasın Rumeli, sağ olsun ince belli.
Bu türküyü çıkarılanların Thraka güzelleri, Thraka güzelleri.

The fair girls from Thrace used to sing this song.

Refr. Mor Neşe mor mor Neşe mor,
Atlas kürke fidan boy, fidan boy.

Oh, milli, milli, long live Rumelia, may the slim-waisted be healthy.
The fair girls from Thrace used to sing this song.

Refr. Nese in lilac dress, Nese in lilac dress,
Atlas silk, fur coat on my slender-built love.

Vay benim yeşil şallım dağları dolaşalım,
Ah aramızda düşman çok, tenhada buluşalım,
Gitme yarım o yana gel bu yana, bu yana,

Oh, my green-shawled, let’s roam the mountains.
Alas, there are a lot of strangers among us, let’s meet in a quiet recess,
Don’t you go, sweetheart, that way, you’d better come this way,

Sana mani söylerim, annem darılır bana. Refr.

I tell you mani,31 my mother will get angry with me. Refr.

Şapkayı giydirdene kaşına değirdene,
Ben seni bilemedim kendini bildirsen! Refr.

Put on your cap and pull it over your eyes,
I couldn't recognize you, reveal yourself! Refr.

№ 122. Folk song. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Kara göz Eminem
Oturmuş taş üstüne,
Şapkayı kaş üstüne,
Karagöz Eminem.

My black-eyed Emine
Sat down on a stone,
She pulled her cap over her eyes,
My black-eyed Emine.

Yar elimden su içti,
Demedi baş üstüne,
Karagöz Eminem.

My sweetheart drank water from my hands,
She didn’t even say thanks,
My black-eyed Emine.

31 Mani is a form of Turkish folk music’ (Redhouse 1974: 730).
№ 123. Mani. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Gel benim atı yarım, Come, my mounted sweetheart,
Dilleri tatlı yarım, My sweet-voiced darling,
Karagöz Eminem. My black-eyed Emine.

Çobanlıkta çürüdü Shepherdling ruined her,
Kızdan kıymetli yarım, My sweetheart, the dearest girl of all,
Karagöz Eminem. My black-eyed Emine.

Gitme dedim de gittin, I told you not to set out on unknown roads,
Bilmediğin yollara, You left all the same,
Karagöz Eminem. My black-eyed Emine.

Kar mı yağdırdın yarım, You let the snow fall
Güvendiğin dağlara, On your familiar mountains,
Karagöz Eminem. My black-eyed Emine.

№ 123. Mani. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Al olacak olacak, It will be nice, it will be nice,
Su testime dolacak, My jug will be full of water,
Mani sana olacak. This song will be yours.

№ 124. Mani. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliğaç

Oya örerim, oya, I am crocheting lace,
Oya değil firkete. Oh, it's no lace, but a hairpin.
Ahiretiimle ikimiz, In the netherworld both of us
Gideceğiz bir millete. Will belong to the same nation.

Fesleğen ektim dübekte, I've planted basil in a mortar,
Bir yar sevdim gurbette. I loved a sweetheart who was far away,
Gurbeteye saq olsun, Far as he may be, he should be healthy,
Bir gün gelir elbette. One day he will come home for sure.

№ 125. Hidrellez song. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kilavuzlu

Ak bakırda teleme, Unsalted cheese in a copper pot,
Kara koyun meleme. Do not bleat black lamb.
*Sal yarım koyunları, Drive the sheep, my darling,
Bizim tarla kelemli. Cabbage is growing in our land.

Kaşların karasına, The black of your eyebrows,
Gül koydum arasına. I placed a rose in-between them.
Beni melhem yapsınlar, May I be smeared like a balm,
Yarimin yarasına. On the wound of my sweetheart.
Eştrin kızlar eştrin, 
Gül bahçeye düştürün. 
Dertli olan geliyor, 
Derdini iyileştirin. 
Ah benim ceviz içim, 
Derd olur benim için. 
Her dostlar düşman oldu, 
Seni sardığım için.

Dig, lassies, dig, 
Drop me in a rose garden. 
You should heal the one 
Who comes with a lot of troubles.

Oh, my walnut kernel, 
He caused me trouble, 
All my friends became enemies, 
Because I embraced you.

№ 126. Mani. Cemile Akın (1940 Karaabalar), Ahmetler

Dere geliyor, dere, 
Kumunu sere-sere. 
Al beni götür dere, 
Yarımın oldu yere.

The stream, the brook is coming, 
It is spreading its sand. 
Take me stream to the place 
Where my sweetheart lives!

№ 127. Folk song. Hasan Bulut (1920 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Çık, boyunu göreyim, 
Boynuna fistan alayım.

Come forward, let me see you, 
Let me buy clothes for you!

№ 128. Rain begging song. lullaby. Esma Ekin (1929), Kaşıkçı

Tarlada çamur, 
Teknede hamur, 
Ver, Allahım bol bol yağmur! 
Nenni, kız anam, nenni, 
Uyusun da büyüüsün, nenni, 
Tıps tıps yürsün, nenni, 
Uzak ninesine gidesin, 
Nenni, yavrum, nenni.

Mud in the ploughland, 
Dough in the dough trough, 
Give us, my Allah, plenty of rain! 
Hush, my little girl, hush-a-bye, 
Let her sleep and grow up, 
May she walk toddling, hush-a-bye. 
Let her go to her distant grandmother, 
Hush, my baby, hush-a-bye. 

№ 129. Lullaby. Hafize İşık (1953), Kırklareli

Dandini, dandini, dastana, 
Danalar girmiş bostana, 
Kov bostancı danayı, 
Yemesin lahanayı, e-e.

Dandini,32 dandini in the tale, 
The calves went into the garden, 
Gardener, drive the cow away, 
So she won’t graze the cabbage! e-e.

32 Dandini is an expression used when dandling a baby (Redhouse 1974: 271).
№ 130. Lullaby. Bektashi women, Kilavuzlu

E-e-e, 
Dağlara vardım, dağlar uyur, 
Evimize geldim, yavrum uyur, 
Uyusun, yavrum, ninni, 
Büyüşün, yavrum, ninni, 
Hu, yavrum.

Dandini-dandini, danalı bebek, 
Elleri kolları kınalı böbek, 
Dandini-dandini dastana, 
Danalar girmiş bostana, 
Yavrum gene kakasını poplamış.

№ 131. Lullaby. Lütfiye Kuruoğlu (1952, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Dandini, dandini, dastana, 
Alkım girmiş bostana, 
Kov bostancı Alkımı, 
Yeməsin bostanlərə, 
Nenni, de, nenni, nenni, 
Uyusun yavrum şimdə.

Dandini, dandini, danalı bebek, 
Elleri, kolları kınalı böbek, 
Şimdə benim,oğlum uyuyacak, 
O nenni, e nenni, 
Nenni de, nenni, nennice, 
Uslu uslu, 
Yedirdim oğluma doyuncu, 
E nenni, o nenni.

Dandini, dandini, danalı bebek, 
Elleri, kolları kınalı böbek, 
Şimdə benim,oğlum uyuyacak, 
E-e-e-e nenni.

Dandini, dandini, danalı bebek, 
Elleri, kolları kınalı böbek, 
Dandini, dandini, in the tale, 
Hands and arms henna-painted baby, 
The calves went into the garden, 
My little one has made a mess again.


The informant actualized the lullaby, inserting the name of her first-born grandchild in the place of adequate syllable numbers.
№ 133. Lullaby. Fatma Bulut (1922 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Benim yavruma ninni, 
Uyusun yavrum, ninni, 
Büyüsün kuzum, ninni, 
Hadi benim yavrum uyucak, 
Uyucak da büyücek, 
Tıpış, tipış yürücek. 
Hadi benim tatlı yavrum, ninni, 
Babasına yardımcı kuzum, ninni.

Hush-a-bye, baby, 
Sleep my little, hush-a-bye, 
May my lamb grow up, hush-a-bye, 
Now sleep my little one. 
He falls asleep and grows up, 
He’ll walk toddling, toddling, 
Now my sweet little baby, hush, 
His father’s helping lamb, hush-a-bye.

№ 134. Dirge. Leman Aydın (1937 Gaziantep/Nizep, Sunni), Istanbul

Karşı dağın yılanları 
Gelir dolan dolanı. 
Yetim yavrumun yareleri 
Gördünüz mü bașu dumanlı dağılar?

Şu dağın ardında bir gelin ağlar, 
Ninni, benim yavrum, ninni. 
Şu dağın başında bir kuzu meler, 
Kuzunun feryadi da yavrum çigerim deler, 
Anasız kuzu da ilet, böyle mi meler? 
Refr. Ninni benim yavrum ninni, 
Ninni benim oğlum ninni. 
Karşı dağdan da gelen deve mi olam? 
Devenin boynunda yavrum eller mi olam?

Annasız yavruyu eller döverler mi? Refr. 
Karşığı dağda da zeytin ağacı, 
Dökülmüş yaprağı, 
Kalmış siyacı, 
Evlad acısı da zehirden acı. Refr.

The snakes of the mountain opposite, 
They creep winding, 
Have you seen the wound of my orphan babies, 
Mist-enveloped mountains? 
A bride is crying behind the mountain, 
Hush-a-bye, my baby, hush-a-bye. 
A little lamb's bleating on the top of the mountain, 
The sorrow of the lamb, baby, hurts my soul, 
A motherless lamb’s bleating like this. 
Refr. Hush-a-bye my little one, hush, 
Hush-a-bye, my little son, hush. 
Shall I be the camel coming down the mountain opposite? 
Shall I be an enemy on the back of the camel, 
my little one, 
Will my motherless orphan be beaten? Refr. 
Olive tree on the mountain opposite, 
Its leaves have fallen, 
Its fence has remained there. 
Worrying about a child is more bitter than poison. Refr.
№ 135. Mani. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliağaç

İn dereye, dereye,  Come down to the stream,
İnemediklerine. Where they can’t come down,
Ne olsa söyliyorlar They will say, anyway,
Çekemedikleri, sürmeli yar. What they don’t like, my black-eyed one.

Bahçenin kapısını, The gate of the garden
Bir vuruşta açarım. I open with one kick,
Anneme duyurmuşlar, They’ve told my mother,
Duyursunlar kaçarım, sürmeli yar. Let them tell her, I’ll escape, my black-eyed one.

№ 137. Mani. Fatma Bulut (1922 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Ay nazara, nazara, Alas, harmful look,
Gel, gidelim pazara. Come, let’s go to the market!
Ver, Allah’ım bir bulut da, Give me, my Allah, a cloud,
Yar olan köye düşem. So I can drop into the village of my darling!

№ 141. Mani. Zeynep Sirkeci (1941), Karacakılavuz

Kara kayış belinde, Black belt on her waist,
Örendesi elinde, Her prickly stick in her hand,
İlişmeyin yarime, Do not quarrel with my darling,
Üvey ana elinde. She is in the hands of her stepmother.

Kara tiren geliyor, A black train’s approaching,
Dumanını veriyor, Puffing smoke,
Evde misin be yarım? Are you at home, darling?
Sana bayan geliyor. A woman’s going to see you.
Dere geliyor dere, The stream, the stream’s coming,
Kumani sere sere, Spreading sand,
Al dere, götür beni, Take me, stream,
Yarımın olduğu yere. Where my darling is.

№ 142. Mani. Sabite Toygar (1960 Beyci Kofçaz), Kırklareli

Ayva sarı yapurak, A quince-yellow leaf,
Dünya kara topurak, The world is black soil,
Ben yarime doymadım, I haven’t had enough of my darling,
Doysun kara topurak. Let the soil unite with her!

34 It is a pointed tool to hasten the oxen with. (Verbal communication of Ali Erden.)
Refr. Ayvalı ayvalı,  
Quince-apple, quince-apple,  
Ayva yas oldum yare.  
I became quince-coloured for my darling,  
Ne belahlı başım var,  
How unlucky I am!  
Güzeller aldı yari.  
My darling was seduced by the nice ones.  
Ayunan dilimleri,  
Slices of quince-apple,  
Masanin kilimleri  
The cloth of the table,  
Ne güzel baş bağlıyor, 
How nicely they tie up their hair,  
Beyci köy gelinleri. Refr.  
The brides in the village of Beyci. Refr.

№ 143. Folk song. Mehmet Serez (1929 Selanik, Sunni), Tekirdağ

Aldır, aldır, aldır moru Mukaddes,  
Have, Mukaddes in the lilac dress,  
Eline kına aldır,  
Have henna bought for your hands,  
Al yanakların baldır.  
Your red cheeks are honey.

№ 146. Hidrellez song. Refik Engin (1956 Kılavuzlu), Yeni Bedir

Bahçelerde üç güzel var,  
In the gardens there are three beauties,  
Gezer o dost, gezer o.  
They're walking, my friend, walking,  
Biri gelin, biri güvey,  
One is a bride, the other's the groom,  
Biri kız dost biri kız.  
The third is a maid, my friend, a maid.  
Gelin güvey senin olsun,  
Let the bride and the groom be yours,  
Kız benim dost, kız benim.  
The maid's mine, my friend and the maid's mine.

Refr. Biner ata dayler aşar,  
Refr. He mounts a horse and rides up the mountain,  
Bir efendim var benim.  
I've got such a husband.  
Ağzı ballı başı güllü, 
His words honey-sweet, his head's rosy,  
Kokar o dost, kokar o.  
He is fragrant, fragrant.

Bizim mahallede üç beygir var,  
There are three horses in our street,  
Kişner o dost, kişner o.  
They neigh, my friend, they neigh,  
Biri aygır, biri beygir,  
One's a stud, the other's a draft horse,  
Biri at dost, biri at.  
The third's a horse, my friend, a horse.  
Aygır, beygir senin olsun,  
Let the stud and the draft horse be yours,  
At benim dost, at benim.  
The horse is mine, my friend, the horse is mine.
№ 147. *Hidrellez song*. Fatma Kaçar (1910), Ahmetler

** Bahçelerde üç güzel var,**
**Gezer o dost, gezer o.**
Biri kari, biri gelin,
Biri kiz dost, biri kiz.
Kari, gelin senin olsun,
Kiz benim, dost, kiz benim.

** Bahçelerde üç güzel var,**
**Gezer o dost, gezer o.**
Biri arı, biri petek,
Biri bal dost, biri bal.
Arı, petek senin olsun,
Bal benim, dost, bal benim.

** Bahçelerde üç güzel var,**
**Gezer o dost, gezer o.**

There are three beauties in the garden,
They're walking, my friend, walking,
One's an auntie, the other's a young woman,
The third's a maid, my friend, a maid.
Be the aunt and the young woman yours,
Mine's the maid, my friend, the maid.

There are three beauties in the garden,
They're walking, my friend, walking.
One's a bee, the other's a honeycomb,
The third's honey, my friend, honey.
Let the bee and the honeycomb be yours,
Mine's the honey, my friend, the honey.

In the garden there are three beauties,
They're walking, my friend, walking.
One is a bride, the other's the groom,
The third is a maid, my friend, a maid.
Let the bride and the groom be yours,
The maid's mine, my friend, and the maid's mine.

He mounts a horse and rides up the mountain,
I've got such a husband.
His word's honey-sweet, his head's rosy,
He is fragrant, fragrant.

We've got three saddle animals,
They neigh, my friend, they neigh!
One's a stud, the other's a draft horse,
The third's a horse, my friend, a horse!
Be the stud and the draft horse yours,
The horse's mine, my friend and the horse's mine. *Refr. 2.*

We've got three flowers,
They're blooming, my friend, blooming.
One's a tulip, the other's a hyacinth,
The third's a rose, the third's a rose.
Be the tulip and the hyacinth yours,
The rose's mine, my friend, it's mine. *Refr. 2.*
Bizim ma’lledge üç ateş var,
Yanar o dost yanar o.
Biri yağmur biri duman,
Biri kor dost biri kor.

Yağmur, duman senin olsun,
Kor benim dost kor benim. Refr.

We’ve got three fires,
They burn, my friend, indeed burn!
One’s rain, the other’s smoke,
The third’s glowing embers, the third’s glowing embers,
Rain and smoke should be yours,
The glowing embers are mine, they are mine!
Refr.

№ 149. Hidrellez song. Havva Hari (1945 Devletliağaç), Kırklareli – See № 150

№ 150. Hidrellez song. Fatma Kaçar (1910), Ahmetler

Yağmurlar yağar, efendim her yer yaş olur,
*Şarap içer efendim sarhoş olur.
Ayrıl derler efendim, ayrılamam ben.
İlk sevdamırdı efendim, dayanamam ben.

Yağmurlar yağar, efendim göllere göllere.
Kız gelin olmuş, efendim güzel olmuş.
Ayrıl derler, efendim ayrılamam ben.
Öksüz kaldım efendim, dayanamam ben.

Yağmurlar yağar, efendim karlı buzlu.
Kız gelin olmuş, efendim nazlı, nazlı.
Ayrıl derler efendim, ayrılamam ben.

It’s raining, soaking the soil,
He is my first love, I’d rather die.
It’s raining into the lakes, the lakes,
The girl’s become a bride, a fair one.
My darling’s drinking wine till he gets drunk,
Leave him, they say, but I can’t,
Jilt her, they say, but I can’t leave her,
I am lonely, I would rather die.
Rain’s falling, icy and snowy,
The girl’s become a bride, fastidious and haughty.
Leave her, they say, but I can’t.

№ 151. Folk song. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Yüksek, yüksek tepelere ev kurmasınlar, ev kurmasınlar,
Aşrı aşrı memleket kiz vermesinler, kiz vermesinler,
Uçan kuşlara malum olsun, ben annemi özledim, ben annemi özledim.
Babamın bir atı olsa, binse de gelse, binse de gelse.

Houses should not be built on high mountains, high mountains,
Girls should not be sent to marry in faraway places, in faraway places.
The birds flying high should know I miss my mother, I miss my mother,
I miss my mother, my father and my village, too, I miss my village, too.
If my father had a horse, he would have to mount it and come.
№ 152. Hidrellez song. Cemile Akın (1965 Karaabalar), Ahmetler

Yağmurlar yağar efendim,  It is raining, my lord,
Ev taş üstüne, ev taş üstüne. On houses and stones, on houses and stones,
Ali’m oynar efendim, My Ali’s dancing,
Ev taş üstüne, ev taş üstüne. On houses and stones, on houses and stones.

№ 153. Folk song. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçatağı

Dedem şimdi yorgundur, My papa’s just got tired,
Kalkar oynar birazdan. But he’ll get up and dance,
Kalk(ı) dedem hiy, hiy, My papa’ll get up,
Geldi babam hiy, hiy. My father’s arrived.

bir çörek yaptım yal gibi, I’ve made a pie, it’s become soft,
gel yiyelim bal gibi, Come and eat it, it’s honey-sweet,
karılara haram olsun, Let it harm old women,
Kızlara helal olsun. And do good for girls.

№ 160. Hidrellez song. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçatağı

Şu Hıdrellez geliyor o, Hidrellez’s approaching,
Cuma akşamı geliyor o. Friday evening’s approaching,
Cuma akşamı gelen eller, Strangers will come on Friday evening,
Benim yemenimi alan eller, They will take away my slippers,
Beni sevdaya koyan eller. They will kindle a flame in my heart.

Şu Hıdrellez geliyor, Hidrellez’s approaching,
Cumartesi akşamı geliyor, Saturday evening’s approaching,
Cumartesi akşamı gelen eller Strangers will come on Saturday night,
Benim yemenimi alan eller They will take away my slippers,
Beni sevdaya koyan eller. They will kindle a flame in my heart.
№ 161. *Hidrellez song*. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçatağı

Koca adama verdiler, verdiler.  
Bende diğer hemi nasıl gördüler, gördüler?  

*Refr.* Annem beni güldürmedi, gülmesin, gülmesin.  
Benden başka evlat yüzü görmesin, görmesin.  
Kocadannın üç kızı var, ben gibi, ben gibi.  
En küçücüğü bahçelerde güllü gibi, güllü gibi.  

They married me to and old man, old man,  
How could they think we were matching, matching.  

*Refr.* I couldn't laugh with my mother, she shouldn't laugh either,  
She shouldn't have any more children but me, she shouldn't have.  
The old man has three daughters, they're just like me, like me,  
The youngest is like a rose in the garden, like a rose.  

№ 162. *Hidrellez song*. Hamdiye Ay (1933 Kılavuzlu), Kırklareli

Direllez gelen ellez,  
Benim yemenimi alan ellez.  
Beni sevdaya salan ellez,  
Perşembe akşamı gelen ellez.  

Hidrellez's approaching,  
He who will take away my slippers  
Has kindled the flame of love in me,  
He who will arrive on Thursday night, will take me away.  

№ 164. *Folk song*. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliağaç

Basma taşın üstüne, ıslaniyorum.  
İstediğini al yarım, istemiyorum.  
İn dereye, dereye, inemediğim yerler var,  
Inemediğim yerler var.  
Yar bizim ikimizi,  
Çekemeyenler de var.  
Basma taşın üstüne, istemiyorum.  
Bana bakma be yarım kıskanıyorum.  

Don't step on the stone, I'll become wet,  
I don't want, my darling, that you take away what you want.  
Descend to the stream, where I can't go down,  
There are places where I can't descend either,  
My darling, there are people who can't suffer us.  
Don't step on the stone, I don't want it.  
Don't look at me, darling, I'm jealous of you.  

№ 165. *Folk song*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

*Refr.* Versinler, versinler, oy,  
Sevenleri sevgiğine versinler.  
Kapı sıktı elimi,  
Felek büktü belimi.  
Kime teşlim edeyim,  
Kara gözülü yarımı.  
Indim dere beklerim,  
Vay, benim emeklerim.  
Altı aydır beklerim,  
Çürüdü kemiklerim.  

Refr. Lovers should be married,  
They should be married, married.  
My hand got stuck.  
I've been tortured by fate,  
To whom can I leave  
My black-eyed darling?  
I went down to the stream, I'm waiting,  
Alas, how much I bother,  
I've been waiting for six months,  
My bones are aching.
№ 166. Wedding song, Esma Ekin (1929), Kaşıkçı

Vuralım mı kınasını? Shall we smear her henna on?
Varın sorun anasına. Go and ask her mother!
Varın sorun kınasını, Go and ask if we should smear her henna on
Vuralım mı anasına? her mother?

№ 169. Folk song. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Ahmetlerdir köyümüz, Ahmetler is our village,
Şeker gibi soyumuz, Our relations are sweet as honey,
Sevip, sevip ayrılmak, Love and part,
Yoktur öyle huyumuz, This is not our custom.
Gitti yar uzaklara, gitti gelemez, My darling has left, he won't return,
Benden başka seven yar kimse sevemez. No one will ever love him but me.

№ 170. Folk song. Mehmet Serez (1929 Selanik, Sunni), Tekirdağ

Dut fidani boyunca, vay, vay, From the mulberry branch, hey,
Dut yemedim doyunca, vay, vay. I couldn't eat enough mulberry, hey,
Ağzın, dilin kurusun, vay, vay, Your mouth and tongue should go dry, hey,
Yar demedim doyunca, vay, vay. I couldn't call you my sweetheart often enough!
Bahçelerde börülce vay, vay, Black beans in the gardens, hey,
Oynar gelin, görümce vay, vay35. The bride, the sister-in-law are dancing, hey,
Oynasınlar bakayım, vay, vay, Let them dance, let me see them,
Ağabeysini alınca, vay, vay. We will take her brother away, hey.

№ 171. Folk song. Seviye Gerenli (1940, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Adana'nın yolları taşlık, The roads of Adana are stony,
Yok cebimde beş kuruş harçlık. I haven't got five kurush in my pocket,
Elden gitti kahpe de gençlik, My deceitful youth is over.
Aman Adana'lı canım Adana'lı, Alas, my lovely one from Adana,
Ben seni seviyorum güzel delikanlı. Handsome lad, I love you.

35 The first two lines of this mani are followed by others elsewhere, there are several known variants of it (Nuş 1996: 44).
№ 172. Folk song. Halil Atakan (1928 İștip-Çetaşka Macedonia), Kırklareli

Kahve olsam, dolaplarda kavrulalım, aman, aman,
Toz duman olsam dağ başında savrulalım, aman, aman.*
Ah, ipek olsam, yar boyununa sarılsam, aman, aman,
Karşı dağda ben bir parça kar idim, aman, aman.
Ah, damla damla yar derdinden eridi, aman, aman,
Ah, eski yarin sevgili ben idi, aman, aman.

I'd be coffee, roasting in grinders, oh,
I would be a dust cloud, scattering on the mountain top, oh,
I'd be silk, falling on my darling's shoulders, oh,
I was a patch of snow on the mountain opposite, oh,
Oh, my love melted me drop by drop, alas, oh!
Oh, I was the sweetheart of my old love, hey, oh.

№ 173. Folk song. Elif Aktaş (1961 Kırklareli), Yeni Bedir

Mani maniler için,
Bu mani senin için.
Başka mani bilmiyorum,
Bu da hatırlım için.
Refr. Evreşe yolları dar, dar,
Bana bakma benim yarımda var.
Elime elektrik,
Karanlıkta çakarsın.
Benim olmadığımda yerde
Ahretine bakarsın. Refr.

Song for the singing,
This song is for you,
This is the only song I know,
This is to remind you.
Refr. The roads of Evrese are narrow,
Don't look at me, I've got a lover!
I've got a lamp in my hand,
You light it in the dark,
Where you can't find me,
It is the other world beyond the grave. Refr.

№ 174. Folk song. Kerime Keski (1938 Haskova, Bulgaria), Çavuşköy

Yuvası da kamışlar,
Kamış vıdamışlar,
Düğün gelir, yarımi
Oduna yollamışlar.
Refr. Evreşe yolları dar, dar,
Bana bakma, benim yarımda var.
Gittin gittin durdun mu?
Yokuşta yoruldu mu?
Benim iki sözümü
Annene duyurdun mu? Refr.

Her nest's being thatched,
Wrapped in reeds.
The bridal procession's coming,
My sweetheart's been sent for wood.
Refr. The roads of Evrese are narrow,
Don't look at me, I've got a lover!
You kept walking, did you stop?
Did you get tired uphill?
Did you tell your mother about my two promises? Refr.

36 A southern town in Thrace.
№ 175. Folk song. Hatice Gülşen (1949, Sunni), Karacakılavuz

Bir fırın yaptım,
Doldurdum ekmekleri.
Gel, beraber yiyanm,
Bakırım köpekleri.

Evreşe yolları dar, dar,
Bana bakma, benim yarım var.

I had a new oven built,
I filled it with bread.
Come and let's eat it together,
I'll take care of the dogs.
The roads of Evrese are narrow,
Don't look at me, I've got a lover!

№ 176. Wedding song. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kilavuzu

Oyna gelin, söyle kızım
Oynasın kalk bakalım
Bir araya gelince
Şit mori yarelelli, yar, yın, yınıno.

Bahçelerde kalmışım,
Kapına dayanmışım.
İster al, ister alma,
Alına yazılmışım.

Entaresi ak gibi,
Gelir geçer ok gibi.
Hiç bu yana bakmıyor
Sevgilisi yok gibi,
Şit mori yarelelli yar, nin, non.

Get up bride, tell me daughter
Let them dance, let's see
If they come together,
Sit mori yarelelli, yar, yın, yınıno ....

Marry me or not,
I am written in the book of your fate,
Sit moru...

Her dress is snow-white,
She walks past straight as an arrow,
Never looking at us,
As if she had no lover [here],
Sit moru...

№ 178. Folk song. Sabite Toygar (1960 Beyci Koççaç), Kirklareli

İn derenin içine, Kanaryom,
Yem verelim keçine, hoy, hoy,
Yem verelim keçine.

Altın yaptır, üç yaptır, Kanaryom,
Küpeleri çift yaptır, hoy, hoy,
Küpeleri çift yaptır.

İste babam vermezse, Kanaryom,
Küpeleri çift yaptır, hoy, hoy,
Küpeleri çift yaptır.

Descend to the stream, my canary,
Let's feed your goat, hey, hey,
Let's feed your goat.
Get three made of gold, my canary,
Have pairs of earrings made, hey, hey,
Pairs of earrings.
If my father did not let me marry you, my canary,
Get a pair of earrings made, hey, hey,
Get a pair of earrings made.

37 Unintelligible part of text 'dilioyloy, rina rina', it was also collected and recorded in other parts of Thrace (Artun 1978: 212, Nuş 1996: 44).
Hoplayabilir misin Kanaryom,
Can you leap, my canary,
Ziplayabilir misin?
Can you hop?
İki sene askerlik, Kanaryom,
Two years in the army, my canary,
Dayanabilir misin?
Can you wait that long?
Uzundere boyunda, Kanaryom,
Along Uzundere, my canary,
Çanlar öter koyunda, hoy-hoy,
Bells ring on the sheep, hey, hey,
çanlar öter koyunda.
Bells ring on the sheep.
Köyümüz güzel ama, Kanaryom,
Our village's beautiful, my canary,
ila hudut boyunda.
It's close to the fields.

№ 179. Folk song. Fatma Kaçar (1910), Ahmetler

Refr. A mer kuzum, mer kuzum,
Refr. My baa-lamb, my little lambkin,
Kara gözlüm, mer kuzum.
My black-eyed little lambkin!
Çık boyunu göreyim,
Show yourself,
Boyuna gömlek alayım. Refr.
I'll buy a shirt for you. Refr.
Ne boyunu gösterim,
I won't show my stature,
Ne gömleğini isterim. Refr.
I don't want your shirt either. Refr.
Çık boyunu göreyim,
Show yourself,
Boyuna elbise alayım. Refr.
I'll buy a dress for you. Refr.
Ne boyunu gösterim,
I won't show my stature,
Ne elbiseni isterim. Refr.
I don't want your shirt either. Refr.
Çık boyunu göreyim,
Come forward, let me see you,
Boyuna övler alayım. Refr.
I'll buy a house for you. Refr.
Ne boyunu gösterim,
I won't show my stature,
Ne evini isterim. Refr.
I don't want your house either. Refr.

№ 180. Folk song. Şerife Aktaş (1941 Ahmetler), Yeni Bedir

Refr. Hay, mer kuzum, mer kuzum,
Refr. My baa-lamb, my little lambkin,
Kara gözlüm, mer kuzum.
My black-eyed little lambkin.
Göster boyunu bana,
Come and show yourself,
Fistan alayım sana. Refr.
I'll buy clothes for you. Refr.
Ne boyunu gösterim,
I won't show myself,
Ne fistani isterim,
I don't want your clothes either,
Ben ağabeyime söylerim,
I'll tell my brother,
Ben o kizi isterim. Refr.
I want that girl. Refr.
Göster ayağını bana,
Come and show your feet,
Patik alayım sana,
I'll buy shoes for them!
Ne ayağını gösterim,
I won't show my feet,
Ne patığıni isterim.
I don't want your shoes.
Ben ağabeyime söylerim,
I'll tell my brother,
Ben o kizi isterim. Refr.
I want that girl. Refr.
№ 181. Folk song. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Refr. Ay, mer kuzum, mer kuzum, Kara gözüm, mer kuzum. *
Çık boyunu göreyim, Boyuna fistan alayım. Refr.
Ne boyunu gösterim, Ne fistanı isterim.
Ben ağabeyime söylerim Ben o kızı isterim. Refr.
Çık boyunu göreyim, Boyuna altın alayım.
Ne altının istерim, Ne boyunu gösterim.
Ben ağabeyime söylerim, Ben o kızı da istерim. Refr.
Çık boyunu göreyim, Ayagnı ayakkabı alayım.
Ne ayakkabını istерim, Ne boyunu gösterim.
Ben ağabeyime söylerim, Ben o kızı istерim. Refr.
Çık boyunu göreyim, Başına tülbent alayım.
Ne başını gösterim, Ne tülbeni istерim. Refr.

№ 182. Folk song. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

...koydum tasa, Doldurdum basa basa, Refr. Aydn odalar, odalar, odalar, Yaşasın delikanlılar.
I’ve put … in the pan, I’ve filled it up, I’ve shut the gate on my hand, My black-eyed sweetheart? Refr.
№ 183. **Bulgarian Folk song.** Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı, Bulgaria), Devletliağaç

Oy koladı, oy koladı

№ 184. **Hidrellez song.** Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı/ Bulgaria), Devletliağaç

İşte geldim kapınıza, Selam verdim hepinize. Selamımı aldınız mı? Komşulara saldınız mı?

I've come here to your gate, Greetings to you all. Have you received my greeting? Have you forwarded it to your neighbours?

№ 186. **Folk song.** Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliağaç

Bir evler yaptırdım be Ramizem, Saraya karşı aman aman, Saraya karşı. İçinde oturmadım Ramizem, Aleme karşı aman aman, Aleme karşı.

I had houses built, my Ramize, Opposite the palace, alas, oh. Opposite the palace. I couldn't live in them, my Ramize. The world didn't let me, alas, oh. The world didn't let me.

№ 188. **Mani.** Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçataığı), Kilavuzlu

Mısır kazarım, mısır, Oturdum arasına, Yar sigara içiyor, Söyleyin bobasına. *

Refr. O tepeden bu tepeye keçi geçer mi? 

Aklı başında olan içki içer mi? 

Askeriye cem sesi, Taşa gidiyor taşa, Kara gözlü sevgiğim, Maça gidiyor maça. *

Refr. *

İstanbul’a giderken, Sol tarafı kaldırm, Benden başka seversen, Vursun seni yıldırım. *

Refr. *

Mendilibi uçurdum, Kavak yapraklarına, Ben yarımı düşürдум, Sevda yataklarına. *

Refr. *
№ 191. Dirge. Esma Ekin (1929), Kaşıkçı

İstanbul’a giderken, On the way to Istanbul
Sıra sıra direkler, Poles are standing in line,
Beni eller alıyor, Strangers will get lost,
Gidersen uğurlar olsun, If you go away I wish you luck,
Deryalar yolun olsun, May you cross the sea hereafter,
Benden başka seversen, If you love someone else

Camırdan perde yok, There’s no curtain hanging on the window,
Olsa bile incecek. Or if there is, it’s a thin one,
Ver anne sevdigime, Mother, marry me to my lover,
Öleceğim gencecek. Refr. I will die young. Refr.

№ 194. Folk song. Şehri Ünal (1950 Ahlalı), Ahmetler

Sekiz pınarın suyu bitti, Eight springs have run dry,
Dokuz aradan odun gitti. From nine mews the firewood’s gone,
Kaz kaldırmış kafasını, The goose has raised its head,
Yiyemedim, uçtu gitti. It had flown off before I could eat it.
№ 196. **Folk song**. Sevdiye Yılmaz (1932 Tekirdağ), Kılavuzlu

Eminem de giymiş şalvarı,
Sıra beyaz kolları.
*Refr.* Yandım Eminem, ben yandım,
Seni alacak sandım.
Kara kara kazanlar,
Kara yazı yazanlar.
Cennet yüzü görmesin,
*Refr.*
Bir pusulaya alandım.
Karakolda aynalar,
Kız kolunda damgalar,
Gözlerinden bellidir.
*Refr.*

My Emine has put on a shalvar,
Her arms are white.
I got infatuated, my Emine, infatuated,
I thought I'd marry you.
Black, black cauldrons,
Foretelling a black fate,
Those who have torn us from each other
Should never see Paradise *Refr.*
I fell into a little trap.
Policemen at the police station,
The girl's arm is branded,
It can be seen in your eyes,
You are passionately in love. *Refr.*

№ 197. **Folk song**. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçatağı

Dedem şimdi yorgundur,
Kalkar, oynar birazdan.
Kalk dedem hiy, hiy
Geldi babam hiy, hiy.

*Refr.*

My grandfather's tired now,
Soon he'll get up and dance,
Get up, grandfather, hey, hey,
My Father has arrived, hey, hey.

№ 198. **Hidrellez song**. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçatağı – See № 199

№ 199. **Folk song**. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Üşüdüm, üşüdüm,
Ah, benim canım, üşüdüm.
Kürkünü giy, kürkünü giy,
Ah, benim canım, kürkünü giy.
Kürküm yok, kürküm yok,
Ah, benim canım, kürküm yok.
Alsana alsana,
Ah benim canım, alsana!
Param yok, param yok,
Ah benim canım, param yok.
Çalsana çalsana,
Ah benim canım çalsana!
Duyarlar duyarlar,
Ah benim canım duyarlar.
Kim duyar kim duyar,
Ah benim canım kim duyar?

I'm cold, I'm cold,
Oh, my dearest, I'm cold,
Put on the furcoat, put on the furcoat,
Alas, my dearest, put on the furcoat.
I haven't a furcoat, I haven't a furcoat,
Alas, my dearest, I haven't any furcoats,
Then go and buy one, buy one,
Alas, my dearest, then buy one!
I haven't any money, I haven't any money,
Alas, my dearest, I haven't any money.
Then steal some, steal some,
Alas, my dearest, then steal some!
They'll hear it, they'll hear it,
Alas, my dearest, they'll hear it.
Who will hear it, who will hear it?
Alas, my dearest, who will hear it?
№ 201. Bride’s farewell. Hatice Çetin (1952 Deli Orman, Bulgaria), Musulça

Polisler polisler,
Ah benim canım polisler.
Ne’aparlar, ne’aparlar,
Ah benim canım ne’aparlar?
Asarlar, asarlar,
Ah, benim canım asarlar.

Policemen, policemen,
Alas, my dearest, the policemen.
What will they do, what will they do,
Alas, my dear, what will they do?
They’ll hang me up, they’ll hang me,
Alas, my dearest, they’ll hang me up.

№ 202. Mani. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı, Bulgaria), Devletliağaç

Çocuk anası, naz anası,
İki elinde mum yanasi,
Kızanasi, garip anası,
*Çocuk anası, yiğit anası,
İki elinde mum yanasi.*

Mother of a child, delicate mother,
With burning candles in her hands,
Mother of a daughter, sad mother,
Mother of a child, mother of a hero,
Candles are burning in her hands.

№ 204. Folk song. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Gelinim elbise alayım,
Gelinim sana vereyim,
Gelinim gel barışalım!
Cadiş evler de alsan,
Cadi bana da versen,
Cadi kustüm barışman.
Gelinim damat alayım,
Gelinim sana vereyim!

Daughter-in-law, let me buy a dress,
Daughter-in-law, let me give it to you.
Daughter-in-law, come on, let’s make friends again!
Gammer, should you buy houses,
Gammer, should you give one to me,
Gammer, I’m angry with you and won’t make peace.
Daughter-in-law, let me buy a bridegroom,
Daughter-in-law, let me give him to you!
№ 205. Folk song. Sevim Yozcu (1956 Tekirdağ, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

[Dere geliyor, dere] [The stream's coming]
Kumunu sere sere yarelllli [Spreading its sand, yarelllli,
Al beni götür dere, yarele yarele, Take me stream, yarele yarele,
Yarın olduğunu yere, yarelllli. Where my sweetheart is, yarelllli,
Refr. Amanın aman aman, Refr. Alas, alas,
Zamanın zaman, zaman The time of times,
Bizim düşünün ne zaman, yarelllli. When will our wedding be Yarelllli?

Alma tane bir iki, yarele, yarele, A few apples, yarele yarele,
Sayın baki oniki, yarelllli. Just count them, there are twelve yarelllli,
Onikinin içinde, yarelllli, yarelel, yalelel, Among twelve, yarelllli,
En güzeli benimki yarellllim. Refr. The nicest is mine. Refr.

Ben armudu dışledim, yarelllli, yarelel, I bit into the pear, yarelellli,
Sapını gümüşledim yarellllim. Covered its stem with silver my yarelllli,
Sevdigimin ismini yarelllli, yarelel I sewed the name of my sweetheart

Armut daldan düşer mi yarelllli, yarelel Will the pear fall off the branch yarelllli?
Karıncalar üşer mi yarellllim. Will the ants feel cold my yarellll?
Sen orada ben burada yarelllli, yarelel You're there, I am here, yarelllli,

№ 210. Folk song. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

[Dere boyu saz olur] [Sedge's growing on the streamside,
Gül açılır, yaz olur, oy, The rose is blooming, summer's here, oh,
Ben güllüme güll demem, Eminem, I don't call my rose a rose, my Emine,
Gülün ömrü az olur, oy. The life of the rose is short, oh.

Vay bana, yavalar sana, Eminem, Damn me and damn you, my Emine,
Gül oldu aylar sana, Hüy. Your months became roses,
Süpürgesi yoncadan Emine'm The sweep of my Emine is from clover.

№ 211. Wedding song. Bektashi women congregation, Kılavuzlu

 Çağırın kızın yengesini, Call the girl's sister-in-law,
Vursun eline al kınasını, To smear red henna on her hand,
Ağlatmayın onun annesini. Don't make her mother cry!
Refr. Anne ben bu gice misafirim, Refr. Mother, I'm a guest tonight,
Nine ben bu gice turacığım. Auntie, I'm asking for lodging tonight.
№ 212. Wedding song, Şehriban Bulut (1922 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Su bakırları susuz kaldı,
Yüksek evler ıssız kaldı,
Kızannesi kızsız kaldı. Refr.

Kaynama olan altın takar,
Güvey olan yolları bakar. Refr.

Annem annem canım annem,
Sütünü emdim kane kane,
Helal eyle canım annem. Refr.

Atladı gitti eşiği,
Sofrada kaldı kaşığı. Refr.

Çağırın kızın yengesini,
Y aksın eline al kınasını. Refr.

Anne ben bu gice misafirim,
Auntie, I'm asking for lodging tonight.

Atladı gitti eşiği,
Sofrada kaldı kaşığı. Refr.

Kızım sana al yaraşır,
Purple and red go well together.

Gelin alıcıya yol yaraşır. Refr.

№ 212. Wedding song, Şehriban Bulut (1922 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu 40

Çağırın kızın yengesini,
Y aksın eline al kınasını. Refr.

Atladı gitti eşiği,
Sofrada kaldı kaşığı. Refr.

Kızım sana al yaraşır,
Purple and red go well together.

Gelin alıcıya yol yaraşır. Refr.

№ 215. Mani. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Kaşların karasına,
The black of your eyebrows,

Gül koydum arasına,
I placed a rose between them,

Benim meylem dediler,
My love's a balm

Sinenin yarasına.
For your heart's wound.

Ah, benim acı yarım,
Oh, my sorrowful sweetheart,

Başımın tacı yarım,
My crown, my sweetheart,

Eller bana acımaz,
Strangers don't take pity on me,

Sen ol da acı yarım.
You should take pity on me, darling.

In another mani these two lines go on the following way: Mahallenin yaksğı, Gel ayrılıp gitmeyelim (Nuş 1996: 33).

This mani is also known in a lot of variants, for instance see № 211.
№ 218. Folk song. Kerime Keski (1938 Haskova Bulgaria), Çavuşköy
humming – without text

№ 220. Folk song. Şerife Aktaş (1941 Ahmetler), Yeni Bedir

Gök yüzünün gök buludu, The heavenly cloud of the sky,
Emdi deryayı büřdü. Absorbed the ocean and shrouded it,
Yar saran kollar çürüdü. The arms embracing the beloved slackened,
Refr. Oyna püskül döne, döne, Refr. Keep dancing, fringy one, whirling,
Ben kül oldum yana, yana. I burned to ashes, I petered out.
Mendili var işlemeli, She's got an embroidered handkerchief,
Eski yari boşamalsı, She's got to part with her old lover,
Yenisine başlamalı. Refr. And has to find a new one. Refr.
Püskülünün bir dali sarı, Some of my fringes are yellow,
Ben çekemem ah iyle boisari, I can't stand sighing,

№ 221. Wedding song. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Varın sorun anasına, Go to her mother and ask her,
İzin versin kınasına, To allow us to paint her with henna,
Ben veremem, ben kıyamam, I don't allow it, I couldn't bear it,
Kız evladım bir tanedir. She is my only daughter.

Varın sorun babasına, Go to her father and ask him,
İzin versin kınasına. To allow us to paint her with henna,
Ben veremem, ben kıyamam, I don't allow it, I couldn't bear it,
Kız evladım bir tanedir. She is my only daughter.

Varın sorun ağabeyesine, Go to her brother and ask him,
İzin versin kınasına, To allow us to paint her with henna,
Ben veremem, ben kıyamam, I don't allow it, I couldn't stand it,
Kız kardeşim bir tanedir. She is my only sister.

Varın sorun yengesine, Go to her aunt and ask her,
İzin versin kınasına. To allow us to paint her with henna,
Ben veririm ben kıyarım, I allow it, I don't feel pity,
Annem babam kıydı bana. My mother and father weren't sorry for me either.
№ 228. Folk song. Ayşe Demir (1934), Zeynep Sirkeci (1941, Sunni), Karacakılavuz

Meşeli dağlar, meşeli, meşeli,  
Dibinde halılar döşeli.  
Kül oldum ben bu derde düşeli,  
Al beni esmer güzeli,  
Yarımle kol kola gezelim.

Oak forests in mountains, oak woods,  
Laid out carpets under them.  
Love has withered me,  
Marry me, my black beauty,  
Let me walk arm in arm with my darling.

№ 229. Folk song. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Kül oldum, ben bu aşka düşeli,  
Al beni esmer güzelim,  
Yarım ile kol kola gezelim.

Love has withered me,  
Marry me, my black beauty,  
So I can walk arm in arm with my darling.

№ 230. Mani. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Ayva sarısı, yarım,  
Limon yarısı, yarım,  
Refr. Nena, nenenam, limon yarısı, yarım.

The yellow of quince, my sweetheart,  
Half a lemon, my sweetheart,  
Refr. Nena, nena, half a lemon, my sweetheart.

Al giydim, alsın diye,  
Mor giydim, sarsın diye. Refr.

I dressed in red for him to marry me,  
I dressed in purple for him to embrace me.  
Refr.

Kimselere varmadım  
Sevgilime alsın diye.

I didn't marry anyone,  
So that my sweetheart would marry me!

№ 234. Mani. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

İncecik eleklerden  
Undan mı eliyorsun?  
Dalgacı hal içinde  
Gönlümü eğliyorsun.  
Alaydan ayrıralım,  
Yaylada sarılam,  
Yar ikimiz de bir boy,  
Yar nasıl ayrıralım?

Are you sifting  
Flour in a sieve?  
When you are quarrelsome,  
You're playing with my feelings.  
Let's leave the crowds behind,  
Let's make love on a summer pasture,  
We are both alike,  
My darling, how could we part?

Alay geliyor, alay,  
Çıktım alaya baktım,  
Yarden gelen mektubu,  
Okudum/okumadan hemen yaktım.  

Here comes the procession, the bridal procession,  
I went out to see it.  
I’ve read the letter/burnt the letter unread  
That I received from my sweetheart.

№ 238. *Folk song*. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Şemsiyemin ucu kara,  
Sen açtın (da) gönlüme yara,  
Bulamadım derdime çare,  
Söyle yarım kimdir dostun.  

The edge of my umbrella is black,  
You’ve hurt my heart,  
I found no cure for my trouble,  
Tell me, sweetheart, who’s your friend?

№ 239. *Folk song*. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Varın söyleyin boyacıya,  
Allar boyasın amman boyamasın.  

Go and tell the painter,  
To paint it red, alas, not to paint it.

№ 245. *Folk song*. Mehmet Serez (1929 Selanik, Sunni), Tekirdağ

Bahçelerde eğrelti,  
Oynarlar iki elti.  
İkisi de bir boyda,  
Bilinmiyor kıymeti.  
Refr. Şist moru yereleli, yenene neydenom,  
Yar yine yenene, yenene neydenom.  

There’s fern in the gardens,  
There’re two sisters-in-law dancing,  
They are the same height,  
They are invaluable.  
Refr. *Sist moru yereleli, yenene neydenom*,  
My sweetheart again yenene neydenom.
№ 250. Mani. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Mendili, diline, A handkerchief, a kerchief,  
Mendil verdim eline. I handed her a kerchief,  
Kara kına yöllamış My lover’s sent me  
Yar benim ellerime. Black henna for my hand.

№ 265. Mani. Cemile Akın (1940 Karaabalar), Ahmetler

[… kurusam] seni, I will dry you,  
Suda çürütmem seni, I won't soak you in water,  
Senelerce görmezsem, Even if I couldn't see you for ages,  
Gene unutmam seni. I'd never forget you.  
Dere geliyor, dere, Here comes the stream, the stream,  
Kumunu sere-sere, Spreading its sand,  
Al beni, götür dere, Catch me and take me, stream,  
Yarımın olduğu yere. To where my sweetheart is.

№ 266. Folk song. Veli Yılmaz (1928 Tekirdağ), Kılavuzlu

Bayram geldi aman, aman, garibem, The feast has arrived, oh, I’m unlucky,  
Kan doldu yüreğime, aman, aman, garibem, My heart’s full of sorrow, oh, I’m unlucky,  
Yaralarım sızyor, aman, aman, garibem, My wounds ache, oh, I’m unlucky,  
Doktor benim neyime, aman, aman, garibem. What's wrong with me, doctor, oh, I’m unlucky.  
Geceler ağrım oldu, aman, aman, garibem. My pain started at night, oh, I’m unlucky,  
Ağlama karım oldu, aman, aman, garibem. I cry day and night, oh, I’m unlucky.

№ 268. Folk song. Esma Ekin (1929), Kaşıkçı

Evlere’nin önü bağlı, A garden in front of the houses,  
Ben isterim burda kırmalı yağlı, I could do with a fine corn cake,  
Kırmaşıylan mayıl olduğum, I enjoyed the corn cake indeed,  
Kırmasızlan ayrı oldum. But I didn’t like the cake without corn.  
Ben çalarım alacaklar, I make music, but they take me away  
Kolum bağlı, yanacaklar. My hands are tied, they’re burning,  
Aldım bahşişimi gidiyom, I take my money due to me and leave,  
Sizde kalani salıcaklar. Scatter the rest that remains with you.  
Kara koyun kuzuludur, The black sheep has a lamb,  
Boynuzları yazılıdır, Its horns are flat,  
Çok bekleme aile sahibi, Don’t keep me waiting, master,  
Ayacıklarım sızıldı. My little legs are aching.
430 Thracian Song Texts

Edirne'nin camileri,
Doksan dokuz penceresi,
Kalkın uykudan uyanın,
Yandi pilav tenceresi.
The ninety-nine windows
Of the mosques in Edirne,
Get up, wake up,
The pilaf's got burnt.

№ 269. Folk song. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Mavi yazma bağlama,
Elmalı olanda gel, anam,
Başçeyi dolan da gel,
İyi günde gelmedin, anam,
Bari can verende gel.
Don't tie a blue kerchief on your head,
Come in your apple-patterned kerchief, mother,
Take a walk in the garden, then come here,
You didn't come to my nice day, mother,
Come to my death.

№ 272. Lullaby. Hamdiye Ay (1933 Kılavuzlu), Kırklareli

Uyusun da büyüüsün, nenni,
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho nenni,
Benim yavrum uyuçak,
Uyuçak da büyücek,
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, nenni.
Sleep and grow up, hush-a-bye,
Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho, hush-a-bye,
My baby's going to sleep,
He'll sleep and grow up,
Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho, hush-a-bye.

Nenni de sözümüz yaraşır,
Uykuları dolaşır,
Nenni, de yavrum, nenni.
Hush-a-bye, my word fits here,
His dreams embrace everything,
Hush-a-bye, my baby, hush.

Uyuçak da büyüyecok şimdi,
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho ağlar,
Uyur gezer o ağlar,
Uyusun da büyüüsün, Maşallah.
Now he falls asleep and grows up,
He sleeps, walks and cries,
Let him sleep and grow up, what a miracle of
God he is!

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho desem,
Duğlara gel dolaş desem,
Haydi, nenni, yavrum, nenni,
Uyusun, da büyüüsün şimdi.
Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho, I tell you,
Come and roam the mountains,
Now, hush-a-bye, my baby, sleep,
Now sleep and grow up!
№ 282. Folk song. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Pek küçücükértim bir adama verdiler, verdiler,
Hem verdiler, hem münasib gördüler, gördüler.

I was married to a man when I was very young,
I was married to him – I was regarded as the right spouse for him.

Kocada veriyim da n'apayım, n'apayım,
Aksam sabah çorbacığını yapayım, yapayım.

I marry the old man, but what shall I do with him?
Shall I cook his soup all mornings and evenings?

Pek küçücükértim kocada veriyim verdiler, verdiler,
Hem verdiler hem münasip gördüler, gördüler.

I was married to an old man when I was very young.
I was married to him – I was regarded as the right spouse for him.

Ah kocada variyim da n'apayım,
Delikanlı değil sarılayım yatayım, yatayım.

Refr. My mother didn't let me laugh,
She shouldn't see the face of a child other than me.

Kocada variyından n'apayım, n'apayım?
Delikanlı değil sarılayım yatayım, yatayım.

I marry the old man, but what shall I do to him?
He's not a lad whom I could embrace and go to bed with.

Kocadının karyolada yatışı yatışı,
Seksen yaşında mandaya benzer bakışı, bakışı.

Refr. The old man is lying idly in the bed,
His glances are like those of an eighty-years-old water buffalo. Refr.

Kocadın üç kızı var ben gibi, ben gibi,
En küçüğü bahçelerde Gül gibi, Gül gibi. Refr.

The three daughters of the old man are like me,
The youngest is like the rose of the garden. Refr.

№ 283. Folk song. Bektashi women, Kılavuzlu

Ali çocuk su doldurur dereden, dereden,
Yüzüne bakılmıyor yareden, yareden.

Ali, the child's taking water from the stream.
His face can't be seen from the wounds,

Göster bize evinizin yolu nerdeden, nerede.
Show me the way leading to your house!

Doğruldu[ğ]mda dal boyuna sırdım, sırdım,
Hiç bilemedim halim iken ayrıldım, ayrıldım.

As I stood up I embraced his cedar body,
I didn't realize how we parted with each other,

Dili bülbül saçı sümüb Ali‘min bahçelerde gül fidanı șerefi.
How I parted with my nightingale-voiced,
Hyacinth-haired Ali, the pride and rose branch of gardens.
**№ 284. Wedding song.** Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Çağırın kızın yengesini, Ask the girl’s sister-in-law
Vursun eline al kınasını. To paint her hands red with henna!

 Ağlatmayın annesini, Don’t make her mother cry,
Anne ben bu gece misafirim, Mother, I am a guest tonight,41
Baba ben bu gece misafirim. Father, I am a guest tonight.

**№ 287. Hidrellez song.** Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçatağı

Kartalım, kartalım, My eagle, eagle,
Nerelerde yatalım, Where shall we sleep,
Bir eski de kürküm var, I’ve got an old fur coat,
Sarılılım, yatalım. Let’s lie down embracing,
Geldi babam Hü, Hü, My father has arrived,
Reis babam Hü, Hü. My father, the commander.

Bir çörek yaptım yal gibi, I’ve made sticky pastry,
Gelin, yiyelim bal gibi. Come on, let’s eat it quickly,
Karılara haram olsun, Let it harm old women,
Kızlara helal olsun. But do good to maidens.

**№ 288. Mani.** Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliağaç

Bir çörek yaptım yal gibi, I’ve baked an awful pie,
Gelin, yiyelim bal gibi. Come on, let’s eat it quickly,
Kızlara helal olsun Let it do good to maidens,
Çocuklara haram olsun. Let it harm children.

**№ 290. Folk song.** Havva Hari (1945 Devletliağaç), Kırklareli

Haktan dilek dilediğim, I asked God to give me what I desired,
Göğüsten gine doladığım. I had carried it in my bosom.

*Refr.* Mevlam bu taşa can versin. *Refr.* May God give life to this stone,
Mevlam bu taşa bir can versin, May God give life to this stone,
Tarlalarda olur bakla, There are beans in the fields,
Anneler çekişor zahmet, Mothers are working hard,

---

41 She is going to be taken away as a bride, her life comes to an end, there is no way back. They indicate that there is no free travelling after marriage.
№ 291. *Folk song*. Emine Engin (1955), Devletliağaç

**Aktaş dedim bileydim,**  
I called it a white stone,  
**Haktan dilek dilediğim,**  
I asked God for it,  
**Tülbendime bağladığım,**  
I wrapped it in my kerchief,  
**Mevlâm bu taşa can versin!**  
May God give life to this stone!

№ 292. *Folk song*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

**Annem ağlar için, için,**  
My mother's crying bitterly,  
**Babam ağlar bilmem niçin,**  
My father's crying, I don't know why,  
**Ağla, anne, ağla, baba,**  
Cry, mother, cry, father,  
**Şu benim genç yaşam için!**  
For my young age!  
**Portakali soyadım,**  
I couldn't peel the orange,  
**Başucuma koyadım,**  
I couldn't put it near my head,  
**Ben bu dertten kurtulup ta,**  
I couldn't get rid of this trouble,  
** Genç yaşamı doyadım.**  
I never really lived my youth.

№ 300. *Folk song*. Emrullah Yılmazgüş (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

**Bir sarı yılan sardı ya beni,**  
A yellow snake embraced me,  
**Onyedi yerimden yaraladı beni.**  
Caused me seventeen wounds.

№ 312. *Folk song*. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliağaç⁴²

**Ayağımdaki terlik, ulan sana yandım,**  
The slippers on my feet, lad, I'm burning for you,  
**Minderlikler, minderlik, Bilalım,**  
They're lined, they're lined, my Bilal⁴²,  
**Oy, Bilalımsın, Bilalım,**  
Oh, my Bilal, Bilal,  
**Nasl ayrı duralim, Bilalım?**  
How can we survive separated?  
**Kulağımda küpeler, ulan sana yandım,**  
The earrings in my ears, lad, I'm burning for you,  
**Halkaya da benziyor, Bilalım,**  
Look like rings, my Bilal.  
**Yar senin bakişlarını, ulan sana yandım,**  
Your look, sweetheart, I'm burning for you,  
**Dalgaya da benziyor, Bilalım,**  
It is like the surge of the sea, my Bilal,  
**Oy, Bilalımsın, Bilalım,**  
Oh, my Bilal, Bilal,  
**Nasl ayrı duralim, Bilalım?**  
How can we survive separated?

⁴² *Bilal* is a rare Turkish masculine name.
№ 316. Folk song. Seviye Gerenli (1940, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Kurdelenin uçları ipekten, The two ends of the ribbon are silk,
Kurdelemi seviyorum yürekten, I love my ribbon with all my heart,
Aman, aman, kurdelem, yoruldum, Alas, alas, my ribbon, I’ve got tired,
Refr. Dalgıç saçlarına vuruldum. Refr. I’ve fallen in love with your wavy hair.

Kurdelenin uçları yeşilden The ends of the ribbon are green,

Refr. Ver yarım mendilini, ben düreyim, Refr. Give me your kerchief, sweetheart, let me fold it,
Yolla yarım bir düğüm, sana döneyim. Send me a lot, sweetheart, let me turn to you.

Penceresi siperde, His window is protected,
Perdenin ucu yerde, The bottom of the curtain is on the floor,
Ne kız oldum, ne gelin, I’m neither a maiden nor a bride,
Neden düştüm bu derde? How did I get into this trouble?

Bizim ayna taş ayna, Our mirror is made of stone,
Üstünde beştaş oyna, Play five stones43 on it.
Bizim yoldan geçerken, If you pass in front of us,
Taksiyi yavaş [h]ayda! Refr. Drive the taxi slowly! Refr.

Evleri kayalıkta, Our house is amidst rocks,
Yar gördüm aralıkta, I’ve seen a fair lassie.
Hemen yar mı sevilir, Do they choose a lover right away
Böyle kalabalıktı. Refr. In such a crowd? Refr.

Karşıdan gelenlerere, I’ve put gas in the lantern of those
Gaz koydum fenerlere, Coming towards me.
Annem beni verecek, My mother will marry me
Askerden gelenlerere. Refr. To the discharging soldiers. Refr.

Karşı karşı duralım, Let’s stand face to face,
Telefonu kuralım, Let’s make a telephone call,
Aramızda düşmanlar, There’s an enemy among us,
Mektupla konuşalım. Refr. Let’s talk in letters! Refr.

Ver yarım mendilini, Give me your kerchief, darling,
Ben düreyim, Let me fold it.
Yolla yarım bir düğüm, Send me a lot, sweetheart,
Sana döneyim. Let me return to you.

43 Beştaş ‘jackstone’ (Redhouse 1974: 163), literally: ‘five stones’ – it is a widely played child game in Turkey similarly to dokuztaş ‘nine stones’.
№ 318. Folk song. Ali Gümüş (1942) and his sons, Tekirdağ, Davul and zurna

İstanbul’a giderken, On the way to Istanbul
Sol tarafta hastane, There’s a hospital on the left.
Yarden gelen mektubu, The letter from my sweetheart
Eğlendirme postane. Should be delivered quickly! Refr.

Karşında tarlanız var, Your stubble field’s opposite,
Bankada paranız var, Your money’s in the bank.
Karagözü yarımle, There are two years between
İki yaş aranız var. Refr. My black-eyed lover and me. Refr.

Ref. On the way to Istanbul

Ref. Should be delivered quickly! Refr.

Ref. Your money’s in the bank.

Ref. There are two years between

Refr. My black-eyed lover and me. Refr.

№ 324. Folk song. Bektashi woman, Ahmetler

Bugün çağrılmadık, bizdedir, bizde, We haven’t been invited for today,
Kapta ceneti, bizdedir, bizde, Hold your mouth,
Şu komşunun gözleri, bizdedir, bizde, The neighbour’s keeping an eye on us.
Çocuk alayı içinde, seni beğenirdim. I got to like you in the group of children.

Kaleden kaleye taş ben olayım, Let me be the stone in the road from castle to castle,
Ela göz üstüne kaş ben olayım, Let me be the eyebrow above a brown eye,
Yalnız yatanlara eş ben olayım, Let me be the companion of those who sleep alone! Refr.

Kaleden kaleye ekerler darı, Millet is sown from one castle to the other,
Ekerler biçerler, ederler karı, Sown, reaped, bringing grist to the mill,
Yar için saklarlar aynalı narı. Refr. The quince and the pomegranate are reserved for the darling. Refr.

Kaleden kaleye şahin uçurдум, I let a peregrine falcon fly from one castle to the other,
Ah ile vah ile ömür geçirdim. I lived my life crying and wailing,

Kaleden kaleye ekerler darı, Millet is sown from one castle to another,
Ekerler biçerler ederler karı, Sown, reaped, bringing grist to the mill,
Yar için saklarlar aynalı narı, The quince and the pomegranate are reserved for the sweetheart.

Refr. My sweetheart is slender-built,

Kız alayı içinde seni beğenirdim. I got to like you in the group of girls.

Refr. My sweetheart is slender-built,

Refr.
Kaleden kaleyeye taş ben olayım, Let me be the road stone from one castle to the other,

Yalnız gezene kızlara eş ben olayım, Let me be the companion of the girls walking alone,

Yar yüzük yaptırmış taş ben olayım. Refr. My sweetheart had a ring made – let me be its stone. Refr.

Kaleden kaleyeye geçemez oldum, I can't even walk from one castle to the other,

Aki karayı seçemez oldum. Refr. I can't even tell white from black. Refr.

№ 326. Folk song. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Arzu’mun evinin ardi boklurlu, bokluk, There's a dunghill behind my Arzu's house,

Arzu’m'a geliyor bokluk ta sıklık. My Arzu is hit by misery and difficulties.

Refr. Ağlama, Arzum, ağlama, alırım seni, Refr. Don’t cry, Arzu, I'll marry you,

Eşgên kömür gözlüm, sararım seni. Rejoice, my black-eyed, I’ll embrace you.

Arzu’mun evinin ardi kumluk köprüü, Behind my Arzu’s house there is a cloud of dust,

Arzu’mu almış Gacallar gece götürür. My Arzu was taken away by the locals, taken away by night. Refr.

№ 327. Folk song. Huriye Engin (1943 Topçular), Devletliağaç

İstanbul, İstanbul viran kalesi, Istanbul, Istanbul should remain in ruins,

Taşını toprağını seller alasın, Its stones and land be washed away by flood.

Aman padışahım aman izin ver bize, Alas, my padishah, give me permission,

İzinler vermezsen salıver denize. If you don’t give me, fall into the sea.

İstanbul içinde zinciri kuyu, In the middle of Istanbul there's a well with a chain,

Çekin arkadaşlar buz gibi suyu, Draw it up, my friends, its water is ice-cold,

İçin arkadaşlar buz gibi suyu. Drink it, my friends, its water is ice-cold.

İstanbul içinde bir uzun selvi, In the middle of Istanbul there's a tall cedar tree,

Kimimiz nişanlı kimimiz evli. One of us is engaged, the other is married.

№ 328. Folk song. Firde Gümüş (1936 Topçular), Devletliağaç

Sallan, kavak, sallan, dalın kurusun, Sway, poplar, sway, your branch should wither,

Yere düşen yaprığın yerde çürüsün. Your fallen leaves should rot away.

44 The Sultan of the Ottoman Empire.
№ 329. Folk song. Hamdiye Ay (1933) Kılavuzlu, Kırklareli

Eniştem, eniştem ablam mı sandın,  
Brother-in-law, brother in-law, you've mistaken 
me for my sister,  
Altı aylık gelinden ne tez usandın,  
How soon you've got fed up with your six-
month wife!  
Ablam tuttu beni suya yolladı,  
My sister sent me for water,  
Eniştem olan pezevenk, tenhayı kolladı.  
My brother-in-law's a swine, he took advantage 
of me being alone,  
Tıngır mıngır tezgah enam sesi var,  
The loom's rattling, making a loud noise,  
Enişte benim ablamin şimdi nesi var?  
Brother-in-law, what's the matter with my sister 
now?

№ 330. Folk song. Hanife Bayram (1944), Ahmetler

Yüksek yüksek tepelere ev kurmasınlar,  
No house should be built on top of a tall hill,  
Vela taşlı yerlere kız vermesinler,  
No girl should be married off to a nearby rocky 
area.  
Verin benim öragımı güller biçeyim,  
Give me my sickle, so I can prune roses,  
Hem anama hem babama yollar açayım.  
And open the way for my mother and father.  
Yüksek yüksek tepelere ev kurmasınlar,  
No one should build on a high hill,  
Uzak uzak yerlere kız vermesinler.  
No girl should be married to very distant 
places.

№ 331. Folk song. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçatağı

Harman ötesinden atlayamadım,  
I couldn't jump over the sheaves,  
Harfaferin önünden dayanamadım,  
I couldn't stand before God,  
Aman gelincik hanım ne oldu sana,  
Alas, little bride, what's happened to you?  
Akpazarın düşmanı kıydı ya sana.  
Have you been attacked by the enemy from 
Akpazar?

№ 336. Folk song. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliağaç

Anne, anne, ben babamı,  
Mother, mother, I miss my father  
Ta canımdan özledim,  
So much that I die.  
Gözlerimden akan yaşı,  
I can't wipe off the tears  
El vurup ta silmedim.  
Flowing from my eyes.  
Anne, anne, babam nerde,  
Mother, mother, where's my father,  
Nerde kaldı, gelmedi,  
Why isn't he coming, where does he tarry?  
Hem yetimler yüzü güldü,  
The other fatherless children can laugh,  
Benim yüzüm güldemi.  
Why can't I?
№ 352. Wedding song. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Yakın yengelerim, yakın, kınamı yakın,
Yarın alay boş dönecek, cümüşe bakın.

Refr. Ardalar aldı ya allı gelini,
Deryalar sardı ya nazik tenini.

Ardanın boynunda sarı karınca,
Ben nereye varayım sabah olunca. Refr.

Smear my henna, my aunties,
Tomorrow the bridal procession will return without me, look at the wedding guests,

Refr. Arda’s family took away the bride dressed in red.

Her tender skin was embraced by the sea,
There was a yellow ant on Arda’s neck
Where shall I go when the day breaks? Refr.

№ 353. Dirge. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Uyan, uyan ereçegim senin olayım,
Ardalar aldı ya nerde bulayım,
Verin benim feracemi anneciğim giysin,
O kıymetli Ismaile kendisi gitsin.

Ah anneciğim, vah anneciğim yaktın ya beni,
Bu genç yaşta denizlere attın ya beni.

Wake up, wake up, my dear husband, let me be yours,
I’ve been taken away by Arda’s family, where can I find you?

Give me my finest clothes, let my mother wear them,
You/She should marry that „dear” Ismail!

Alas, mother, alas, mother, you put me into trouble,
You’ve cast me into the sea at a young age.


Ah, anneciğim, vah, anneciğim, yaktın ya beni,
Soğuk soğuk sulara attın ya beni,
Bu genç yaşında yaktın ya beni.

Alas, mother dear, my darling mother, you’ve burnt me,
You’ve thrown me into ice-cold water,
You’ve ruined me at a young age.

№ 359. Hidrellez song. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu

O tepeden bu tepeye keçi geçer mi?
Akli başında olan içki içer mi?

Can the goat get here from the hill over there?
Does the one with a sane mind ever have a drink?

№ 361. Folk song. Kerime Yavuz (1952), Lüleburgaz

Onbeşinde gidiyor kızın gözyaşı,
Aslan yarım kız senin adın Hediye,
Ben dolandım sen de dolan gel beriye,
Fistan aldım entaresi onyediye,
Hey, onbeşli onbeşli.

The girl is shedding her tears at the age of fifteen,
My brave sweetheart, your name's Hediye, "
I've wandered a lot, you should wander and come back,
I've bought a skirt, a dress for seventeen,
Hey, fifteen-year-old, fifteen-year-old!

№ 363. Folk song. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliağaç

Refr. Urfa dağlarında gezer bir ceylan, aman anam,
Yavrusun yitirmiş anam, ağlıyor eman.

Refr. In the mountains of Urfa a gazelle is walking, oh, oh,
She has lost her son, oh, she's crying and wailing, alas.

Yavrunun derdine bulunmaz derman, aman anam,
Gezme ceylan bu dağlarda seni avlarlar,
Anaydan, babaydan, yarden ayrı koyarlar.

There is no cure for loosing a child, alas, oh,
Don't walk in these mountains, gazelle, you'll be shot,
You'll be torn away from your mother, father and sweetheart. Refr.

№ 365. Folk song. Kerime Keski (1938 Haskova Bulgaria), Çavuşköy

Kınayı tuzsuz karanlar,
Arayı kızsız koyanlar,
Karın46 da ingene47 kınayı,
Sevindirin cadı/düşman kaynanam.

Those who put on henna without salt,
Who get the idea that the girl be taken far away,
Apply the henna on the old woman,
Make the witch/hostile mother-in-law happy!

Ak bakırlarım susuz kaldı,
Kızın anası kızsız kaldı,
Karın da ingene kinami,
Sevindirin düşman kaynanam.

My white jugs remained without water,
The girl's mother remained without her daughter,
Apply the henna on the old woman,
Make the hostile mother-in-law happy!

45 Meaning as much as 'present' (Redhouse 1974: 471).
46 Karın- 'to pair, copulate' (Redhouse 1974: 608).
47 This is a form used in the local dialect, instead of yenge '1. a woman's sister-in-law or aunt-in-law; 2. elderly woman who helps and attends a bride' (Redhouse 1974: 1252).
№ 366. Lullaby. Havva Hari (1945 Devletluağaç), Kırklareli

…Ama aldım senin fesini,  
Ah nerelerde işideyim yavrum sesini.  
Refr. Uyu yavrum, baba sana nenni diyecek,  
Büyü yavrum, baba sana nenni çalacak.  
Evin önüne asmaya kurdum salıncak,  
Eline de verdim hem şekerinen oyuncak. Refr.

…Alas, I've got your fez,  
Oh, where could I hear the voice of my baby?  
Refr. Sleep, my baby, daddy's telling you a lullaby,  
Grow up, my baby daddy is playing you a lullaby.  
I hung a swing in the arbour in front of the house,  
I gave candy and toys in your hands. Refr.

№ 367. Lullaby. Havva Hari (1945), Devletluağaç

Ninni, yavrum, ninni,  
Uyutayım seni,  
Uyutayım da büyüteyim,  
Çocuk sürüsüne katayım, ninni.  
Uyusun da büyüsün,  
Tipş-tipş yürüsün,  
Nenni, benim yavruma, nenni,  
Uyusun da büyüsün, nenni.  

Sleep, my little bird, sleep,  
I lull you to sleep,  
I lull you to sleep and bring you up,  
I add you to the group of children.  
Sleep and grow up,  
Walk toddling,  
Hush-a-by-my baby, hush,  
Sleep and grow up, hush!

№ 368. Folk song. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu

Tekirdağdan yün aldım da,  
Kazak öreyim diye,  
Tekirdağ’l bir yar sevdim  
Her gün göreyim diye.  
Refr. Oh-oh-oh-oh olsun da,  
Eski yarım yok olsun,  
Yenilerden bir yar sevdim,  
Onun ömrü bol olsun.

In Tekirdag I bought wool  
To knit a pullover.  
In Tekirdag I had a lover,  
So I could see him every day,  
Refr. Oh-oh-oh-oh, so be it,  
My former lover should die,  
I've got a new lover,  
May he have a long life.  
A side wing's been added  
To the minaret in Tekirdag,  
We've slipped the wedding rings on our fingers,  
So I can wait [until the wedding]. Refr.

Tekirdağ’ın yolları da  
Yandandır eklemesi,  
Takdik nişan yüzüğü de  
Kolaydır beklemesi. Refr.

On the ways of Tekirdag,  
To the minaret in Tekirdag.  
There are troops, troops,  
Allah gave beauty  
To my sweetheart in Malkara. Refr.
№ 369. **Wedding song. Selviye Bakan (1968 Çavuşköy), Enez**

Bak geline, bak geline,  
Kına yakmış eline, diloyloy,  
Halden bilmez ne fayda,  
Söz anlamaz ne çare?  

Aşk olsun şu geline,  
Gidiyor sevgiline, diloyloy,  
Halden bilmez ne fayda,  
Söz anlamaz ne çare?

Look at the bride, the bride,  
She's painted henna on her hand, diloyloy,  
She doesn't know what's going on,  
She doesn't listen to reason, what shall I do?  

Sweet little woman,  
Going to her lover, diloyloy,  
She doesn't know what's going on,  
She doesn't listen to reason, what shall we do?

№ 370. **Folk song. Halil Atakan (1928 Iştip-Çetaşka, Macedonia), Kırklareli**

Knahi hanım kız, düğünümüz ne zaman?  
Bir su içtim su baştan,  
Potinim kaydı taştan.  
Potinimi ararken hanım kız,  
Akıl kalmadı baştan.  

Yarım, yarım hayatlar,  
Yarım yorganı katlar.  
Yorganını katarken hanım kız,  
Bir gözü bana bakar.  

Yarım, yarım hayatlar,  
Yarım yorganı katlar.  
Yorganını katarken hanım kız,  
Bir gözü bana bakar.  

Bride with henna, when will our wedding be?  
I drank a little water by the fountainhead,  
My slipper slipped on a stone,  
While I was looking for my slipper, young lady,  
I lost my mind.  

Lives left unfinished,  
My sweetheart's folding a blanket,  
While the woman's folding a blanket,  
She can't take her eye off me.

№ 371. **Folk song. Mehmet Bodur (1938 Topçular), Kırklareli**

Benim de bir yarım var, oy, oy,  
Bülbül gibi zarım var, esmerim, aman.  
Göz gördü gönül sevdi, oy, oy, oy,  
Bunda ne günahim var esmerim/bir tanem, aman?

I've got a lover, oh, oh,  
I've got a sad song like the nightingale's, my black-eyed love, oh,  
Seeing her and falling in love with her was the work a moment, oh, oh  
What did I do wrong, my black-eyed, oh?

№ 372. **Folk song. Lütfiye Kuruoğlu (1952, Sunni), Lüleburgaz**

Dışarda deli dalgalar,  
Gelir duvarlari yalar.  
Beni bu sesler oyalar,  
Aldırma, gönlü, aldrima,  
Gönil, aldrima.  

Wild waves outside,  
Washing against the wall.  
These voices are enchanting,  
Don't let yourself be taken in, my dear,  
Don't let yourself, darling.
№ 374. Dirge. Hafize İşık (1953), Kırklareli

Şerafet'in kardeşi mallara iyi bak!  Serafet's brother, herd the cattle carefully!
Kasabaya giderken, dön, mezariima bak.  On the way to town, turn back and have a look at my grave!

№ 375. Dirge. Sabite Toygar (1960 Beyci Koçaz), Kırklareli

Köy korusu ardına sila'mı okurdum,  Behind the clearing in the village I touched my weapon,
Ben bahamdan korkума, canımı vurdum.  I feared my father, this is why I killed myself.
Refr. Ağılama annem ağlama kader böyleymiş Refr. Don't cry, mother, don't cry, it was destined.
Köy korusu ardında kurt koyun yemiş.  Behind the clearing in the village the wolf was eating a lamb.
Köy korusu ardına kanların akar My blood is flowing behind the clearing of the village,


Al Fadimem, bal Fadimem,  My red Fatma, honey Fatma,
Yanakları gürl Fadimem,  My rose-cheeked Fatma,
Uyan uyay, sabah oldu,  Wake up, wake up, it is daybreak,
Gül yüzünü yun Fadimem.  Wash your rosy cheeks, my Fatma.

Al Fadimem, bal Fadimem,  My red Fatma, honey Fatma,
Yanakları gürl Fadimem,  Rose-cheeked Fatma,
Uyan-uyan, sabah oldu,  Wake up, wake up, the morning's here,
Namazı kil Fadimem.  Pray, my Fatma!

Şudağların burcu musun,  Are you the bastion of mountains?
Sen boynumun borcu musun?  Am I responsible for you?
Uyan-uyan, sabah oldu,  Wake up, wake up, the dawn is here,
Namazı kil Fadimem.  Pray, my Fatma.

Al Fadimem, bal Fadimem,  My red Fatma, honey Fatma,
Yanakları gürl Fadimem,  My rose-cheeked Fatma,
Uyan-uyan, sabah oldu,  Wake up, wake up, it is daybreak,
Gül yüzünü yun Fadimem.  Wash your rosy cheeks, my Fatma.
 № 382. Folk song. Sefer Çalışkan (1925 İştip, Macedonia), Zeytinburnu

Taşlalar önünde ey,  In front of the precipice, hey,
Uzandım, yattım. I lay down and stretched out,
Duydum binbaşı geliyor, I heard the colonel coming,
Nizama kalktım. I jumped up and saluted.
Anneler, babalar gözyaşı döker,  Mothers, fathers are shedding tears,
Doldur çeşmem, doldur  Fill my glass,
Ben gidiyorum, I’m going away,
Anayi, babayı terk ediyorum.  I’ll leave my mother and father here.

 № 383. Folk song. Naciye Baykul (1975), Devletliağaç

İşte derdim başlar benim, My troubles are starting,
Gözlerim de yaşlar benim. Tears gather in my eyes,
İyi günde dost olanlar The friends of my good days
Kötü günde taşlar beni. Throw stones at me on the bad ones.
Bak, ne hale geldim kader, Look, fate, what you’ve done to me,
Yerden yere vurdun yeter, I was tossed about, I’ve had enough,
Bitsin bunca elem keder, Let sorrow come to an end,
Biraz da bağla gül kader! Tie a bunch of roses for me, fate, at last!

 № 384. Folk song. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Ne uyursun, ne uyursun,  Why are you asleep, why are you asleep,
Bu uykuya ne bulursun? What can you find in your dream?
Al abdestini, kil namazını, Do the ritual washing, pray,
Cennet alayı bulursun. You will find Paradise.

 № 385. Folk song. Emrullah Yılmazgüç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Sabahdan çeşmeye vardın mı? Did you go to the spring in the morning?
Elini, yüzünü yudun mı? Did you wash your hands and face?
Refr. Çeşme taşının üstünde  Refr. Did you find my bracelet
Sen benim bileziğini buldun mı? By the fountainhead?
Sabahdan çeşmeye varmadım, I didn’t go to the spring in the morning,
Elimi, yüzümü yumadım. I didn’t wash my hands or face.
Çeşme taşının üstünde I didn’t find your bracelet
Ben senin bileziğini bulmadım. By the fountainhead.

 № 386. Folk song. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu – See № 385
№ 389. Folk song. Şehri Ünal (1950 Ahlatlı, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Köprüden geçti gelin
Saç bağı düştü gelin, diloyloy.
Refr. Haldan bilmez ne fayda,
Söz anlamaz ne çare.

Köprünün altı diken,
Köprünün altı diken,
Yattın beni güv iken, diloyloy. Refr.

The bride has crossed the bridge, she has crossed,
The bride's ribbon's fallen, diloyloy.
Refr. She can't grasp what's with me,
She doesn't know what is what, the good-for-nothing.

The bottom of the bridge is thorny,
The bottom of the bridge is thorny,
You laid me while I was a rose diloyloy. Refr.

№ 391. Folk song. Seviye Gerenli (1940, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Ekin ektim çöllere de,
Yoldırmadım ellere.
Küçük yaşta bir yar sevdim,
Vermen onu ellere.

Refr. Çağ, çat, çat, çat, çe dene-ne,
Sar bedeni bedene.
Dünya dolu yar olsa da,
Alacağım bir tane.

Ekine kiraz derler de
Güzele beyaz derler
Küçücüktken bir yar sevdim,
Sevmemeye kaz derler.

Derdimi kime desem de,
Bu dert sana az derler. Refr.

I sowed the plain with corn,
I didn't let strangers reap it,
I had a lover when I was young,
I don't give her to strangers.

Refr. Hush, hush, hush, hush, denene,
Press her body against yours.
Should the world be full of lovers,
I'd marry only one.

Sowing is said to be cherry.48
A fair girl is said to be white.
I had a lover when I was young,
The one that has no lover is mocked by the nickname: goose.

Whoever I talk to about my troubles,
They say I don't have many. Refr.

№ 401. Folk song. Elif Aktaş (1961 Ahmetler), Yeni Bedir

Dün sabah çeşmeye vardımdı,
Elimi yüzüme çaldımdı,
Taş üstünde bileziğini gördümdu,
Vallahi almadım Arzu.

Yesterday morning I went to the spring,
I washed my hands and face,
I caught sight of your bracelet by the spring-head,
But I didn't take it, so help me God, Arzu.

48 Red as the color of an apple, cherry or cheek, are considered the most beautiful and desirable.
№ 402. Folk song. Instrumental (davul, zurna), Ankara

Eştirme Kamber eştirme,
Yağ yüreğimi değiştirme
Çek atının düzgününü,
Ökçelerime bastırma.

Don't have it looked for, Kamber, don't search for it,
Sweetheart, don't turn away from me,
Hold the rein of your horse,
Don't tread on the heel of my shoe.

№ 403. Folk song. Emrullah Yılmazgüz (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

İnönü dağılarında çiçekler açar,
Altı gümüş vurmuş sırmalı saça,
Refr. Yaşa Mustafa Kemal paşa, yaşa,
İsmin yazılacak münever taşa.

The flowers are blooming on Mount İnönü,
She has beautiful golden-silver hair.
Refr. Long live Mustafa Kemal Pasha,
Your name will be engraved in a memorial plaque.

*İnönü dağılarında oturdum kaldım,
Şehit olanları deftere yazdım.
Babasız yetimleri bağıma bastım. Refr.

I sat down on Mount İnönü and remained there,
I took down the names of the fallen in a notebook,
I embraced fatherless orphans fondly. Refr.

№ 405. Folk song. Emrullah Yılmazgüz (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu – See № 403

№ 406. Hidrellez song. Lütfiye Kuruoğlu (1952, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Kızım seni Aliye vereyim mi?
Refr. İstemem babaciğim istemem,

Daughter, shall I marry you to Ali?
Refr. I wouldn't like that, my dear father,
I wouldn't like that,
His name is Ali, his clan is crazy. Refr.

Kızım seni Veliye vereyim mi?
Onun adı Veli sülalesi deli. Refr.
Kızım seni Yaşar'a vereyim mi? Refr.
Onun adı Yaşar alır beni boşar. Refr.

Daughter, shall I marry you to Veli? Refr.
His name's Veli, his clan is crazy. Refr.
Daughter, shall I marry you to Yaşar? Refr.
His name's Yaşar, he'll marry me then leave me. Refr.

Kızım seni sarhoşa vereyim mi?
Refr. 2. İsterim babaciğım, isterim,
Onun adı serhoş sarar beni/sarması bir hoş, Refr 2.

Daughter, shall I marry you to the drunkard?
Refr. 2. I would like that, I would like him.
His name is boozing, his embrace is pleasing,
Refr 2.

Kızım seni berbere vereyim mi? Refr.
Tıraş eder telleri, pis kokuyor elli. Refr.
Kızım seni Engin'e vereyim mi? Refr 2.
Onun adı Engin, sülalesi zengin, Refr 2.

Daughter, shall I marry you to the barber? Refr.
He shaves men, his hands smell. Refr.
Daughter, shall I marry you to Engin? Refr2.
His name's Engin, his pockets are full. Refr2.
№ 407. Folk song. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Çobanın karısı pazı yazamaz,  
Refr. Çoban gibi pezevenk kari bakamaz, kari bakamaz.  
Ne güzel oğlan, yaşa be çoban!

The shepherd’s wife can’t cook beetroot  
Refr. A woman chaser like the shepherd can’t keep a woman,  
What a handsome lad you are, live as you please!

№ 419. Folk song. Seviye Gerenli (1940, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Aman, Sürman Ağa, arpalar oldu mu,  
Beni veriyorlar haberin oldu mu?  
Ağabey Sürman Ağa tut çakal beygiri,  
Tut çakal beygiri vuralım gemini!

Alas, Sürman agha, is the barley ripe?  
I’ll be married off, have you heard about it?  
Uncle Sürman agha, keep your worthless horse,  
Keep your worthless horse, let’s bridle it!

№ 425. Folk song. Sevim Yozcu (1956 Tekirdağ, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Sürman Ağa’nın koyunlarını, gel gidelim, gidelim,  
Küçücüsün Sürman Ağa, sözüne direnemem.  
Laylay, laylay…

Come on, let’s drive the sheep of Sürman agha,  
You’re little, Sürman agha, I can’t resist you,  
Uncle Sürman agha, is the barley ripe?  
I’ll be married off, have you heard about it?

№ 426. Folk song. Mehmet Serez (1929 Selanik, Sunni), Tekirdağ

Bağa girdim, bağ budanmış,  
Bağ bülbül dadanmış,  
Onbeş yaşında da,  
Nazife de hanımım,  
Kimlere aldınız?

I went into the garden, it was budding,  
The nightingale is fond of staying in the garden,  
How many have cheated on  
Nazife, my young lady of fifteen?

İndim Şarköy’ün yoluna,  
Sura sura zeytinler,  
Onbeş yaşında da,  
Nazife de hanımına,  
Yazık ettiler.

I started on the way to Sarköy,  
Olive bushes all along,  
Nazife, the young lady of fifteen  
Has been raped.

49 Lokum ‘Turkish delight’ (Redhouse 1974: 712) is a dessert filled with hazelnut and pistachio.
№ 427. *Hidrellez song*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Ne olsa söylüyörler, canım
Çekemediklerine,
İn dereye göreym, canım,
Eline gül vereyim.
İn dereye göreym, canım,
Eline gül vereyim.
İn dereye göreym, canım,
Eline gül vereyim?

They speak out loud, my dear,
What they can't endure,
Descend to the stream, let me see you,
Let me give you a rose,
If you are work-shy, my darling,
How can I love you?

№ 428. *Folk song*. Şerife Bodur (1930 Topçular), Kırklareli

Karanfil olacaksın, canım,
Sararıp solacaksın.
Ağılatma be yarım, canım,
Sen benim olacaksın.
İn dereye göreym, canım,
Eline gül vereyim.
İn dereye göreym, canım,
Eline gül vereyim?

You'll be a carnation, my dear,
You will wither and fade,
Don't make me cry, darling, my dear,
You will be mine.
Get me planted, my carnation,
Put me in a pot,
In the morning and in the evening give me,
… my dear.
When I start blooming, drive me away!

№ 429. *Hidrellez song*. Fatma Bulut (1922) Kılavuzlu, Çorlu

Ver Allahım bir bulut, canım,
Yar olan köye düşem!
Gidin bulutlar, gidin, canım,
Yarım selam edin.
Yarım uykuda ise, canım,
Uykusunu terk edin.
Ay doğar ayan beyan, canım,
Yolları çıkar yan'an.
Orta boyu güllü fidan canım,
Koyununa girdim uyan!

Give, Allah, a cloud,
Let me fall into the village of my darling,
Fly, clouds, drift by,
Greet my sweetheart!
If my sweetheart is asleep,
Drive his sleep away!
The moon is rising brightly,
I set out on foot,
My medium-size rose, my sweetheart,
I'm in your lap, wake up!

№ 430. *Folk song*. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı, Bulgaria), Devletliağaç

İneği Radeon, sütünü aldım,
Hiç el vurmadan, gelin hanım, dolaba koydum.
İnek de benim, sütü de benim,
Evler kaynatmanın Mari cadı, oğlu da benim,

I've milked the cow, I took its milk away,
I didn't even touch it, bride, I put it in the cupboard,
The cow is mine, its milk's also mine,
The houses are my father-in-law's, his son,
Mary witch, is mine.
Valla barışmam, billa barışmam,
Ellere gülış oldu Maria cadı, inadıma
barışmam.

Honesty, I won't make friends with you again,
I won't,
We made friends with the strangers, I won't
make friends with you again, Mary witch!

№ 431. Folk song. Cemile Akın (1940 Karaabalar), Ahmetler
Kaleden kaleye taş ben olayım,
Yalnız yatan kızlara eş ben olayım.

Let me be the stone road from castle to castle,
Let me be the companion of the girls who sleep
alone!

Kaleden kaleye ekerler darı,
Ekerler biçerler, ederler karı.
Kaleden kaleye süt baksın baksın,
Maşallah yarımın gözleri çıkr.

The corn is sowed from castle to castle,
Sowed, harvested, bringing gist to the mill,
The milk is in cans from castle to castle,
What beautiful grey eyes my sweetheart has!

№ 432. Folk song. Instrumental (Mehter müziği), Istanbul
№ 433. Folk song. Ali Gümüş (1942) and his sons, Tekirdağ – instrumental
№ 436. Mani. Fatma Budak (1934 Topçular), Kırklareli
Kızılcıklar oldu mu,
Selelere doldu mu?
Yolladığım mektuplar
Eline ulaştı mı?
Mendili eline,
Mendil verdim eline.

Is the cornel ripe?
Is the valley full of it?
Have the letters I sent
Reached you?
Her kerchief’s in her hand,
I gave a kerchief in her hand.

Refr.
Kara kına yolladım yar benim ellerime.

My sweetheart's sent black henna for my hand.

Refr.
Kızılcıklar oldu mu,
Selelere doldu mu?
Gönderdüğüm çoraplar
Ayağına oldu mu?
Refr. Mendili eline, mendil verdim geline,
Refr. Kerchief in her hand, I gave a kerchief to
the bride,
My sweetheart's sent black henna for my hand.

Kara kına yolladım yar benim ellerime.

The cart’s coming from a stony place,
The spoke was displaced,
In this village the boys
Can’t get married because of the head money.\(^{50}\)

Refr.

\(^{50}\) See above in № 100.
№ 438. **Folk song. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu**

Refr. Oy, oy, karam bana yaşamak haram, oy,

Otur be yarım, otur arabaya kanada, oy,

Yarım sana gideceğim düşmanlara inada, oy, karam,

Bana yaşamak haram, oy,

Entarım allılardan isterim dallılardan, oy,

Olursa subay olsun kolu sırmalılardan, oy, oy karam,

Bana yaşamak haram, oy.

Altınlarım bir dizi olarak iki dizi oy,

Haberin olsun yarım ayıracaklar bizi, oy. **Refr.**

İncecik yağmur çiler yarım dükkanı siler oy,

Ne kadar dargın olsa beni görünce güler oy.

**Refr.**

Tülbendimi uçurdum kavak yapraklarına oy,

Ben yarını düşürdüm sevda yataklarına oy.

**Refr.**

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№ 439. **Mani. Esma Ekin (1929), Kaşıkçı**

Ak koyun, kara koyun,

Gel, yarım, burda soyun vay,

Gece lerin iki saat,

Çıkaralım bir oyun, vay, vay duman,

Yarım ya burda duman var.

White sheep, black sheep,

Come darling, get undressed here,

For two hours in the nights,

Let's play, oh, oh, oh,

Darling, there's big trouble here.

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№ 440. **Mani. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu**

Kaşların çatık-matık,

Söyleteme beni artık, ey.

Öyle bir yar sevdim ki,

Yavan ekmeğe katık.

**Refr.** Ey, güller, aldı yarımı eller, ey.

Your eyebrows are fuzzy,

Wait you may but I won't beg you,

I had a lover,

She was kindness herself.

**Refr.** Ey, hey, roses, strangers have taken my sweetheart away from me.
İn dereye, dereye,
Kuru fındık bulunur, ey.
Eğil bir yol öpeyim,
Sonra pişman olursun, ey, hey.REFR.

Kulağındaki küpeler,
Altın değil menteşe, hey,
Hanginize gideyim,
Ben de şaştım bu işe.REFR.

№ 441. Folk song. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu

Parmağındaki yüzük
Yarım gümüş halkam, oy.
Candan mı seviyorsun,
Yoksa yarım dalga mı, oy.
Refr. Oy karam, bana yaşamak haram, oy.

Kolumdaki bilezik,
Ne uyduruk ne nazik, oy.
Bizim köyün kızları,
Şehir yere münasip, oy. Refr.

Altınları takındım,
Çıktım yola bakındım, oy.
Yarım gelecek diye,
Düşmanlardan sakındım, oy. Refr.

Mektup yazarsan yarım,
Koy kibrit kutusuna, oy.
Bizim yoldan geçerken,
At evin arkasına, oy. Refr.

Saçlara bak saçlara,
İstiyorlar nazarlık oy,
Benim için ölürsen,
Dere boyu mezarlık oy. Refr.


Go down to the stream,
You can find dry hazelnuts there, ey,
Lean towards me, let me kiss you,
Later you'll regret it, ey, hey, roses. Refr.

Earrings in your ears,
Not from gold but from iron,
Which one of you shall I marry?
I am also confused, ey, hey, roses. Refr.

The ring on my finger
My sweetheart, my silver ring,
Do you love me, sweetheart, from the bottom of your heart?
Or are you just pretending, my black one.
Refr. Ay, my black one, why should I live without you, my black one.

A bracelet on my arm,
It is neither fake, nor thin.
The girls from my village,
Would stand their ground in town, too, my black one. Refr.

I put on my gold jewels,
I went into the road and looked round,
If my sweetheart's coming,
I stayed away from the enemy, my black-eyed. Refr.

If you write a letter, my sweetheart,
Cram it into a matchbox,
When you come this way,
Throw it behind the house. Refr.

What hair, look!
It needs a protective eye,
If you die for me,
Your grave will be by the stream. Refr.
№ 446. Folk song. Seviye Gerenli (1940, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Ağabey Sürman aga, arpalar oldu mu?
Beni veriyorlar haberin oldu mu?

Alas, Sürman aga, is the barley ripe?
I’ll be married off, have you heard about it?

№ 447. Folk song. Ümmüş Karaman (1937 İpsala), Enez

Yüksek, yüksek tepelere ev kurmasınlar,
Aşırı aşırı yerlere kız vermesinler,
Annesini, babasını hor görmesinler,
Uçan da kuşlara malum olsun, ben annemi öldedim,
Hem annemi hem babamı, ben köyümü özledim.

Houses shouldn’t be built on high, high hills,
Lassies shouldn’t be given [in marriage] to faraway places!
Her mother and father shouldn’t be despised!
Flying birds should also know about it, I miss my mother!
I miss my mother, my father and my village as well!

№ 448. Folk song. Bektashi women, Kılavuzlu

Yüksek, yüksek tepelere ev kurmasınlar,
Aşırı aşırı memlekete kız vermesinler,
Annesinin bir tanesini hor görmesinler,
Uçan da kuşlara malum olsun, ben annemi öldedim,
Hem annemi hem babamı, ben köyümü özledim.

Verin benim oruçımı güller biçeyim,
Hem anneme hem babama yollar açayım,
Babamın bir atı olsa binse de gelse,
Annemin yolkeni olsa aça de gelse.

Kardeşlerim yollarımı bilse de gelse,
Uçan da kuşlara malum olsun ben annemi öldedim,
Hem annemi hem babamı ben köyümü öldedim,
Kaynatamın buğday ekmeği pis kokar bana,
Babamın arpa ekmeği mis kokar bana.

Give me my sickle, let me cut roses,
Let me clear the way for my mother and father,
If only my father had a horse, he could mount it and come here,
If only my mother had a sail, she could hoist it and come here.

My brothers, if they knew the way, they would come here,
Flying birds should also know about it, I miss my mother,
I miss my mother, my father and my village as well!
My father-in-law’s wheat bread smells bad to me,
The smell of my father’s barley bread pleases me.
№ 449. Folk song. Şerife Aktaş (1941 Ahmetler), Yeni Bedir

Çanakkale içinde aynalı çarşı,
Anne ben gidiyom düşmana karşı, hoy, gençliğim, eyvah.

Refr. Çanakkale içinde vurdular beni,
Ölmeden mezara koydular beni, o gençliğim eyvah.

Çanakkale içinde bir dolu testi,
Analar babalar umudu kesti, o gençliğim eyvah. Refr.

Çanakkale içinde aynalı çarşı,
Anas, gidiyom düşmana karşı, hoy, gençliğim, eyvah.

Refr. Çanakkale içinde vurdular beni,
Ölmeden mezara koydular beni, o gençliğim eyvah.

Çanakkale içinde bir dolu testi,
Analar babalar umudu kesti, o gençliğim eyvah. Refr.

In Canakkale there's a nice market,
Mother, I'm going at the enemy, alas, my youth is over,
Refr. In Canakkale I was shot,
I was buried before I had died, alas, my youth is over.

In Canakkale there's a full jug,
Mothers, fathers don't hope any more, alas, my youth is over. Refr.

№ 450. Folk song. Orhan Bulut's family, Çorlu

Çanakkale içinde aynalı çarşı,
Ana ben gidiyorum düşmana karşı, of, gençliğim eyvah.

Çanakkale içinde bir dolu testi,
Analar babalar umudu kesti, of, gençliğim eyvah, yandı da dünya.

Çanakkale içinde aynalı çarşı,
Ana ben gidiyom düşmana karşı, of, gençliğim eyvah.

Inside Canakkale there's a nice market,
Mother, I'm going at the enemy, alas, my youth is over.

Inside Canakkale there's a full jug,
Mothers, fathers don't hope any more, alas, my youth is over, the world is burning down.

In Canakkale there's a nice market,
Mother, I am going at the enemy, alas, my youth is over.

№ 451. Folk song. Ali Gümüş (1942) and his sons, Tekirdağ - See № 450

№ 458. Folk song. Hanife Konbal (1947), Çeşmekolu

Zeyneb düştü, bayıldı, ferecesi suya yayıldı,
Zeynep's turn round on the water surface,
Refr. Hasan Zeynebi sorarsa dalgalar önünden gider,
Hasan's got a lantern in his hand, Zeynep's turning round on the water surface,
Eğer Zeynebi sorarsa dere boylarından gider.
If you ask about Zeynep, she's drifting before the waves,
Uzunoluk değirmeninin taşları, Zeyneb'in sarı saçları,
The mill stones in Uzunoluk, Zeynep's blond hair,
Söğütlere dolandı Zeyneb'in sarı saçları,
Zeynep's blond hair got wound on the willows.
Hasanın elinde demir Zeynep istemez ömür.
Hasan's got a weapon in his hand – Zeynep doesn't want to live any longer. Refr.

Zeynep fell down, she fainted, her gown spread on the water,
Her blond hair got wound up on the willows,
Hasan's got a lantern in his hand, Zeynep's turning round on the water surface,
Refr. Hasan, if you enquire about Zeynep, she's drifting before the waves,
If you ask about Zeynep, she's adrift the current.

Thracian Song Texts
№ 459. Folk song. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kilavuzlu

Zeynep etmiş bir tarla var,
Uzunoluktan gelir selam.
Refr. Hasan Zeynebi sorarsa dalgalar önünden gider,
Eğer Zeynebi sorarsa, dere boyalarından gider.
Zeynep düştü, bayıldı, ferecesi suya yayıldı
Refr. Ya bu değişmenin taşları Zeyneb’in hilal kaşları,
Söğütlere dolanmış Zeyneb’in sarı saçları.
Hasan Zeynebi sorarsa dalgalar önünden gider.

There's a stubble field, it's been tended by Zeynep,
Greetings arrive from Uzunoluk.
Refr. If Hasan enquires about Zeynep, she's drifting on the waves,
If he enquires about Zeynep, she's adrift the current.
Zeynep fell down, she fainted, her gown spread on the water.
Refr. Oh, the stones of this mill, Zeynep's crescent eyebrows,
Zeynep's blond hair got wound on the branches of the willow.
Refr. If Hasan's asking about Zeynep, she's drifting with the current.

№ 460. Folk song. Mürvet Altuntaş (1960 Devletliağaç), Kırklareli

Zeynep düştü, bayıldı, ferecesi suya yayıldı.
Zeynebin tonuk sesi, Zeynep Hasan’ın nesi?
Refr.

Zeynep fell down, she fainted, her gown spread on the water.
Refr. If Hasan is looking for Zeynep, if he's asking about her, she's moving along the stream.
Zeynep's veiled voice, who is Zeynep to Hasan?
Refr.

№ 470. Folk song. Firdevş Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kilavuzlu

Ateşteki tencereyi taşrdım,
Gitti gelirim diye aman aman,
Aman yolu bilirim diye.

On yedi yemin etti aman aman,
Gene alınır diye,
Ama yine alınır diye,
Adalara gele gide şaştırdım,
Ateşteki tencereyi taşrdım.

I took the pot off the oven,
He left saying he'd come back
Saying he knew the way.
The seventeen-year-old swore to marry me, oh, alas,
To marry me, oh.
Going to the islands and back I missed my way,
I took the pot off the oven.
№ 474. Folk song. Sunni man and schoolchildren, Kaşkçı

On my way to Sarköy
Olive bushes in a row,
The fifteen-year-old
Young lady Nazife
Has been raped.

№ 476. Folk song. Hatice Gülşen (1949, Sunni), Karacakılavuz

From that hill to this hill is there a play,
Can you have enough of the fifteen-year-old Nazife?

№ 477. Folk song. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

The girl I loved is a bride now,
Not mine, but someone else's,
In a white bridal dress,
She moves away crying.

№ 478. Folk song. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliağaç

The minaret of Devletliaagac,
Has seventy-two stairs.
[It is impossible,] my dear,
To live without you.

Oh, slender, slender, slender,
My darling is a driver,
The corporal won't let me go on leave,
What will happen to me?

Oh, slender, slender, slender,
My darling is a soldier,
The corporal won't let him go on leave,
My darling can't come to see me.
№ 479. Folk song. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Kaynar kazan taşmaz mı?  Doesn't the boiling cauldron overflow?
Yol buralardan aşmaz mı?  Does the road cross here?
Zerya bir gün kasınır,  Zerya's scratching one day,
Haydi haydi arkadaşları!  Come on, friends!

Verin benim bir tanemi  Give me my darling!
Taştan olur meydanı  Its square is from stones,
Benim deyyuş turnam var,  I've got a crane,
Benim derdime çare.  A cure for my trouble.

№ 480. Folk song. İkbal Yılmaz (1955), Kılavuzlu

Ak tavuk olmadın mı?  Have you never been a white hen?
Kümese dalmadın mı?  Have you never hidden in a hen-pen?
Bir bağır su kaynana  Give me a jug of water, mother-in-law,
Sen gelin olmadın mı Karacahiya?  Have you ever been a bride to Karacali?
Refr.  I'll go away, mother, to Kircalı.

Kaynanamın kafası  My mother-in-law's head
Kovan sepeti gibi  Is like a beehive,
Oğlu beni seviyor,  Her son loves me,

Çeşmede bakırım taştı,  By the well I filled my jug, it overflowed,
Yarım yağı aştı,  My darling crossed the meadow,
Ben yarımı göremem,  I didn't see my darling,
Gören inadı şafı. Refr.  Those who saw him were amazed. Refr.

Entaresi vişneden,  Her dress is cherry-red,
Şimdi geldim çeşmeden,  I've just come from the well,
Alicaksan al yarım,  If you marry, marry me now, my darling,

Dağda tavşan olur mu?  Are there rabbits in the mountain?
İnce aksam olur mu?  Are there easy evenings?
Yaktın beni, kul ettin,  You set me on fire, I burnt to ashes,
Böyle düşman olur mu? Refr.  There is enemy like this. Refr.

№ 481. Folk song. Emrullah Yılmazgöz (1938 Bulgaria), İstanbul

İnönü dağlarında çiçekler açar,  The flowers are blooming on Mount İnönü,
Altın günmuş vuruş sırmalı saça. Throwing golden-silver light on the hair
Refr. Yaşa Mustafa Kemal paşa, yaşa,  Refr. Long live Mustafa Kemal pasha,
İşmin yazılacak münever taşa.  Your name will be engraved in a bright stone.

İnönü dağlarında oturum, kaldım,  I sat down on Mount İnönü lost in thoughts,
Şehit olanları deftere yazdım,  I took down the martyrs' name in a notebook,
Babası yetim olanları başına bastı. Refr.  The orphans were embraced by their fathers. Refr.
№ 485. Folk song. Piri Er, (in a bus)

Ben bu elden gidersem
Ela gözüm, ben bu evden gidersem,
Zümrüt perişanım kal melul, kal melul.

Keramet hakkından çıkarma beni,
Ala gözyaşını sil melul, melul.

Elvan çiçekleri takma başına,
Kudret kalemini çekme kaşına, çekme kaşına!

If I go away from here, my brown-eyed,
If I go away from this house,
My desperate emerald, grieve for me, grieve for me.

Don't deprive me of the gracious turn,
Sadly wipe off the tears of your green eyes!

Don't decorate your head with colourful flowers,
Don't paint the decision of the Almighty on your eyebrows!


Anadan ayrı, ayrı, babadan ayrı,
Bir de yardan ayrı kaldım,
Hepsinden acı ah, hepsinden acı,
Yazık oldu geldi, geçti en güzel yıllar.

Severken sevinmez oldu acı günlerim,
Anadan ayrı, ayrı, babadan ayrı,
Bir de yardan ayrı kaldım,
Hepsinden acı ah, hepsinden acı.

Far from my mother, far from my father,
I got far even from my sweetheart.
More bitter than anything, alas, than anything,
My nicest years have gone by, they've become bitter.

Though I loved, my days have become bitter,
I stayed far away even from my sweetheart,
More bitter then anything, alas, than anything.

№ 491. Lullaby. Müjgan Kahraman (1937 Ipsala), Enez

Nenni, nenni, yavruma,
Refr. Uyusun da büyüsün.

Benim güzel yavrum,
Refr. My lovely little one,
Hush-a-bye, hush,
May my little one sleep, hush. Refr.

№ 499. Dirge, Firdevş Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Ankara’nın taşına bak,
Gözlerimin yaşına bak!
Malum olsun garip anam,
Şu feleğin işine bak!

Ankaradan indirdiler,
Kanlı gömlek giydirdiler.
Malum olsun garip anam,
Bir oğlunu öldürdüler.

Look at the streets of Ankara,
Look at the tears falling from my eyes,
You should know, my poor mother,
Heaven has treated me badly.

I was put on the road in Ankara,
I was dressed in a bloody shirt,
You should know, my poor mother,
Your only son has been killed.
№ 501. Folk song. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Taştan yaptırım kaleyi,  I've built a castle from stone,
Aldım başıma belayı.  It incurred trouble on my head,
Gönlü terketme sılayı,  Darling, don't leave your country,
Ya ben kime yalvarayım.  Whom can I entreat?
Pınar başı ben olayım,  Let me be the fountainhead,
Bulanırsam bulanayım.  If I gush forth boiling, let it be,
Verin benim sevgiğimi,  Give me my sweetheart,
Dilenirsem, dileneyim.  If I have to beg. I will beg.

№ 515. Folk song. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Karadır kaşların ferman yazdırır, The black of your eyebrow gets laws written,
Bu aşk beni diyar diyar gezdirir. For this love I roam the world over.
Lokman Hekim gelse yaram azdırır,  Should doktor Lokman51 come, my wound
Yaram sarmaya yer kendi gelsin. would be burning,
Ormanların gümbürtüsü başıma vurur, My darling should come to bandage my wound.
Nazlı yarin hayali karşısında durur. The murmurs of forests are ringing in my head,
Ormanlardan aşağı aşağı giderim,  I conjure up my sweetheart to my mind's eye,
Nalzi yari kaybetmişim arar gezerim. I'm progressing down from the forest,

№ 526. Folk song. Seviye Gerenli (1940), Lüleburgaz

Fincanı taştan oyarlar, beyim, aman, aman, The cup is carved of stone, my master, hey,
İçine içine bade koyarlar. Drink is filled in it.
Güzel olanı sararlar eşim, aman, aman, A fair one is embraced, my husband, hey,
Refr. Al kadeh, ver bade, doldur, içeyim. Refr. Take the glass, give me the drink, pour, let me drink.
Fincanın dibi düz olur beyim, aman, aman, The cup has a flat bottom, my master, hey,
Güzelin sarması güç olur. It's difficult to embrace a beautiful one.
Fincanın bir yanı sarı, beyim, aman, aman, One side of the cup is yellow, my master, hey,
Askere yolladım yari. My sweetheart has been enlisted.

Evlenmeden gelse bari beyim, aman, aman. I wish my sweetheart would return before I am
Refr. married off, alas, oh. Refr.
Fincanın bir yanı yeşil, beyim, aman aman One side of the cup is green, my master, hey,
At kolunu boynumdan aşağı  Put your arm round my shoulders,
İçmişim dilim dolası, aman Refr. I am drunk, my tongue is glib, hey. Refr.

51 Legendary father of medicine.
№ 528. *Folk song*. Ali Gümüş (1942) and his sons, Tekirdağ – ext can’t be made out!


Aman ormançı, canım ormançı,  
Ah, forest ranger, my dear forest ranger,
Köyümüze bıraktın derin bir acı.  
You left great grief in our village.
Köyümüzün suları soğuk içilmez, soğuk içilmez.  
The water of the village is too cold to drink,
Köprüler yapturdum gelip geçmeye.  
I had bridges built for crossing.
Ormançilar gidiyor gelip geçmeye, gelip geçmeye.  
Forest rangers are coming and going,
Yazık oldu ormançı köyün gencine.  
You caused trouble for the youth, forest ranger.

№ 536. *Folk song*. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Aman, aman deli ettin beni,  
Ah, you’ve made me fall in love with you,
Huzur olmadan söz ettin beni,  
You didn’t leave me alone, you gossiped about me,
*Ör ve yüksek atamadım urganı,*  
The camel was tall, I couldn’t harness it,
Aman aman urganı.  
Alas, harness it.
Üşüdükçe çek üstüne yorganı,  
If you are cold, pull the blanket over you,
Ah aman aman yorganı,  
Alas, the blanket,
Susadıkça al ağzına gerdanı,  
If you are thirsty, kiss her neck,
Ah aman aman gerdanı.  
Alas, her neck.

№ 537. *Folk song*. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu - See № 536/2

№ 539. *Hidrellez song*. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Kara gözlüm efkarımya güll d’ayrı  
My black-eyed one, don’t worry, keep laughing,
Iribikler öter ötmez ordayım,  
When they begin chirping, I’ll be there,
Vatan borcu biter bitmez, ordayım.  
When my patriotic duty is over, I’ll be there.

№ 540. *Folk song*. Mehmet Serez (1929 Selanik, Sunni), Tekirdağ

Daracık sokakları duman bürümüş,  
The narrow little street were enveloped in mist,
Herkes almış sevdigi ni yürümuş,  
All took their lovers by the hand for a walk,
*Benim yarım küçücükü, büyüküm,*  
My darling was young but she’s grown up,
Süründen ayrılan sürmeli koyun,  
A beautiful lamb removed from the flock,
Odalar doşettim gel ya’rim otur,  
I’ve had the room furnished, come, darling, sit down here,
Na-na-na-na-na-na.  
Na-na-na-na.
№ 541. Folk song. Lütfiye Kuruoğlu (1952, Sunni, Lüleburgaz)

Üç beş güzel bir araya gelmişler,
Benim seveceğim yok arasında, yok arasında.

Three-five fair [lassies] have come together,
My sweetheart is not among them, she's not among them.

№ 542. Folk song. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Ceviz dalları arasında,
Güzeli severler bağ arasında, bağ arasında.

Among the branches of the walnut tree
A beauty is loved in the garden, the garden.

Üç beş güzel bir araya gelmişler,
Benim de seveceğim yok arasında, yok arasında.

Three-five fair [lassies] have come together,
My sweetheart is not among them, she's not among them.

Sensiz bu yerlerde duramaz oldum, duramaz oldum,
Sensiz lokmalar yiyemez oldum, yiyemez oldum.

I can't stay here without you, I can't stay here,
I can't eat any more without you, I can't eat.

№ 543. Folk song. Hanife Bayram (1944), Ahmetler

Refr. Güzeli severler kol arasında, kol arasında,
Refr. A beauty is loved amidst embraces, amidst embraces for sure,

Üç beş güzel bir araya gelmişler,
Benim sevgili yarım yok arasında, yok arasında.

Three-five fair [lassies] have come together,
My sweetheart is not among them, she's not among them.

Evelerinin önü zerdali dalı,
The branch of the wild apricot outside the houses,

Pencereden gördüm bu nazlı yari, kanalı eli,
I've seen my sweetheart's hand painted with henna,

Söğüdün yaprağı dal arasında, dal arasında.
Willow leaves between branches, between branches. Refr.

№ 545. Lullaby. Havva İbrahimoğlu (Bulgaria), Bulgaria

Beşiklere taş beledim nenni,
I swaddled a stone in the cradle,

Mevlaman oğul diledim, nenni
I asked my God to give me a boy, hush,

Mevlaman bana oğul verdi, nenni
God has given me a little boy, hush,

Şimdi de uzun ömür versin, de, büyüsun, nenni.
Now he should give him a long life that he could grow up, hush-a-bye.
№ 546. Dirge. Hediye Sinevova (1935 Razgrad Bulgaria), Bulgaria*

Cuma günü hastaneye vardım,    I got into hospital on Friday,
Beyaz tenimi hastaneye verdim, My white body was given to the hospital,
Doktor bana yüreğimde cenaze. The doctor said I was finished.

Refr. Yan anam bana genç niyazım diyor.   Refr. Mourn for me, mother, you called me your youthful desire.

Anaciğim nereye gittim    Mother, what's happened to me?
Elini yüreğime koymadın    You didn't even put your hand on my heart,

№ 549. Dirge. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı/ Bulgaria), Kırklareli

Uyu sen yavrum, sen uyu, Sleep, my little one, sleep,
Uyu da ben seni büyütseyim, Sleep, I'll bring you up,
Aksam oldu kumrular öter saçaktan, It's evening, doves are singing from under the ewer,
Yavrularım öksüz kaldı bıçaktan. My babies were orphaned by a knifing.

Uyu benim nazlı kuzum, sen uyu, Sleep, my sweet lamb, sleep,
Nenni yavrum sana nenniler deyeyim, Hush, my baby, let me hum a lullaby to you,
Uyutayım yavrumu büyüteyim. Let me lull you to sleep, my baby, let me bring you up.

№ 550. Folk song. Huriye Engin (1943 Topçular), Devletliağaç

Halil çocuk çık dereden, dereden, My son Halil, emerge from the valley, the valley,
Göster bize yol nereden, nereden. Show us which direction the way goes,
Ah, dili bülbül, saçı zümbül Halilim. Oh, my Halil of the nightingale's tongue and hyacinth hair.

Şu karşıki görünen koruyu kırsalar, If only that little forest over there were cleared,
Sevdiğimi sevdiğine verseler, If only my sweetheart would be married to her sweetheart,
İstediğimi istediğine verseler. I wish everyone was married to their sweethearts.

Şu karşıki oda benim odamdır, That room opposite is mine,
İçinde sallanan selvi fidandır, A cedar branch is swaying in it,
Ah dili bülbül, saçı zümbül Halilim. Oh, my Halil of the nightingale's tongue and hyacinth hair.
№ 551. Folk song. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

*Halil çocuk çık dereden dereden, 
Göster bana yol nereden, nereden, 
Yüzüne bakılmaz olmuş yaraden. 
Refr. Dili bülbül, saçı zümbül laı ile, 
Başçelerde gül fidanı Şerife 
Halil derler bir oğlana vuruldum 
Vuruldum da dal boynuna sarıldım

Hiç doyamadım nazlı yarden ayrıldım. Refr.

Son Halil, come forth from the valley, the valley, 
Show us where this way goes, 
You can't look at his face for the many wounds, 
Refr. The one of the nightingale's tongue, hyacinth hair and ruby, 
In the gardens the rose branch is Serife. 
I fell in love with a lad called Halil, 
I fell in love with him, I hugged his slender body, 
I couldn't have had enough I had to part with him. Refr.

№ 557. Folk song. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı, Bulgaria), Devletliağa

Püskül pencereden uçtu, gülüm, ey, de, 
Püskül pencereden uçtu, 
Uçtu da deryaya göctü, gülüm, 
Uçtu da deryaya göctü. 
Benim gönlüm sana düştü gülüm, ey, de, 
Benim gönlüm sana düştü, 
Oynar püskül döne döne, gülüm, ey, de 
Ben püskül oldum yane, yane

The fringe has flown out of the window, hey, my rose, 
The fringe has flown out of the window, 
It flew out and fell into the sea, my rose, 
It flew out and fell into the sea. 
My heart has chosen you, hey, my rose, 
My heart has fallen in love with you, my rose, hey, 
The fringe is dancing in a whirl, my rose, hey, 
I've become the fringe, I've fallen in love.

№ 560. Folk song. Old man (Bulgaria), Bulgaria

Yağmur yağıyor seller akar çok olar, 
Kazanı çarşalar pareyi 
Ver pareyi çakılan. 
Yağmur yağar seller akar… 
Seller akar 
Aysı de Fatima ölüyorum 
Ölüyorum…

It's raining, the water's flooding, 
The cauldron is being carved, 
Give me my part […] 
It's raining, the water's flooding. 
The water's flooding, 
Ayshe, Fatma, I am dying, 
I am dying.
№ 561. *Folk song*. Halil Atakan (1928 Iştip-Çetaşka Macedonia), Kırklareli

Alamanıda günden turnam gelirsin,                             You’re coming from where Germany is, my
Macar Balkanında yollar açarsın,                               crane,
Analar ağladi kanlar saçarsın.                                   You cut a way in the Hungarian Balkans,
*Refr.* Tunus’ta harap olur sultan Cezayir.                    Mothers were crying, your blood was shed.
Cengi vardır Sava iyle Tunanının.                                *Refr.* In Tunis the Algerian sultan collapsed.
Yeşillenmiş o dağların sazları,                                 The marshes of the mountains are green,
Ötüşüyor ördek ile kazların,                                    The wild ducks and geese are singing,
Yazı yazars şu Bukreş’in kızları.                               The girls in Bucharest are writing letters. *Refr.*

№ 562. *Folk song*. Seher Gül (1978, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Cemile’in gezdiği dağlar meşeli, imanım,                  There are oak woods on the mountains where
Haydi üç gün oldu Cemile’ın ben bu derde               my Cemile is,
düşeli,                                               My Cemile, I fell into trouble three days ago,
Ayrı kurban Cemile’ın nasıl nasıl edelim biz       Alas, my Cemile, how shall we solve this prob-
bu işi,                                             lem?
Nikahımızı kıysın dünden gelen hocanın işi,              Let the priest who arrived yesterday wed us,
Ayrı kurban Cemile’ın nasıl nasıl edelim de biz    Alas, my Cemile, how shall we solve this prob-
bu işi?                                               lem?

№ 569. *Folk song*. Hatice Çetin (1952 Deli Orman/Bulgaria), Musulça

Alem ağlar için için,                                        The world is weeping, sobbing,
Ben bilirim kimin için.                                       I know for whom.
Ağlasın anam, babam,                                        You may mourn, mother, father,
Şu benim gençliğim için.                                     For my youth.

№ 578. *Mani*. Huriye Engin (1943 Topçular), Devletliağaç

Kaynar kazan taşmaz mı?                                        Doesn’t the hot boiler overflow?
Yol burac�tatan aşmaz mı?                                     Has this road its continuation?
Sil gözünün yaşını Haticem,                                    Wipe your tears, my Hatice,
Ayrılan kavuşmaz mı?                                          Won’t those who part be united?
Gidiyom ben de ben de,                                         I am also going away, I am too,
Bir meyvem kaldı sende.                                       A fruit of mine remained with you,
Meyve gibi sarardım [H]aticem,                                I turned yellow like a fruit, my Hatice,
Din imam yok mu sende?                                        Don’t you know what compassion is?
№ 593. Folk song. Hamış Zümbül (1903 Selanik), Enez

Bir sarı yılan kovaladı beni
Kara çalıya doladı beni.
Ah, arabacı, aman talıgacı,
Olsa da bana bir kiracı.
Kara toprak döşek olacak,
Yılan da başı yastık olacak.

I was pursued by a yellow snake,
In the furry thicket it coiled around me,
Hey, coachman, hey, wheelbarrow man,
If only I had a tenant!
My mattress will be the black earth,
My pillow a serpent head.

№ 594. Folk song. Hamış Zümbül (1903 Selanik), Enez

Bu dert nasıl dert, ölümden beter,
Gencin ölümü, canım anam, cihana yeter.
Kılavuz doldur ecel, bugünlere bel geçer,
Akıl bilir, söylemez ama, acaba kalbimde neler geçer.

What a trouble is this one, worse than death,
The death of a youth, dear mother, would be enough for the world,
Guide, go and fetch death, my back has become bent,
Although I comprehend, I can’t express whatever’s going on in my heart.
My mattress will be the black earth,
My pillow a serpent head.

№ 595. Mani. Hamış Zümbül (1903 Selanik), Enez

Mendilimin yeşili,
Ben kaybettim eşimi,
Ben eşimi bulursam,
Allah bilir işimi.
Gide gele mah’lenize usandım,
Ayağıma diken battı, gül sandım.
El kızını ben kendime yar sandım, aman,
Ne eyleyim şu dünyada yar olmasyna.

My handkerchief’s green,
I have lost my husband,
If I could find my husband,
Allah knows what I’d do.
On my way to your place I got bored,
I got a thorn in my leg, I thought it was a rose,
I thought the stranger’s daughter was my sweetheart,
What shall I do in this world if I have no sweetheart?

Ben de binsem kara kara atlara,
Derdimi söylesem canım anam yeşil otlara.
Şu dağlar olmasaydı,
Çiçeği solmasaydı,
Benim Allahım emri,
Ayrılık olmasaydı.

I wish I could mount black horses,
I’d complain about my trouble, dear mother, to the green grass.
Had it not been for those mountains,
Their flowers wouldn’t have faded,
If my God hadn’t ordered
That we should part with each other.
Oğlanın adı Hüseyin,  
Ben kimiyle küseyim.  
Göndersen annem tümünü,  
Umudunu keselim.

The boy's name is Husain,  
With whom should I be angry?  
If you send them all away, mother,  
We can give up all hope.

№ 597. Folk song. Hamuş Zümübl (1903 Selanik), Enez

Varın selam edin, ah, babam gelsin,  
Sunsun elini, alısun yılanı,  
Sensiz olurum, kolsuz olamam,  
Sensiz dururum, kolsuz duramam.

Go and say greeting, my father should come,  
He should reach out his hand and take the serpent out!  
I can't reach out my hand, I can't take the serpent,  
I can do without you, but I can't do without my arm.

Varın selam edin, ah, annem gelsin,  
Salsın elini, alısun yılanı,  
Sensiz olurum, kolsuz olamam,  
Sensiz dururum, kolsuz duramam.

Go and say greeting, my mother should come,  
She should reach for the serpent and take it out!  
I can't reach for the serpent, I can't take it out,  
I can live without you, but I can't live without my arm.

Varın selam edin, nişanlım gelsin,  
Salsın elini, alısun yılanı.

Go and say greeting, my bride should come,  
She should reach out her arm and take the serpent out!

Salarım elimi, alırm  
Sunarım elimi, alırm yılanı,  
Kolsuz dururum, sensiz duramam,  
Sensiz olamam, kolsuz dururum.

I'll reach for the serpent and take it out,  
I can do without my arm, but I can't do without you,  
I can't live without you, but I can without an arm.

№ 598. Folk song. Lütfiye Kuruoğlu (1952, Lüleburgaz), Sunni

Karaçalı gibi,  
Aramıza girdin.  
Madem oğlun kıymetliydi,  
Madem oğlun pek tatlıydı,  
Neden verdin bana?

Like a Fury,  
You stood between us,  
If your son's so dear,  
If your son's so sweet,  
Why did you let him marry me?

Al oğlunu koy çuvala,  
Salla salla vur duvara!

Take your son, cram him into a sack,  
Beat him against the wall.
№ 599. Lullaby. Veli Yılmaz (1928 Tekirdağ), Kılavuzlu

Ninni de ninni, ninnisi var, 
Güzel, güzel kuzumun uykusu var. 
Dağlara vardım, dağlar uyur, 
Eve de geldim, güzelim uyur.

Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, it is his lullaby, 
My beautiful lambkin's sleepy, 
I went to the mountains, the mountains are asleep, 
Then I came home, my beauty's asleep.

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, Allah, 
Kuzuma tatlı uykular ver, Allah.

Oh, oh, oh, o. oh, Allah, 
Give my lambkin a sweet sleep, Allah!

E-e-e, 
Ninni, ninni, kinah bebek, 
Yarın büyüyecek, olacak adam,
E-e-e.

E-e-e, 
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-by, henna baby, 
Tomorrow he'll grow up, he'll be a man, 
E-e-e.

№ 600. Counting out rhyme. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Leylek, leylek havada, 
Yumurtası tavada, 
Gelsin bizim hayata.

Stork, stork, up in the sky, 
Its egg in the frying pan, 
Let it come into our lives!

Bizim hayat yıkıldı, 
Burnu boka döküldü, 
Uç, leyleğim, uç!

Our lives are in ruins, 
Its nose fell into shit, 
Fly away, my stork, fly away!

№ 601. Folk song. Hatice Ergül (1924 Bulgaria), Devletliağaç

Yüksek çardaktan düştüm, 
Ak çayırdan ot biçtim, 
Bin liralık kız idim, 
Hayırsız posta düştüm.

I fell off a high roof, 
I cut grass from a white meadow, 
I used to be a lass worth a thousand lira, 
I was taken to an unblest place.

№ 602. Folk song. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Şu karşığı dağda develeri güderim, 
Develerin tulumları deverele yüklerim, 
Götürüp de pazarlara satarım, 
Vallah, annemden izinsiz vermem ayranı.

I graze the camels on the hill over there, 
I put the water bags on their backs, 
We take them to the market and sell them, 
Honestly, without my mother’s permission

Yavrum ayranı, güzel ayranı, canım ayranı.

I won’t give a bit of ayran,53 
My baby, not a bit of ayran, fine ayran, darling, ayran.

52 Turkish çardak was compiled of the Persian čar ‘four’ and Arabic tak ‘stake’. They make a hut or hovel in the garden or out in the fields of branches. Its real meaning is ‘a lodge for the night.’

53 Cool drink made of yoghurt and water.
Religious Songs

№ 12. Alevi deyiş. İmam Leşkeroğlu (1933 Sivas/Minare Kangal), Ormankent next to Enez

Her sabah her sabah ötüşür kuşlar,
Allah bir Muhammed Ali diyerek,
Bülbül de gül için figana başlar,

Fatma, Düldül, Kamber, durmuş duaya,
İsa şükrelemiş çıkmış havaya,
Şehriban sığınmış binmiş deveye. Refr.

Fatma, Düldül, Kamber stopped for praying,
Jesus blessed them, ascended to heaven,
Shehriban hunched herself up, got on a camel. Refr.

İşitelim gerçeklerin sesini,
Biz tutalım imamların yasını,
İmam Hasan içti ağu taşıdı. Refr.

Let's hear the voice of reality,
Let's mourn for our imams,
Imam Hasan drank the poison while
He said. Refr.

Every morn, every morn the birds are singing:
Allah, Muhammad, Ali are One – they say.
The nightingale also starts singing for the rose:
Refr. Allah, Muhammad, Ali are One – it says.

Picture 17. Bektash women at a Bektashi festival in Topçular.
No 14. Semah. Emrullah Yılmazgöç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Talip olan ince elekten elenir,  
Mümin olan Hak yoluna dayanır,  
İmam Hüseyin al kanlara boyanır. Refr.

The candidate is screened through a fine sieve,  
The true believer treads the God’s path.  
Imam Hüsein bathes in red blood while he says. Refr.

İmam Zeynel Abidin parelendi bölündü,  
İmam Bakıra secdeler kılındı,  
Caferi Sadika erkan verildi. Refr.

Imam Zeynel Abidin went up in smoke,  
Many fall on their knees before imam Bakir,  
Holding Ia’fer the Truthful high. Refr.

Musa-i Kazımda görüntü nurlar,  
Ali Musa Rıza böyle nakleder,  
Takiyle Naki pirimiz oldular. Refr.

Lights appeared to Musai Kazim,  
Ali Musa Riza said so.  
Taki and Naki became our saints. Refr.

Hasanü’l-askeri pier olup gitti,  
Mehdi de mağrada sr oldu gitti,  
Yezidin bağında dağ olup gitti. Refr.

Hasan’s soldier became a saint and went away,  
Mehdi became a secret in a cave,  
In Yezid’s heart there grew a mountain. Refr.

Kur’an Muhammedin virdine düştü,  
Dört kitap geldi yeryüzüne düştü,  
Kul Himmet derdini pirine deşti. Refr.

Mohamed’s daily prayer was the Quran,  
Four holy books descended to the earth,  
He complained of his trouble to Kul Himmet’s saint. Refr.

No 14. Semah. Emrullah Yılmazgöç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Uyur idik, uyanık,  
Ölüye saydılar bizi,  
Koyun olduk, ses anladık,  
Sürüye saydılar bizi.

We were asleep, we woke up,  
They thought we were dead.  
We were lambs, we got on well,  
They thought we were a flock.

Halimizi hal eledik,  
Yolumuzu yol eledik,  
Her çiçekten bal eledik,  
Arya saydilar bizi.

We fell into ecstasy,  
We entered upon God’s road,  
We gained honey from each flower,  
They thought we were bees.

Hak dinannı dizildik,  
Aşk defterine yazıldık,  
Bal olduk, şerbet ezildik,  
Doluya saydilar bizi.

We lined up in front of God,  
We enrolled among His adorers,  
We turned to honey and they made sweet fruit drink from us,  
They thought we were beverages.

Pir Sultan Abdal’ım şunda,  
Çok keramet var insanda,  
O cihanda bu cihanda,  
Ali’ye saydilar bizi.

My Pir Sultan Abdal,  
There’s much piety in man,  
In this world, in the hereafter  
They regarded us as Ali.

54 It is a typical shamanistic feature to have the drum or sieve as instruments appearing in the text of the nefes.

55 The twelfth Imam of the Shias expected to return to purify Islam (Redhouse 1974: 747).
№ 24. **Alevi deyiş.** Bektashi concert, Istanbul

Aşmalı hangi yere gideyim?
Gittiğim yerlerde, hudud et beni!
Refr. Hudey Hudey şirinleri,
Gözler geçer dünya gamı.
İyilere cennet cemal,
Kötüye hasret/kasavet gamı.
Abdal Pir Sultanım, gönlüm hastadır,
Kimseyi yemem, gönlüm yastadır.
Bilmem neyim oldu, bilmem ustadı,
Böyle bir sevdaya saldı dert beni. Refr.

I have to go, where shall I go,
Wherever I go, protect me!
Refr. God, oh God, the beauties!
The grief of the world is passing by,
Heaven and God’s face for the good,
The grief of desire/pain for the bad.
My Abdal Pir Sultan, my heart is sick,
I won't eat anyone, my heart is mourning,
I don't know what's with me, I don't know the master,
Trouble has landed me in such love. Refr.

№ 37. **Alevi deyiş.** Halil Atakan (1928 Ištîp-Çetaşka Macedonia), Kırklareli

Cennetten çıktı Adem,
Dünyaya bastı kadem.
Bu söyledi her dem, Allah.
Refr. La ilahe, illallah, Allay,
Muhammed’ên resul Allah.
Güneş burcundan doğar,
Hak'în varışîn' diler, Hak'în varışî diler Allah. Refr.
[Taştı rah] met deryası,
Garkoldu cümle usta,
Dört kitabin manası Allah. Refr.
Erenlerin kılıci,
Arşa çar deruni,
Hep dertlerin ilacı Allah. Refr.
Erenlerin büruku
Yakın ider yıragı,
Arşin kürsüsü, direği Allah. Refr.
Yunuz bu nº söyledi,
Aşk deryası boyadı,
Ümmet için ayeti Allah. Refr.

Adam has come out of paradise,
He set the world on the move.
He kept saying every minute: Allah.
There is no other God but Allah,
Muhammed is Allah’s prophet.
The sun is rising from above the stars,
Desiring the existence of God,
The sea of mercy has flooded,
All the sinners have received a lot,
The meaning of the four books, Allah. Refr.
The swords of holy people,
Their souls go up to heaven,
The balm to all troubles, Allah. Refr.
The light of holy people
Brings the distant here,
The top and column of heavens, Allah. Refr.
Yunus claimed that
He had swum across the sea of love,
The prayer of the Muslim community, Allah. Refr.
Kırklar meydanına vardım, / I arrived at the sacred square of the Forty,\(^{56}\)
Gel beru, ey, can dediler, / Come back, oh, Soul,\(^{57}\) so they called me,
Behey abdal nedir halin, / Come on, wandering dervish, what has happened to you,
Hakk'a şükret kaldır elin. / Bless God, raise your hands for blessing!
Kalk bizimle, semah oyna, / Get up, turn a semah with us,
Silinsin, pak olsun ayna, / Clean the mirror, let it shine!
Kırk yıl bu kazanda kayna, / Boil in this cauldron for forty years,
Dahi çiğ bu ten dediler. / This meat is still raw – so they said.

Sıdk ile tevhid edelim, / Let’s unite from our hearts,
Çekilip Hakka gidelim, / Let us start to our God,
Aşkı dolusun içelim, / Let’s drink the drink of love,
Kalalım mestan dediler. / Let’s stay drunk – they said.

Kırklar bir yerde durdular, / The Forty stopped at a place,
Otur deyu yer verdiler, / Sit down, they said, and offered a seat,
Meydana sofra Kurdular, / They got up from the table in the sacred place,
Lokmanuza sun dediler. / Take our food, they said.

Kırkların kalbi doğrudur, / The hearts of the forty are true,
Mümin gönlünün eridir, / True Muslims control their heart.
Gelişin kanden bellidir, / Since we have known about your coming,
Söyle behey can dediler. / Speak up, my Soul, they said.

Düşme dünya mihnetine, / Do not mind the worldly troubles,
Talip ol Hak Hazretine, / Be marked for the sacrament of God,
Ab-i Keşver şerbetine, / Dip your finger, they said,
Parmagını ban dediler. / Into the nectar of the river Kevser of paradise.

Görджünün gözün ile, / What your eyes catch sight of,
Beyan etme sözün ile, / Your mouth should never utter!
Ondan sonra bizim ile, / Then you will be with us,
Olursun mıhman dediler. / You will be a leader, they said.

Behey abdal nedir halin? / Hey, wandering dervish, what has happened to you?
Hakk'a şiüret kaldı elin, / Bless God, raise your hands for blessing,
Kese gör gıybetten dilin, / Protect your tongue from slander,
Her kulu yeşsan dediler. / Everyone is equal, they said.

Şah Hatayi konmuş burda, / Shah Hatay sat down here,
Tazece uğramış derde, / He had just met trouble [divine love],
Mührşitten açılr perde, / The Master is raising the curtain,
Gör imdi ey can dediler. / Look around now, oh, Soul, they said.

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\(^{56}\) *Kırk* literally means 'forty' but in the text it is used to designate 'multitude' without numeric limitation.

\(^{57}\) People address one another as 'Soul' in the Bektashi congregation.
№ 39. Kırklar semahı, Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Kırklar meydanına vardım, I arrived at the sacred place of the crowd,
Gel beri, ey, can, dediler. Hey, come back, Soul, they called me.
İzzet ile selam verdim, I greeted them with respect.
Gir, işte meydan dediler. This is the sacred place, you may enter, they said.

Kırklar yerinde durdular, The forty were sitting in their place,
Yerlerinden yer verdiler. They made room for me.

№ 40. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Yeni Bedir

Hakk’ı zikreden kardaşlar, Brothers who mention God,
[Böyle bir Pir Sultan]ımız var. We have [such a Pir sultan].
Refr. 1. Şöyle bir Sultanımız var. Refr. 1. We have such a sultan.

Hakka giden Hak bu yoldur, This is the true way to God,
Tevfi k ider gör ne kuldur, Tevfik is following this, look, what a good servant he is,
Cümlenin maksudu odur, He brings hope for everyone.
Refr. 2. Böyle bir Allahımız var. Refr. 2. We have such Allah.

*Gökte ay, gün, yıldız döner, Moon, sun, stars rotate in the sky,
Aşk atesi durmaz, yanar. The flame of love burns for ever,
Bizi gören Mecnun sanar. Refr. 2 Refr. 1. Whoever can see us will think we are Majnun. Refr. 2. Refr. 1.

Men bir aşıkla dost oldum, I made friends with a dervish,
Aldı aklım, ser-mest oldum, He made me crazy, he made me drunk,
Ben bu yola dermest oldum. I came near the way. Refr. 2.

Aşık Yunus gir meydana, God’s lover, Yunus come forward,
Ver şu canı canana, Give your soul to your lover,
Affeder bakmaz isyana. Refr. 2. He will pardon you, forgive you the revolt.
Refr. 2.

58 Majnun is the name of the mad lover yearning for Leyla with a deranged mind. Famous legendary figure.
№ 41. *Nefes*. Ali Rıza Bodur (1938 Topçular), Ahmetler

Bugün Nevruz:
*Sevenin de imanı,
Ali’m doğdu, bugün Nevruz,
Şah Ali’m doğdu, bugün Nevruz.*

It is Nevruz today:
The faith of the devoted,
My Ali was born, it is Nevruz today,
My Ali shah was born, it is Nevruz today.

Van kalesin feth eyledin,
Nice gerçek söz söylediin.
Sr kapıya yol eyledin,
Ali’n/Şahım doğdu, bugün Nevruz.

You captured the fort of Van,
You said such a lot of true words,
You showed the way to the gate of secret,
My Ali/My Shah was born, it is Nevruz today.

№ 42. *Matem nefesi*. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Ey, nur-u çeşmi Ahmedi muhtar, ya Hüseyin,
Ey, yadigarı Hayderi kerrar, ya Hüseyin,
Ah, ah, Hüseyin, vah Hüseyin.

Eyh, chosen prophet with shining eyes, Ahmed,
oh, Husain,
Oh, you impetuous attacker Haydar,
oh Husain,
Oh, oh, Husain, alas, Husain.

№ 58. *Methiye*. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu

Kapına niyaza geldim,
Şükürler himmetin aldım,
Mürüvvet kanısın bildim,
Pir Balım Sultan.

Refr. Sultan, sultan, sultan,
Dertler derman.
Hüy, Hüy, Hüy, Hüy,
Canırala canan.

Dergahındır bab-ı hacet,
Sizlere olur müracat,
Senden evvel bize necat,
Pir Balım Sultan. Refr.

Her yerde kadrin bilinir,
Ziyaretine gelinir,
Kapında kulak delinir,
Pir Balım Sultan. Refr.

I’ve come to your door to pray,
Be blessed for your help,
I knew about your piety,
Saint Balim Sultan. Refr.
Balm for troubles.
Hüy, Hüy, Hüy, Hüy
The lover of believers.
Your convent is a place for praying,
They pray to you,
Let us be freed first,
Saint Balim Sultan. Refr.
You are highly respected everywhere,
People go on a pilgrimage to you,
At your gate they are listened to,
Saint Balim Sultan. Refr.

60 A famous fortress on the shore of Lake Van.
61 The gate of secret = Hz. (‘Saint’) Ali, without whose understanding no one can enter the "city".
62 Caliph Ali is sometimes also called Haydar.
63 Hü/Hüy stands for the name of God and is used in this meaning in several variants.
Dervişlere sensin serdar, You are the commander of dervishes,
Sen ganisin, muradın var, You are almighty, you have a goal,
Yanındadır Şah Kalendar, Kalender shah is by your side,

Sen canların cananısın,64 You are worshipped by the believers,
Sultanların sultanıysın, The sultan of sultans,
Dervişlerin canı sensin, The soul of dervishes,

Cümle varım sensin yarım, You are all to me, dear,
Cümlenin serdarı, yari, The general and lover of all,
Hacı Bektaş yadigarı, A present from Haci Bektash,

Dervişlerin yolu bağlı, The way of dervishes is determined,
Yolunda çiğlerleri dağlı, They are fired inside on the way to you,
Medet Mürsel Baba oğlu, Help us, Baba Mursel’s son,

Cemali kapında kuldur, Servant Cemal at your gate,
Kapında isteğim budur, At your entrance I ask you:
Ağlatma kulların, güldür, Make your followers laugh, not cry,

64 We came across the same line in one of Yunus’s nefeses (ZK 67): Sen canların cananısın / Dertlilerin dermanısı (You are the object of the desires of the souls / Remedy for the troubled ones.)

65 A legendary person who attained immortality by drinking from the water of Life (Redhouse 1974: 482).

66 Joseph of the Bible.
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<th>Kelime/çizim</th>
<th>Anlami</th>
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<td>473</td>
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<tr>
<td>Halil Kabe’yi yapınca,</td>
<td>Halil created the Kaaba,(^67)</td>
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<td>İslam dinine tapınca,</td>
<td>He worshipped the Islamic faith,</td>
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<td>Gökten Muhammed kopunca,</td>
<td>Muhammad descended from heaven,</td>
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<td>Nur aleme dolu geldi.</td>
<td>The world was filled with light.</td>
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<td>Aşk elinden oldum hasta,</td>
<td>I suffered from love,</td>
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<td>Var derdine derman iste,</td>
<td>Go and ask for balm for your trouble,</td>
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<td>Dahi küçük nevreste,</td>
<td>Still as a young sprout,</td>
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<td>Ismail kurbana geldi.</td>
<td>Ismail came as a sacrifice.</td>
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<td>Şah Hatayı’nm nesne bilmez,</td>
<td>My Shah Hatayi(^68) knew nothing,</td>
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<td>Ab-i hayat için ölmez,</td>
<td>He would not die for the water of life,</td>
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<td>Kafir Müslümanı yenmez,</td>
<td>An infidel will never defeat a Muslim,</td>
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<td>Ezelden basıla geldi.</td>
<td>It was written at the beginning of time.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aşk olsun meydan görene,</td>
<td>Blessed be the one who has seen the sacred place,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Yoluna doğru gidene,</td>
<td>Who follows the right way,</td>
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<tr>
<td>[Afer]in Hakkı hak bilip,</td>
<td>Praise be to the one who knows what is right and Turns his heart towards it.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hak için gönlü güdene.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Sen doğru yürü, doğru bak,</td>
<td>Go straight, hearken to what is right,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doğru gidene zevâl yok.</td>
<td>One that does so will not regret it.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rahmet edip yerhâr Hak,</td>
<td>God will judge the one leniently</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hak için kulluk edene.</td>
<td>Who serves him humbly.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gönlünü yüksakten indir,</td>
<td>Don’t be pretentious,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ar etme alçağa kondur,</td>
<td>Have nothing to be ashamed of,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aç doyurup susus kandır,</td>
<td>Feed the hungry, give water to the thirsty,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>İbadet borçun ödene.</td>
<td>Follow the religious rules.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Besleme gazap atını,</td>
<td>Do not harbour anger,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sen çekerşin zulmetini,</td>
<td>Its flame will burn you,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tepele nefsin itini,</td>
<td>Control your instincts,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zarar gelmessin bedene.</td>
<td>So that your body will not be harmed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kafı nundur külli mekan,</td>
<td>„K” and „n”(^69) the universal space,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emrine ram buldu cihan,</td>
<td>Upon your order the world was formed,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Razi teslim oldu heman,</td>
<td>It became submissive and obedient,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hem yedirip hem yiyene.</td>
<td>Both the donator and the recipient.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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\(^67\) At Mecca it is the utmost aim of pilgrims.
\(^68\) Eyuboğlu considers *Pir Sultan Abdal* as the poet of this poem (Eyuboğlu 1993: 91).
\(^69\) The letters *kaf* and *nun* render the Arabic word “be” which God uttered to create the world.
Muhiddin Abdal aşık olsun,
Sırrını eller duymasın,
Yemişin nadan yemesin,
Hem yedip hem yedirene.

Greetings to Muhiddin Abdal,
No strangers should hear our secret,
Your fruit should not be eaten by the ignorant,
He who eats and he who feeds should be praised.

№ 64. Semah. Bektashi congregation, Kirkpuresi

[Gel benim sarı tanburam,]
Sen ne için inilersin?
İçim oyuk, derdim büyük.
Refr. Ben annın için inlerim.

Strings were stretched on my arm,
Why are you crying?
My body is hollow, my trouble is big.
Refr. That's why I am crying.

Koluma taktılar teli,
Söyletirler binbir dili,
Oldum ayn-i cem bülbülü. Refr.

They made me speak in a thousand tongues,
I became the lark at the ritual. Refr.

Koluma taktılar perde,
Uğrattılar binbir derde,
Kim konar, kim göçer burda. Refr.

They fixed frets on my arm,
They caused me a thousand troubles.
Some stay, some go away. Refr.

Gözsüme tahta döşerler,
Durmayıp beni öksarlar,
Vurdukça bağrım deşerler. Refr.

They placed a board on my chest,
They keep stroking me,
Their playing destroys me. Refr.

Gözlerim sarı kan bağlar/Gel benim sarı
tanburam,
Dizler üstünde yatıram,
Yine kırdı hatram. Refr.

Tears get into my eyes/Comme, my yellow tambura
I lie on knees,
My memory fails me. Refr.

Sarı tanburadır adım,
Arşa çıkıyor feryadım,
Hü, Şah Pir Sultanım ustadım. Refr.

My name is yellow tambura,
I let out a cry into heaven,
Shah Pir Sultan is my master. Refr.

№ 65. Semah. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Açılı cennet kapısı,
Lale gevehidir yapısı.
Kıldan incedir köprüsü,
Geçebilsen gel beri,
Geçemez isen dön geri.

The gate of paradise is opened wide,
It was made of tulips and precious stones,
Its bridge is thinner than human hair,
Come here if you can go across,
Turn back if you can’t.

Secret is a basic concept of the Bektashi. Much talk is forbidden, lest someone should blurt it out.
It is of special interest that the poem starting with Hakikat bir gizli sırdır is both known from Hatayi and Pir Sultan Abdal. It consists of six strophes in the former version, and nine strophes in the latter case. Five strophes are almost the same.
Canım melek canıdır,  
Tenim Süleyman tenidir.  
İçti(ği)miz arslan sütüdür,  
İçebilirsen gel beri,  
İçemez isen dön geri.  

Can we be angelic souls,  
My body is Suleyman's body,  
Our drink is lion's milk,  
Come here if you can drink it,  
Turn back if you can't!

Ben hocama kul olmuşam,  
Üstattan öğüt almışam,  
Ben kanadım bağlamışam,  
Çözebilirsen gel beri.  

My teacher made me a slave,  
My master gave me advice,  
My wings have been tied,  
If you can free me, come here!

Ben has bahçenin gülüyem,  
Ayn-ı cemin bülbülüyem,  
Kırk kapının kilidiyem,  
Açabilirsen gel beri.  

I am the rose of a huge garden,  
The nightingale of the community,  
The key of forty doors,  
If you can open them, come here!

Pir Sultan’ım Hayder heman,  
Dağları bürüdü duman,  
İşte İncil, işte Kur'an,  
Seçebilirsen gel beri.  

Haydar72 is almost my Pir Sultan,  
The mountains are wrapped in fog,  
Here is the New Testament, here is the  
Quran,  
Come here if you can choose,  
If you can't read, turn back!

Arkadaşlar geçti beni,  
Hep(i)sinden kaldım geri,  
Ne etsem gitmem ileri.  

My mates have all got ahead of me,  
I am lagging behind all of them,  
Whatever I try, I can't get further.  
Refr.

Elif derim, be deyemem,  
Be desem de belleyemem,  
Nasıl akıldır bu bilmem.  

I say A but can't say B,  
Even if I say B, I'll forget it,  
What a brain! I can't understand it.  
Refr.

73 Elif being the first letter in Arabic is straight to symbolize the Bektashi's way to God. (Mélikoff 1999: 6).
№ 71. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Ahmetler

Gönül aşka kandın mı? My heart, have you become the slave of love?
Hiç bilemedim kendimi. I’ve had no chance to know myself.
Refr. Aşk ıla kardaş olalı, Refr. Let’s be brethren in love,
Sıdk ile yoldaş olalı. Let’s be fellow travellers with honest hearts.

Görün aşın verdiğini, Look at the gift of love,
Sor bülbüle derdini, Ask the nightingale about her trouble,
Attı ya güle kendini. Refr. She has given herself to the rose Refr.

Görün aşk beni neyledi, Look, what love has done to me,
Aşınla gönül çağladı, Devine love makes my heart throb,

Dağiştanoğlu sözleri, The words of Dagestanoglu
Hak cemalini gösterir. Show the perfection of God.

№ 72. Semah. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953), İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Şu dünyanın ötesine, “I’ve surpassed this world”
Vardım diyen yalan söyler. Who says so, tells a lie.
Baştan başa sefasını, “I’ve always had a good time from the begin-
Sürдум diyen yalan söyler. ning”,
He, who says so, tells a lie.

Ark kazarlar argın argın, Hunters hunt for wild geese,
Felek çevirmekte çarkın, They pray to God,
Bu dünyada mal ve mülküm “I said prayer five times every day”
Vardır diyen yalan söyler. He, who says so, tells a lie.

Kuru açıta olur gazal, They dig ditches in despair,
Kendi okur kendi yazar, Fate keeps turning your wheel!
Ahdi bütün, hüsnü güzel, “In this world I have property, wealth”,
Vardı diyen yalan söyler. He, who says so, tells a lie.

Avcılar avlarlar kazı, Even the dry tree may have leaves,
Hakk’a ederler niyaz, He reads and writes himself,
Şunda beş vakt namazı, “There are people with only charity in their
Vardı diyen yalan söyler. heart”

Kıldım diyen yalan söyler. He, who says so, tells a lie.

Şah Hatay’ım der varilmaz, “It is impossible to reach him” my Shah Hatayi
Varılırsa da gelinmez, says,
Rehbersiz hiç yol bulunmaz, Even if we reach him, we cannot return,
Buldum diyen yalan söyler. It is impossible to find the way without a leader,
[transl. J. S.] “I found it” - he, who says so, tells a lie.
№ 74. Nefes. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçataği), Kılavuzlu

Bir gece seyirin içinde⁷⁴
Ben dedem Ali'yi gördüm.
* Eğildim, niyaz eyledim.
Ref. Ben dedem Ali'yi gördüm.

Üç çerağ yanar şişede,
Aslanlar gizli meşede,
Yedi iklim dört köşede. Refr.

Kamberi durur sağında,
Salınır cennet bağında,
Ali Musa Tur dağında. Refr.

Cennet kapısında duran,
Kilidin mührünü kıran,
Yediden kılıcın vuran. Refr.

Kızıl güller deste, deste,
Bergüzar yolladım dosta,
Üç dolu mihmandan iste. Refr.

Yüce dağlar coşkun, coşkun,
Kul Himmet aşkına düşkün,
Cümle meleklerden üstün. Refr.

№ 78. Nefes. Hasan Hüseyin Aslan (1945 Tatlıpınar), Kırklareli

Geldik türbene, Gül Babam,
Güllerini koklaman, makamını,
Doya-doya koklamanaya.

Gül Baba’nın makamına,
Cümle alem gelir ona,
Duaları derler ona,
Yardım eyle, Gül Babacığım.

Hasan Hüseyin zikir eyle,
Canların muhabbet iyle.
Gül Baba’nın demîyle,
Coştu mest eyledi canlar.

We've come to your tomb, my Gül Baba,
To smell your roses,
To feel your rosy presence,
To take pleasure in your fragrance.

To meet my Gül Baba,
The whole world comes to him,
They offer prayers to him,
Help us, my dear Gül Baba!

Hasan Husain, praise his name!
With the ardour of believers.
My Gül Baba’s drink
Has made the faithful drunk.

⁷⁴ The first line is mixed up with that of Hatayi’s Dün gece seyirin içinde (Arslanoğlu 1992: 519), therefore we find there bir ‘one’ or dün ‘yesterday’ respectively.
⁷⁵ The Arabic name of Mount Sinai or Mount Tabor.
№ 84. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Göster cemalin şemini,  Show me the beauty of your face,
Oda yansın pervaneler.  The butterflies shall smoulder in fire,
Aşka vuslat değil mi  Is it the last meeting for a lover,
Şemine karşı yanalar?  If your fire starts burning within him?

Ben meye tövbe etmişim,  I said no to the drink,
Ağyar elinden içmezem,  I don't drink from strange hands,
Kudret elinden sun bize,  With your sacred hand,
Dolu dolu peymaneler.  Give us overbrimming goblets.

Pek bağlı aşkın zinciri,  Chain your lover tightly to yourself,
Boşanmasın divaneler,  So that the drunken will never part.
Cevru cefa çekmek ile  With torture and suffering,
Şemin seni terkeylemez.  Semin would never leave you,
Mescit ile medreseye ile  We offered a mosque and a religious school
Ismarladık zahitlere.  To the Sunni.

№ 85. Nefes. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Ey, Fatime, ey, Fatime,  Ah, Fatma, ah, Fatma,
Kamu sadık ya, Fatime.  Faithful Fatima of all,
Kapında miskin bekliyor,  A beggar is waiting in front of your door,
Geçmez boşazdan ya Fatma.  You can't even swallow a bite, Fatma.

Miskinleri doyuralım,  Let's give food to the starving,
Biz aç duralm, ya, Fatma.  And let us stay hungry, Fatma.
Hasan, Hüseyin bakıştılar,  Hasan and Hussain looked at each other,
Kanlı yaşlar akıttılar.  They shed bitter tears.

Biz de yemeyiz dediler,  We can't eat either, they said,
Oldum meşakkat ya Fatma.  I ran into trouble, oh, Fatma,
Su ile iftar edelim,  Let's break the fast with water,
Hem yeyip niyet edelim.  Let's eat and offer sacrifice.

Hırkanda vardır kırk yama,  There are forty spots on your cloak,
Elimden çok çektin Fatma.  You suffered a lot for me, Fatma.
Sana sorarsa Mustafa,  Should Mustafa ask you,
Etme şikayet ya Fatma.  Do not complain, Fatma.
№ 86. *Semah*. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Canım kurban olsun senin yoluna. **Refr.** Adı güzel, kendi güzel Muhammed Hü Dost. Hak nasib eylesin senin yoluna. **Refr.**

Sen Hak peygamberin, şek yok şüphesiz, **Refr. 2.** Sana inanmayan dinsiz imansız Hü Dost. Derviş Yunus neyler dünyayı sensiz? **Refr.**

Let my soul be a sacrifice on your way. **Refr.** Your name is nice, you are nice yourself, Muhammad! May God help me to find your way. **Refr.**

Your are a true prophet without doubt. **Refr. 2.** He who does not believe in you is faithless. What can Yunus do in this world without you? **Refr.**

№ 87. *Semah*. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Canım kurban olsun, senin yoluna. **Refr.** Adı güzel, kendi güzel Muhammed, Hak nasib eylesin senin yoluna **Refr.**

Çoktur dervişlerin cevr-u cefası, Cennettir onlarnın zevki, sefası, Onsekizin alemin bir Mustafası **Refr.**

Sen hak peygamberin çek yok şüphesiz Sana inanmayan dinsiz imansız Derviş Yunus neyler dünyayı sensiz? **Refr.**

Let my soul be a sacrifice on your way. **Refr.** Nice-named, beautiful Muhammad. I wish I had the privilege to follow your way. **Refr.**

Dervishes suffer from agony and pain, Heaven is their joy and pleasure, Mustafa of eighteen thousand worlds. **Refr.**

You are the true prophet without doubt, He, who does not believe in you is faithless, Dervish Yunus, what can he do in the world without you. **Refr.**

№ 94. *Semah*. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953), İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça


We fell on our knees on the ground, Under us a green carpet, Muhammad and Ali, Show us the way! This way is the way of saints, The way of the true-hearted, It's not enough to set out on the road, The way of those who turn the sema too. I am lacking in many things, There are defects in my character, I have come to this holy place to turn, I have come here to speak my mind.

76 A whirling dance performed during a Mevlevi service (Redhouse 1974: 997).
№ 95. Nefes. İshet İskık (1963) – Hüseyin Çakır (1962), Kırklareli – See № 293

№ 109. Nevruzıye. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli – See № 111

№ 110. Nevruzıye. Veli Yılmaz (1928 Tekirdağ), Kılavuzlu – See № 111

№ 111. Nevruzıye. Hanife Konbal (1947), Çeşmekolu

Hey,Iron the heart.
Refr.

Guests, you are welcome!
Brethren, you are welcome!
Their tongues repeat God's name. Refr.

May our homes be happy,
Let us live in plenty! Refr.

Ah, our Sultan. Refr.

Arriving at the fair of love,
Knowing the secret of God's justice,
Being the sea of the ocean. Refr.

The lovers of God lose their heads,
They cross the river Sirat,
Drinking a heavenly drink with the dispenser of drinks. Refr.

I've fallen in love, holy people,
You know what divine love is.
You, who have seen God's face. Refr.

Just come, you triumphant,
Message written from light,
The flock has lined up. Refr.

My Pir Sultan, the lovers,
They are the true-hearted,
The ones awake will never fall asleep. Refr.

My Pir Sultan, ah, holy martyrs,
The scriptures were written from light,
The lambs have lined up happily. Refr.

№ 112. Nevruzıye. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli – See № 111

Analı: 'the one who has a mother = happy' a Turkish denominative word formatting suffix (+cA) with added to it.
№ 136. Nefes. zakir of an Alevi congregation, Istanbul

Haktan bize name geldi, We’ve received word from God,
Pir’im sana beyan olsun, Be it revelation for you, my dear,
Şahtan bize eli geldi, The Shah has given us his hand,
Mürşüdüme haber olsun. My master should hear about it.

Kime okum kime yazam, For whom shall I read or write it?
Körolası alem bilmem, I don’t know this wretched world,
Mevlam … tarih yılda In God’s …. historic year
Rahber sana ayan olsun. My guide, you should know of this!

Hak kuluna kıldı nazar, God cast an evil eye on his servant,
Gerçek olan irfan düzer, He who’s true will have knowledge,
Zağal gelir cemi bozar, The evil comes and upsets the community,
Gözçü sana haber olsun. Sentry, you should know about this!

№ 138. Kırklar semahi. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953) and İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Bir nefescik söyleyeyim, Let me sing a little nefes,\nDinlemesen neleyeyim? What shall I do if you don’t listen to it?
Aşk deryasın boylayayım To swim across the sea of love,
Meydana dönmeye geldim. I have come to the sacred place to whirl.

Ben Hak ile oldum aşna, I fell into God’s love,
Kalmadı gönlümde nesne, That’s all I have left in my heart,
Pervaneyim ateşine, I am a nocturnal moth that hovers round a flame,
Meydana/oduna dönmeye geldim. I’ve come to the sacred place to whirl.

Aşk harmanında savruldum, I was scattered when love was harvested,
Hem elendim hem yuğruldum, I was sieved and kneaded,
Kazana girdim kavruldum, I got burnt in a cauldron,
Meydana dönmeye/yenmeye geldim. I’ve come to the sacred square to whirl/to win.

Pir Sultanım yer yüzünde, My Pir Sultan on the face of the earth,
Şah Sultanım yer yüzünde, My Shah Sultan on the face of the earth,
Kalmadı noksan sözümde, There are no faults left in my words,
Eksiklik kendi özmünde. No deficiency in my character.

Meydana dönmeye geldim, I’ve come to the sacred place to whirl,
Darına durmaya geldim, I intend to enter through your gate,
Ummana dalmaya geldim, I’ve come to sink into the ocean,

78 The word means ‘sacred hymn’ among the Bektashis.
№ 139. **Kırklar semahi**. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Aynayı tuttum yüzüme,   I held a mirror in front of my face,79  
Ali göründü gözüme.     And caught sight of Ali,  
Nazar kıldırm ben özüme,  I glanced at myself,  

Hilmi gedayı bir kemter,  I am poor miserable Hilmi,  
Görür gözüm dilim söyler,  I make mention of what I notice,  
Her nereye kılsam nazar,  Whatever I glance at,  

№ 140. **Kırklar semahi**. Bektashi concert, Istanbul

Aynayı tuttum yüzüme,  I held a mirror in front of my face,  
Ali göründü gözüme.  I caught sight of Ali,  
Nazar eyledim ben özüme,  I glanced at myself,  
**Refr.**  

Ali evvel, Ali ahr,  Ali’s the beginning, Ali’s the end,  
Ali batın, Ali zahir,  Ali’s the essence, Ali’s the surface,  
Ali tayyip, Ali tahir,  Ali’s good, Ali’s clean,  

Adem baba Havva ile,  Father Adam with Eve,  
Hem alemelesma ile,  The universe with God,  
Çarkı felek sema ile,  The wheel of fortune with the sky,  
**Refr.**  

Ali candır, Ali canan,  Ali’s the spirit, Ali’s the beloved,  
Ali dindir, Ali iman,  Ali is religion, Ali is the imam,  
Ali Rahim, Ali Rahman,  Ali’s gracious, Ali’s merciful,  

---

Gönül verdim, sevdim seni.
Refr. Aman mürvet dergahına,
Ya Muhammed dergahına.
Dergahına giden yollar,
Seni tespit/teşvik eden diller,
Ah sevdiğim konca güller. Refr.

Dergahımdan kesmemelim,
Kıblemden çevirmem yönüm,
Benim Ali’im sana malum.
Refr. Kul Hüseyinin zatın ilen,
Buldum Muammetin ilen,
Geldim günah yüküm ilen,
Amman mürvet dergahından.

Eşrefoğlu al haberi,
Bahçe biziz, gül bizdedir,
*Biz de Mevla’nın kuluyuz,
Yetmiş iki dil bizdedir.
Erlik midir eri yormak,
Irak yoldan haber sormak?
Cennetteki on iki ırmak,
Coşkun akan sel bizdedir.
Adam vardır cismi semiz,
Abdest alır olmaz temiz.
Hakk’ı dahleylemek nemiz,
Bilcümle vebal bizdedir.
Ari vardır uçar gider,
Teni tenden şeker gider,
Can bizden kaçıp gider,
Ari biziz bal bizdedir.
Kimi sofu kimi hacı,
Cümlemiz O’na duacı,
Resullü Ekmek’in tacı,
Aba hırka şal bizdedir.

I fell in love with you, I got to like you.
Refr. Ah, blessed be your dervish convent!
Tongues that connect you to God,
Oh, beloved rosebuds. Refr.

Do not tear me away from my dervish convent,
I do not turn away from my Kible,
My Ali, you know this. Refr.
With the person of Kul Husain,
I’ve found him with Muhammad,
I’ve come under the burden of my sin,
Ah, blessed be your convent!

Eşrefoğlu, hear the news,
We're the garden, the rose is inside us,
We are God's servants, too,
We speak seventy-two languages.
Is it manly to tire a man?
To inquire about news from a distant place,
The twelve⁸⁰ rivers of Paradise,
The stream of zeal is pouring inside us.
There are fat men,
Who wash but do not get clean,
How could we admit God into ourselves,
All the sins are inside us.
A bee's flying here and there,
Picking and then flying on,
We're the bee, the honey is inside us.
Some are saints, some are pilgrims,
We all pray for Him.
The crown of the most sublime apostle,
Cloaks, waistcoats, scarves are on us.

⁸⁰ There are twelve rivers in Paradise here while there are sixteen elsewhere (Yaltırık 2003: 170).
Biz erenler gerçekteniz,
Has bahçezin gülleriyiziçiçeğiizi,
Hacı Bektash köçeğiizi,
Edep erkan yol bizdedir.
Hü, kuldur Hasan Dedem kuldur,
Manayı söyleyen dildir,
Elif81 Hakk’a doğru yoldur,
Cim82 ararsan Dal83 bizdedir.

 Ey, erenler bezmimize,
Gel, dediniz, geldik işte.
Tatlı canını sen bize
Ver, dediniz, verdik işte.

Kaldım bir aba bir hırka
Onu da soyundum Hak’a.
Sen vucudunu çarmıha
Ger, dediniz, gerdik işte.

Yeter çekticėşim azap reç,
Artık maceralandan geç,
İçimizden bir güzel seç,
Seç, dediniz, seçtik işte.

Ayr dolunu, boşunu,
Vahit iyi bil dostunu,
Dergahınıza postunu
Ser, dediniz, serdim işte.

81 The name of the first letter of the Arabic alphabet; it has the numerical value of one. (Redhouse 1974: 336).
82 “This letter is the fifth letter of the Arabic alphabet, it has the numerical value of three” (Redhouse 1974: 230). It is to symbolize the beauty of God.
83 “This letter is the 8th letter of the Arabic alphabet. In chronograms it has the numerical value of 4” (Redhouse 1974: 269). Together with the previous letter they add up to seven which is a mystic number again indicating the number of lines of the face.
84 Dede is the sheikh of a mystic order.
85 See footnote 80.
86 The fifth letter of the Arabic alphabet; it has the numerical value of 3.
87 The eighth letter of the Arabic alphabet; it has the numerical value of 4.
№ 155. Nefes. Bektaş Erol (1920), Çeşmekolu

Uyur idik, uyardılar,
Yediye saydılar bizi.
Koyun olduk, ses anladık,
Sürüye saydılar bizi.

Sürüldük, kasaba gittik,
Kanarayı meskan tuttuk.
Didar defterine geçtik,
İnsana saydılar bizi.

Halimizi hal eyledik,
Yolumuzu yol eyledik,
Her çiçekten bal eyledik,
Arıya saydılar bizi.

Hak divanına dizildik,
Pir defterine yazıldık,
Bal olduk, şerbet ezildik,
Doluya saydılar bizi.

Pir Sultanım Haydar şu anda
Çok keramet var insanda.
O cihanda, bu cihanda,
Ali'ye saydılar bizi.

This poem is also published by the ardent researcher of Bektashis, I. Melikoff (1998: 232) with minor differences.

№ 156. Selman nefesi. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Gelin, kardaş yolumuza
Giremezsin, demedim mi?
Bizim gizli sırrımıza
Eremezsin, demedim mi?

Bu sırrı her kişi bilmez,
Bilenler de haber vermez.
Bu sırrı gayri göz görmez,
Göremezsin, demedim mi?

Evel bir mürşüde ulaş,
Akit gözünden kanlı yaş.
Yezit‘ten kaç behey kardaş,
Kaçamazsin demedim mi?

Follow, brother, our way,
Haven’t I told you you can’t succeed,
Haven’t I told you you will never
Approach our hidden secret?

Anyone can’t know this secret,
He who knows it will never say it,
A false eye can’t see the secret,
Haven’t I told you you can’t see it?

First you must find a guiding master,
Shed bitter tears from your eyes,
Escape, brother, from the mean,
Haven’t I told you you can’t escape?
Erenlerden bul bir name,
Gezeren şah ile semah,
Gel, oy, on iki imama
Uyamazsın, demedim mi?

Find the message of the saint,
When you turn sema with the shah,
Come, to the twelve imams
You can’t fit yourself, haven’t I told you?

Üçler yediler erkanı,
Billehle sürer devranı.
Kırklar deminde kurbanı
Kesemezsin, demedim mi?

The order of the three, the seven,
Live happily with God,
In the drink of the Forty, haven’t I told you,
You can’t slaughter a sacrificial lamb?

Ali ismi Allah, derler,
Yüzüne secde ederler,
Taş yerine baş koyarlar,
Koyamazsın demedim mi?

They say Ali’s name is God,
They fall on their knees before him,
They lay head in the place of stone,
Haven’t I told you you can’t do this?

Bosnevi ta ezelinden,
Himmet almış ol veliden,
Okur ilmiyi nurundan,
Duyamazsın demedim mi?

Bosnevi from the very beginning,
Enchanted by that saint,
Gains his knowledge from the light,
Haven’t I told you you can’t hear it?

İlk evvele şu dünyaya
Yeşil giyip gelen kimdir?
Mağrup’ta atlan topu
Maşrık’ta çelen kimdir?

Who arrived first in this world
In a green garment?
Who fired the cannonball in Marik
Hit in Masrik?

Vardi da dayandı benge,
Ali’m bine gider cenge.
Ak devenin pürsanını
Bilir misin geden kimdir?

It flew and hit the immortal,
My Ali gets on a horse and goes to battle,
You who inquire about a white camel,
Do you know who has gone away?

Yiğit yaran yaranlıga,
Bayguş öter viranlıga,
Olam zayı karanlığa,
Onsekiz yıl salan kimdir?

A young lad’s flattering his lover,
An owl’s screaming over a ruin,
Let me disappear in the dark,
Who has shadowed my eighteen years?

Erenler Allah evinde,
Acılar Arafat dağında,
Erenlerin nazarı,
Seyreledim pazarını,
Ve resulun mezarını,
Bilir misin kazan kimdir?

Saints in the house of God,
Sufferings on Mount Arafat, Glances of saints,
I looked at its sale,
Who could have dug the grave of the Prophet, don’t you know?

Pir Sultanım güld Ali’nin,
Bu dünya olur velinın,
En sonunda Azrail’in,
Kendi canın alan kimdir?

My Pir Sultan, the rose belongs to Ali,
This world belongs to the saint,
At the very end to Azrail,
Who will take your soul away?

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89 Three, seven, nine, twelve, forty, etc. are magic numbers. In more details see: Csáki, É. (2001: 201).
90 Arafat is a hill near Mecca known as a place of pilgrimage (Redhouse 1974: 68).
№ 158. Nevruzıye. Fatma Üzer (1947 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Evvel baştan bu dünyaya,  It was God's lion that
Tanrının arslanı geldi.  Came to this world first.
Yüzünü döndürmez yüz bin erden,  He doesn't turn his face away from hundreds of
Erenler kuşağına dolu geldi.  Divine drink has arrived for the saints.
Ali gazilerin başı,  Ali's the leader of the winners,
Hızır Bey'dir yoldaşı.  A fellow fighter of Prophet Hizir,
Ali'ın analı bir kişi,  Ali is a happy man,
Sultan Seyit Gazi geldi.  Sultan Seyid Gazi has also come.
Yusufu kuy[u]ya attılar,  Joseph was thrown into a well,
Hem attılar hem sattılar,  He was cast in and betrayed,
Kurtlara bühtan ettiler,  They said wolves had done it,
Missr'ın sultani geldi.  The Sultan of Egypt had gone there.
Halil Kabe'yi yapınca,  Halil had built the Kaaba,
İslam dinine tapınca,  When they converted to Islam,
Gökten Muhammed kopunca,  When Muhammad descended from Heaven,
Nur aleme dolu geldi.  The world was filled with light.
Hak yolundan oldum hasta,  I fell in love with God's way,
Var derdine derman iste.  There's balm for your ill, just ask for it,
Dahi küçük nevresteye gel,  Come here at the slightest beckoning,
İsmail'a Kurban geldi.  A sacrifice has descended to Ishmail.
Pir Sultan'ım ah ne bilmez,  My Pir Sultan, does he know it?
Ab-i hayat (h)ičen ölmez,  He who drinks the water of life will never die,
Kafir müslümanı yenmez,  An infidel will never defeat a Muslim,
Erenlerden basıla geldi.  It has come in print from saints.

№ 159. Nefes. Emine Engin (1955), Devletliağaç

Gece gündüz arıyorum,  Day and night I try to find her,
Uçan kuştan soruyorum,  I am asking a flying bird,
Aşkin iylen ateş olduğum,  Your love has set me on fire,
Su ver, Leylam, yanyorum.  Give me water, my Leyla, I'm burning.
№ 163. Nefes. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Yine yaz ayları geldi,  
Hasretin bağrımı deldi,  
Garip bülbül sana salarié,  
Söyle canım bülbül söyle.  

Summer’s here again!  
My heart is full of desire,  
Sad nightingale, what’s with you?  
Speak, my dear nightingale, speak!

Güller yatağında hal var,  
Var bülbül Hüda’ya yalvar,  
Seher vaktinde bir hal var,  
Söyle canım bülbül söyle.  

They fell into a trance in a rose bed,  
Go nightingale, complain to the Lord,  
In ecstasy at dawn, too,  
Speak, my dear nightingale, speak!

Tomruçak güle konarsın,  
Alemın bağırm delersin,  
Seher vaktinde ötersin,  
Söyle canım bülbül söyle.  

You alight on rosebuds,  
You torment the heart of the world,  
You sing at dawn,  
Speak, my dear nightingale, speak!

Nice karlı dağlar aştım,  
Nice deryaları geçtim,  
Hü, Yunus’un derdini deştrim,  
Söyle canım, bülbül söyle.  

I’ve crossed snow-covered mountains,  
I left several seas behind,  
I’ve opened up Yunus’ trouble,  
Speak, my dear nightingale, speak!

№ 167. Kırklar semahı. Havva Hari (1945 Devletliahäuser), Kırklareli

Çekilip kırklara vardım,  
Niye geldin can dediler,  
Baş eğdim, niyaz eyledim,  
Refr. Can dediler, can dediler,  
Geç, otur meydan dediler.  
Refr. Can dediler, can dediler,  
Gel işte meydan dediler.  
Refr. Can dediler, can dediler,  
Huzurunda durdum dara,  
Yardım et kırklar yediler.  
Refr. Can dediler, can dediler,  
Kırklar ılyen yedik, içtik,  
Kaynayıp sohbete coştuk,  
Kazanda kaynayıp piştik,  
Daha çişin yan dediler. Refr.  
Kırklar meydanı ganidir,  
Köşkünü kalbini eritir,  
Küllü şekillerden birdir,  
Nerelisin can dediler. Refr.  
Pir Sultanım ganım kathi,  
Selini selime kattım,  
Doksan yıldır öülü yattı,  
Sen olmezsin can dediler. Refr.  

I withdrew and went to the Forty,  
Why did you come here, soul, they asked.  
I bent my head and kneeled down for praying,  
Go and take a seat, they said.  
I confess my sins in your presence,  
Help me, Forty, Seven.  
We ate and drank with the Forty,  
We started talking and made friends,  
We were cooked in the cauldron,  
You’re still raw just keep boiling, they said. Refr.  
The holy place of the Forty is spacious,  
It’s a heart-warming sight.  
One of the figures of all kinds,  
Where are you from, they asked. Refr.  
I am Pir Sultan, my Almighty,  
Our souls united into one stream,  
Lay dead for ninety years,  
You will never die, soul, they said. Refr.

№ 177. Nefes. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Bismi/İsmi Haydar dillerinde, He was called Haydar,91
Bülürl öter güllerinde, A nightingale's singing on the rose tree,
*Tığ-i bend bağlı bellerinde, Woolen belts92 round their waists,
Hacı Bektaş yollarında. On the ways of Haji Bektash.

Ali sermenzili uzak, Ali is the final resort far away,
Cümlemiz zatına müştak. We all long to be with him,
Canı başı vermek mutlak/gerek. We sacrifice our bodies and souls.
Refr. Hacı Bektaş yollarında. Refr. On the ways of Haji Bektash,
Balım Sultan çöllerinde. In the deserts of Balım Sultan.

Cümlemiz demişiz beli, We've all said yes,
Dersimiz dersiyen celi, We've learnt every lesson,
Tığ-i bend bağlı bellerinde. Refr. Woolen belts are round their waists. Refr.

Darın hummanı astılar, Your gallows was set up,
Kollarımız kastılar, Our arms were extended,
Elimi belimi bastılar. My hands and arms were broken. Refr.

Sakayım hamrını taktık, I'm the dispenser of drinks,
Gayri revzu dinden attık, We've excluded all indecency from religion,
Cihanı bir pula sattık. We've disregarded the world entirely. Refr.

Dost yüzünü gördüm bugün, I've seen a friendly face today,
Gülistana girdim bugün, I've entered a rose garden today,
Maksuduma erdim bugün. Refr. I've achieved my goal today. Refr.

Cihanın varından geçtik, We've given up all earthly goods,
Hakk cemalnın görüp çoştuğ, Seeing God's face has inflamed us,
Varlığında özmümüz seçtik. Refr. We've chosen ourselves for his existence. Refr.

Çıntar iki dostu buldum, I've found two friends in a pair,
Derya gibi coştu taştım, My enthusiasm flooded out like a sea,
Ol gevhere malik olduğum. Refr. I've become the king of a precious stone. Refr.

Cehaletten olduk azad, We've got rid of ignorance,
Gönümüzd eyledik bünüyad, Taking our hearts as basis,
Didari hey aldık murat. Refr. Our goal is the encounter. Refr.

91 See footnote 62 above.
92 This very special woollen belt (kement, tīgbend) is bound on the waist of the person to be initiated into a dervish order. To have a belt bound to one's waist is a very highly honoured thing as had been reported in earliest Chinese sources (Ligeti 1940). The original meaning of the word tīgbend in Persian was 'sword belt' (Redhouse 1974: 1177).
№ 185. **Semah**. Bektas Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Bir anabacıyla da Hü, bir Müslüman bact
Kalksın, semah eylesin istekli canlar, hey, canlar
Semah eylesinler de Hü, niyaz eylesin,
Kaldir, indir kollarını, kollarını.

The leader of the community, his wife and a muslim woman
Should stand up, all who feel like it should turn semah,
Should turn semah and pray,
Raise and lower your arm, your arms.

№ 187. **Nefes**. Bektashi congregation, Kilavuzlu

Şu benim divane gönlüm,
Yine habdan haba düştü.
Mah cemaatin şulesinden,
Dalgalandı göle düştü.

Refr. Ya ben nimde şahım nimdem,
Yaralıym kime gidem?

My foolish heart
Fell from one dream into another.
The shine on your face made
The moon frolic and it fell into a lake.

Refr. What shall I do, my Shah,
Whom shall I go to with my wound?

Kiminin meskanı külhan,
Kimi derviş kimi sultan,
Kimi öz yarine mihanın,
Benim şahım çıda düştü. Refr.

Some live in dusty villages,
Some are dervishes, others are sultans,
Some lead their sweethearts,
My shah is far way. Refr.

Kimi atlas libas giyer,
Kimi halinden bahseder,
Ya benim çektiqim sitemler,
Bana Haktan caba düştü. Refr.

Some wear satin clothes,
Some talk about themselves,
I've suffered, too, insults galore
Were sent to me by God. Refr.

Kimi aşka vermiş değer,
Kimi boynunu eğer,
Kimi atlas libas giyer
Şükür bize aba düştü. Refr.

Some laud their lovers,
Some bend down their heads.
Some wear satin clothes,
Thank God we've got broadcloth. Refr.

Kul Yusuf'undur bu demler,
Gözümden akıyor nemler,
Benim çektiqim sitemler,
Dostan bize caba düştü. Refr.

This drink belongs to servant Yusuf,
Tears start flowing from my eyes,
I've suffered, too, insults galore
Were sent to me by God. Refr.

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93 **Anabact** is the 'wife of the leader of the highest rank present.'
№ 189. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kırklareli

Gel kardeş yola gir[elim,
Kalbimizi eridelim/arıtalım,
Çıkıp meydana, dönelim,
Mürşide/Hüseyin'e kurban olalım.

Aşkın yoluna erelim,
Fani dünyadan geçelim.
Birlikte yoldaş olalım,
Hüseyin'e kurban olalım.

Aşkın yoluna erelim,
Fani dünyadan geçelim.
Birlikte yoldaş olalım,
Hüseyin'e kurban olalım.

Mustafa Türabi kemter,
Abu kevserden içelim,
Özümüzü/Gönlümüzü saf edelim,
Hüseyin'e kurban olalım,
Hüseyin'e kurban verelim.

Mustafa Turabi is a humble servant,
Let's drink from the heavenly wine,
Let's purify ourselves/our hearts,
Let's worship Husain,
Let's make a sacrifice for him.

№ 190. *Nefes*. Hamdiye Ay (1933 Kılavuzlu), Kırklareli

Gülü bağlar deste deste,
Bağlar da gönderir dosta.

He's making bouquets of roses,
Ties them and sends them to the friend [God].

№ 192. *Semah*. Bektashi congregation, Zeytinburnu

Güzel aşık cevrimizi
Çekemezsin, demedim mi?
Bu bir rıza lokmasıdır,
Yiyemezsin, demedim mi?
Refr. Demedim mi, ah demedim mi,
Yiyemezsin, demedim mi.
(Gönül sana söyledemedim mi?)

Yeşil kırık kalır naçar,
Gözlerinden kanlar saçar,
Bu bir demdir, gelir geçer,
Duyamazsan demedim mi? Refr.

Beautiful lover, you can't bear
Our burdens, haven't I told you?
This is a divine morsel,
You can't swallow it, haven't I told you?
Refr. Haven't I told you, haven't I told you,
You can't swallow it, haven't I told you?
(“Sweetheart, haven't I told you?”)
Those who don't take it can't be saved,
They shed tears from their eyes,
This is a single moment, it comes and flies away,
You can't even hear it, haven't I told you?
Refr.
Pir Sultan Abdal Şahımız, Pir Sultan Abdal is our shah,  
Hakk’a ulaştı rahimiz, Our prayer reaches God,  
On iki imam katarımız, Our host is twelve imams.95  
Bu dervişlik bir dilektir, Being a dervish is a desire,  
Bilden büyük devlettir, He who knows it has great happiness,  
Yensiz yakasız gömlektir, You can’t put on the collarless sleeveless shirt,  
Giyemezsün demedim mi? Haven’t I told you?  

Çıkalım meydan yerine, Let’s go to the holy place,  
Erelim Ali sırrına, Let’s grow up to Ali’s secret,  
Can-ı başı Hak yoluna You can’t put your heart and soul  
Koyamazsın demedim mi? On God’s way, haven’t I told you?  
Aşklar harabat olur, God’s lovers become drunk,  
Hak yanında kıymetlolar They gain value along God’s way,  
Mubahmet baldan tatlılar Their community is sweeter than honey,  
Doyamazsın demedim mi? You can’t have enough of it, haven’t I told you?  

№ 193. Nefes. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu  

Ey, Fatime, ey, Fatime, My kin, the martyr of religion, Fatima, Allah,  
Kanım şahadet Fatime, Allah, My kin, the martyr of religion, Fatima.  
Kanım şahadet Fatime.  

Kapında miskin bekliyor, A beggar’s waiting at your door,  
Geçmez boğadan Fatime, Allah, It must be talked about, Allah,  
Geçmez boğadan Fatime. It must be talked about.  

Miskinleri doyuralım, Let’s give enough food to the hungry,  
Hasan Hüseyin bakışlar, Hasan, Husain looked at each other,  
Gözlerinden yaş akıttılar, They shed tears from their eyes, Allah.  

Biz de yemeyiz dediler, We can’t eat either, they said,  
Oldun maşukat Fatima, Allah, You’ve become blessed, Fatma, Allah,  
Su iyle iftar edelim, Let’s break the fast with water,  
Hem yeyip niyet edelim. Whilst drinking it let’s wish something,  

Yağlı tohum yedirmedim, I didn’t feed you on oil seeds,  
Güzel libas giydirmedim, I didn’t dress you in fine clothes, Allah,  
Sana hürmet edemedim, I didn’t respect you enough,  
Etme şikayet Fatime, Allah. Don’t be angry with me Fatma, Allah.  

94 This garment is in fact the shroud.  
95 An imam is a ‘religious leader, superior’.
№ 195. Mersiye. Halil Atakan (1928 İstip-Çetaşka, Macedonia), Kırklareli

Dünya ile ukba bizim,
The world is ours, and so is the future,
Kan ağlasın iki gözün, Allah,
Should your eyes shed tears, Allah,
Bayıldı o iki kuzum,
Two of my lambs have collapsed,
Bunlar emanet Fatma, Allah.
I leave them with you, Fatma.

Sen canların cananıysın,
You're the lover of lovers,
Hatunların hatunuyusun, Allah,
The great lady of ladies, Allah,
Sen bir Muhammed kızıysın,
You're Muhammad's daughter,
Etme şikayet Fatime, Allah.
Don't be angry with me, Fatma, Allah.

Hü, Yunus söyler bu sözleri,
Yunus is saying these words,
Dünyada gülmmez yüzleri, Allah,
Never in his life did he laugh, Allah,
Huzur-u mahşarda özleri,
He'll find peace on Doomsday,
Bulsun selamet Fatime, Allah.
Let him greet you, Fatma, Allah.

Dertli derdim dünyaye, Allah,
My trouble troubles the world, Allah,
Derdim akar ziyade,
I've got a sea of trouble,
Dert bende, yara bende, Allah,
The trouble is inside me and so is the wound,
Yaresi eder yok bende.
Allah,

Gelsin tabipler gelsin, Allah,
Let doctors come, Allah,
Benim derdimi görsün.
And see my trouble!
Canımdeki neylesin Allah,
Let's entrust my soul to Allah.
Refr. Ne yaman derdim var benim
Refr. How terrible my trouble is!
Yüregimde yaralar çok benim.
My heart's bleeding from several wounds.

Uçut beni uçayım Allah,
Fly me, Allah, let me fly,
Yedi deryayı arşayı,
Over seven lands and oceans,
Canım mürşüde arayım Allah. Refr.
Let me find my dear master, Allah. Refr.

Leyla gibi dağlerde, Allah
Like Leila in the mountains, Allah,
Mecnun gibi çöllerde
Like Majnun in the desert,
O karanlık yerlerde, Allah. Refr.
In those dark places, Allah. Refr.
Yol mudur deyu gezerim, Allah
Is the way I'm taking, my way, Allah?
Allah ilen bazarrım,
I'm quarreling with Allah
Göster Mevlam didarın, Allah. Refr.
Show me your face God, Allah. Refr.

See footnote 58.
№ 200. *Mersiye*. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Biz dünyadan gider olduk,  
Kalanlara selam olsun,  
Bizim için hayır dua,  
Kılanlara selam olsun.

We are leaving this world,  
Greetings to those who stay,  
Those who pray for us,  
Greetings to all of them.

Ecel büktü belimizi,  
Söylemeye dilelimizi.  
Hasta iken halimizi,  
Soranlara selam olsun.

Fate has tortured us,  
It has paralyzed our tongues,  
Greetings to those who  
Inquire about our illness and condition.

Tenim ortaya açıla,  
Yakasız gömlek biçile.  
Bizi bir asân veçhile,  
Yuyanlara selam olsun.

My body was laid in the middle,  
Shrouded in a winding sheet,  
Greetings to those who  
Wash us gently.

Azrail alır canımız,  
Kurur damarda kanımız,  
Yuyacağın kefenimiz,  
Saranlara selam olsun.

Azrael takes our souls away,  
Our blood in our veins dries up,  
Greetings to those who wash our bodies,  
Who shroud them in winding sheets.

Selah verilir kastımıza,  
Gider olduk dostumuza,  
Namaz için üstümüze,  
Duranlara selam olsun.

They do justice to us,  
We can find our friends,  
Greetings to those who  
Kneel down to pray for us.

Eceli gelenler gider,  
Hepsi gelmez yola gider.  
Birimizin halimizden  
Haber soranlara selam olsun.

Those who reach their last hour leave,  
None of them will ever come back,  
Greetings to those who  
Inquire about our state.

Derviş Yunus söyler sözü,  
Yaş dolmuştur iki gözü.  
Bilmeyenler bilsin bizi,  
Bilenlere selam olsun.

Dervish Yunus says this,  
His eyes are filled with tears.  
Strangers should get to know us,  
Greetings to those who know us.

№ 203. *Kırklar semahı*. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Kudretten bir dolu geldi,  
İç bakalım, nasıl olur.  
Ari bin çiçekten alır,  
Tad bakalım, nasıl olur.

We’ve got a drink from the Almighty,  
Take a little, what’s it like?  
The bee visits a thousand flowers,  
Take a little, what’s it like?

Adem mantar gibi biter,  
Muhammed şefaat eder,  
Bu/şu dünyaya gelen gider,  
Göç/öl bakalım nasıl olur.

Man multiplies like mushroom,  
Muhammad takes pity on him,  
He who comes into the world also leaves it,  
You have to die to learn what it’s like.

97 Name of the angel of death.
№ 206. Matem nefesi. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953) and İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Bak başındaki taça,
Cenneteki tuba ağacına,
Muhammedin miracına,
Gir bakalım nasıl olur.

Look at the crown on your head,
The all-yielding tree in heaven,
Join Muhammad's ascension into heaven,
To see what it's like.

Dört güruhtur benim canım,
Cesetten ayrılmaz tenim.
Alem der cennet benim,
Gir bakalım nasıl olur.

My soul consists of four flocks,
My skin never leaves my corpse,
So speaks the world: heaven is mine,
Join us, to see what it's like.

Şah Hatay'ım deme böyle,
Sırrını sırdaşa söyle,
Kudretten kevser böyle,
İç bakalım nasıl olur.

My Shah Hatayı, don't talk like this,
Reveal your secret in confidence,
A drink from God is like this,
Drink it to see what it's like!

№ 206. Matem nefesi. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953) and İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Vefat ettim şu dünyaya,
Gidiyorum dertli dertli,
İndim turaba döşendim,
Gidiyorum dertli, dertli.

I departed from this world,
I'm leaving sadly and woefully,
I descended and covered myself with earth,
I'm leaving sadly and woefully.

Bak annem gözüm yaşına,
Daha neler gelecek başıma.
Vardım musalla taşına,
Y atıyorum dertli dertli.

Mother, look at my tears,
What's waiting for me aft er this?
I was laid on the bier,
I'm lying sadly and woefully.

Musalladan kaldırdılar,
Yönüüm Hakk’a döndördüler.
Sinem evine gönderdiler,
Gidiyorum dertli dertli.

I was raised from the bier,
With my face turned toward God,
Then I was put in my grave,
I'm leaving sadly and woefully.

Vardım sinemin başına,
Sualciler soru sordu,
Ali’nim/Sahım sifayetçi oldu,
Cevab verdim dertli dertli.

I arrived at my grave,
I was questioned by the queriers,
Ali gave me solace, my Shah gave me solace,
I answered sadly and woefully.

İrfana katma kötüyü,
Cümlemiz Hak’a yetüyüş,
Arafat’taki dört kapuya,
Selam verdim dertli dertli.

Don't connect knowledge and evil,
We are all approaching God,
The four gates in Arafat. *

Pir Sultan’ım/ Şah Sultanım ne olacak,
Cümlemez biri gelecek,
 Şu cihanda kim kalacak,
Gidiyorum/yatıyorum dertli dertli.

My Pir Sultan/my Shah Sultan, how will it be?
Someone will come for all of us,
Who will stay in this world?
We all leave sadly and woefully.

* Arafat is an Arabic place name designating a hill in the eastern part of Mecca where pilgrims offer sacrifices.
**№ 207. *Kirklar semahi*. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu**

Alçak kıraz dalları,
Dibinde yeşil hal(ı)lar,
*Refr.* Aşk Alim, Hü,
Dibinde yeşil hal(ı)lar,
Dost Ali, Hü.
Ya Muhammed ya Ali,
Sen gösterdin bu yolu,
Aşk Alim, Hü,
Sen gösterdin bu yolu
Dost Ali, Hü.

Bu yol erenlerindir,
Hem semah dönenlerindir.
Bu yola eğrilik sığmaz,
Doğruca gelenlerindir. *Refr.*

**Refr.**

Bu yol erenlerindir,
Hem semah dönenlerindir.
Bu yola eğrilik sığmaz,
Doğruca gelenlerindir. *Refr.*

**Refr.**

**Refr.**

**Refr.**

**Refr.**

Rençberler eker arpayı,
Bizde severler körpeyi,
Zakirler açsın ortayı,
Meydana dönmeye geldik. *Refr.*

**Refr.**

**Refr.**

**Refr.**

**Refr.**

Şah bize nefsini verdi,
Ademe nefesini verdi,
Yezide cevr’u cefayı,
Mümine sefasını verdi. *Refr.*

**Refr.**

**Refr.**

**Refr.**

**Refr.**

**№ 208. *Nefes*. Bektaş Erol (1920), Çeşmekolu**

Men yörürüm yane, yane,
Aşk boyadı meni kane.
Ne deliyim, ne divane,
Al, gör beni, aşk neyledi.
*Refr.* Gel, gör beni, beni aşk neyledi

Derde girift ar eyledi
Kah eserim yeller gibi,
Kah çağlarım seller gibi,
Kah tozarım yollar gibi,
Biçareyim bastan ayal. *Refr.*

**Refr.**

**Refr.**

**Refr.**

**Refr.**

Ben Yunuz’um biçareyim,
Baştan ayağa yarayım,
Ne deliyim, ne divaneyim. *Refr.*

**Refr.**

**Refr.**

**Refr.**

**Refr.**

Hak yoluna gidenlerin,
Asa olsam ellerine,
Her Piri vasf edenlerin,
Kur'an olsam dillerine.

Bir ustada olsam çırak,
Bir olurdu yakın ırak,
Yapsalar kemiğim tarak,
Yar zülfünün tellerine.

İkrar verdik biz bir pire,
Dil sormayız her bir yere.
Bendeleri ulu ere.
Refr. Biz Bektashi gülleriyiz,
Aynı cemin bülbülüyüz.

Pirimiz uludan ulu,
O kurdu erkanı yolu,
Muhammed Ali’nin kulu. Refr.

It is a typical Shamanistic way of thinking that one should be cut into pieces, his bones smashed, tendered in a cauldron in order that after being assembled again he might become a better shaman. This way he would be given a chance to become more perfect than ever. In 1929, for instance, Ksenofontov wrote about the cutting into pieces of the Yakut shamans (Molnár. Á. [ed.] 2003: 247).
Hakikat babın açarız,
Akı karayı seçeriz,
Aşkıylan demler içerseniz. *Refr.*

Bir güruhu Bektashı/Nacilediz,
Sır elhinin sırdaşıyz,101
Erenlerin kardeşi. *Refr.*

Matlubi’nin haline bak,101
Akan sular gibi berrak,
Daim dilim söyler Hak. *Refr.*

---

We open the gate of justice,
Differentiate between good and evil,
And drink the nectar of divine love. *Refr.*

We’re humble Bektashis,
Keeping the secrets of a secret community,
The bretheren of holy people. *Refr.*

Look at Matlubi,
It’s crystal-clear, like spring water,
I keep praising God. *Refr.*

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№ 216. *Mersiye.* Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Hüseyn der Yezide,
Bir içim su verin bize.
Kanım helal102 olsun size. *Refr.*

Ah, Hasanım, vah, Hüseynim,
Nazlı imam Şah Hüseyinim. *Refr.*

Bir içim su verin bana,
İçsin onu kana kana.
Ağlıyor Fatima ana: *Refr.*

Kerbela’da kolları bağlı,
Susuzluğtan çürt güllü

Kerbela’da ulu taşı,
Kurban okur kesik başı,

Kerbela’nın yazıları,
Şehit olmuş gazileri,
Fatma ananın çift kuzuları. *Refr.*

---

Ah, my Hasan, ah, my Husain,
My imam, virtuous Shah Husain.

Give me a drop of water,
Let him drink enough.
Mother Fatma is crying like this: *Refr.*

With tied-up hands in Kerbela,104
With a liver swollen from thirst,

His huge stone in Kerbela,
The severed head reads the Quran,
Hasan is Husain’s brother. *Refr.*

The scripts of Kerbela,
Its dead martyrs,
Mother Fatma’s two sheep. *Refr.*

---

100 The initial line of the fourth strophe is the second line in another place where the initial words sound like: *Biz güruhu Nacildeniz* (OB 161), or *Biz güruhu Bektashıyz* (TO 471).

101 The line starts with *mutlu binin* ‘of the happy thousand’ while it is the name of the poet elsewhere: *Matlubi’nin* ‘of Matlubi’...

102 *Helal* is an Arabic loan word in Turkish, widely spread in religious expressions: *helal olsun* ‘I give it to you freely; I give up all claim’ (Redhouse 1974: 471).

103 *Yezid* – name of men, especially of the second Caliph of the dynasty of the Ummayyads, son of Muawiyiya. (For having instigated the murder of Caliph Ali’s two sons, his name is cursed by Muslims.) (Redhouse 1974: 1256).

104 Name of a place in Iraq, noted for the murder of Husain, son of Ali (Redhouse 1974: 640).

105 *Hazreti* [= Hz.] is a Turkish word of Arabic origin, used in respectful addresses to rulers and saints.
Kerbela’da çayır içinde,
Nur balkır/yarış siyah saçında,
Yaralı al kanlar içinde. *Refr.*

Şah Hüseyin attan düştü,
Yezitler başına üstü,
Düldülü Kabe’ye kaçtı. *Refr.*

Ali dedem söyler sözü,
Yanar yüreğinin özü,
 Ağlar Muhammed’in kızı. *Refr.*

İşte geldim, işte gittim,
Yazı çiçeği gibi bittim.
Şu dünyada ne iş ettim,
Ömürüm geçti gitti.

Çağırdılar imam geldi,
Her biri bir işe geldi.
Azcırm pençesin saldı,
Can kafesten uçtu gitti.

İşte geldi yuyucular,
Têrime su koçucular.
Kefenim elinde hoca,
Kefenciğim biçti gitti.

Ayrıldıklar ilimizden,
İp attilar belimizden.
Pek tutular kolumuzdan,
Can cesetten uçtu gitti.

İlettiler mezarına,
Sişindim gani kerime.
Toprak attular sırtına,
Gözüm yaş taştı gitti.

İmam telkine/talgına başladı,
Bir sevapçı iş işledi,
Komşular beni boşladı,
Geri dönüp kaçtu gitti.

*†* Sheikh of a mystic order.
*††* Muslim teacher.
Kabrime bir melek geldi,  
Bana bir sualcık sordu,  
Hışm edip bir topuz vurdu,  
Tebdilçim şaşıt gitti.  
[An angel sat upon my grave,  
And asked me a short question,  
Then waved his mace angrily,  
Astonished by my metamorphosis, he left.]

Teslim Abdal oldu tamam  
İşte geldi ahır zaman  
Yardımcımız oniki imam  
Ten türabe karşıt gitti.]  
[Teslim Abdal's word came true,  
The hour of death arrived,  
The twelve imams help us,  
Body and soul become one.]


Uyandır çırağın yansın,  
Dolunu içene kansın.  
Mühiplerin şana kansın.  
Refr. Durma yörü, Hasan babam.

Ovalar dağlar aşarsın,  
Canlara meydan açarsın.  
Mühiplerin şana kansın. Refr.

Kulaklardan gitmez sesin,  
Şefayet tadıdır nefesin,  
Hak yolunda sen bir gülsün. Refr.

Bu meydanda güller açar,  
Miski amber koku saçar,  
Bu da bir gün gelir geçer. Refr.

Hasan babam himmet eyle,  
Bu nefesi methini söyle,  
Hakk izinden bizi ayırma. Refr.

№ 222. Nefes. Hamdiye Ay (1933 Kılavuzlu), Kırklareli

Şükür bizi bu meydana  
Getireni demine Hû,  
*Ceset içinde bu canı,  
Bütremin demine, Hû.  
Refr. Ah, bu demi, Hayder/vah bu demi,  
Böyle geçer dünyada gamu.  
Blessed be the drink of the one  
That has brought us to this holy place,  
The drink of the one that will take  
The soul away from this body;  
Refr. Oh, this drink, hey, this drink,  
This is how the sorrow of the world passes.

108 The archaic Turkish word *muhip* is an Arabic loanword "... 'intimate friend', used in a technical sense among Bektashis of the one who has taken the nasip along with another." (Birge 1937: 268).
109 Sheikh of the Bektashi order.
İzleyem Ali’im ızını,
İzleyem Şah’ın ızını,
Uyaralım can gözünü,
Kırklar ile bir üzümü
İçirenin demine Hü. Refr.

Let us follow Ali’s footsteps,
Let us follow my shah’s footsteps,
Let’s warn the eye of my soul
[Blessed be] the drink of the one
That gave drink to forty from one single grape.

Refr.

Güzeldir Ali’im/Şahımın sesi,
Silelim gönülden pası,
Her erkanda bu nefesi,
Okuyanın demine Hü. Refr.

The voice of my Ali/shah is beautiful,
Let’s wipe the rust off our hearts,
[Blessed be] the drink of the one
That sings this nefes in every community.

Refr.

Pir Sultan’ım bu ne demek,
Şah efendim bu ne demek,
Hiç cahile çekme emek,
Hazır pişmiş nan-u yemek,
Yedirenin demine Hü. Refr.

My Pir Sultan, what does it mean?
My Shah master, what does it mean?
Don’t waste your time on the ignorant,
[Blessed be] the drink of the one
That distributes freshly baked bread.

Refr.

№ 223. Nefes. Mabkule bacı (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kırklareli – See № 222


№ 225. Mersiye. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli – See № 216

№ 226. Mersiye. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli – See № 216


Gelin de size men sorayım,
Şu dünyayı kim yarattı?
Mürşüd olup ta miraca
Muhammed’teki melektir.

Come here, let me ask you,
Who created this world?
A heavenly angel beside Muhammad
Became a spiritual leader.

Cebrail geldi ya bir gece,
Eletti onu miraca,
Baktı ya bir kuru ağaca,
Dallerine gül yarattı.

Gabriel appeared one night,
Raised him into his heavenly home,
looked at a dried out tree,
Creating flowers on its branches.

O gün mahiret günüdür,
Tarikt [H]akkin yoludur:
İmamları sever idi,
Mümüne imam yarattı.

That day is the end of the world,
The Bektash order is the way of God.
He loved the imam so much,
That he created imam for the muslim.

Aksın ya gönlümün ırmağı,
Gitsin ya gönlümün günahı,
Cennette uçmakla gezemim,
Dinine Kuran yarattı.

May the river of my soul flood,
May the sin of my soul depart,
In Paradise I walk flying,
He created the Quran for your religion.
Şu Kuran okuyan diller,
The tongues reading the Quran,
Hümmet … çok yol var.
...there are several ways,
Tanışık öter bülbüller,
The nightingale's singing getting to know the others,
Baykuşa viran yarattı.
He created ruins for the owl.

Kaç derya sığmaz deryaya,
How many seas can't get into the ocean?
Deryadan gevheri olmayan,
He who has no treasure from the sea,
Hiç manalardan duymayan,
Who has never heard of the meaning
Yonuza ferman yarattı.
Created rules for Yunus.

Çekmez olur ne gam yersin,
It is unbearable, the great number of troubles you have,
Meydan istedi kim versin,
He asked for a holy space, who should give him?
Ya yolcuyum dersin,
If you say you're [God's] passenger
Eyleme bizden … gelsin.
Don't deprive us … let him come.

№ 231. Alevi deyiş. Bektashi congregation, Zeytinburnu

Alem alem olalı,
Ever since the world began,
La Feta ılla Ali.
There's been no hero like Ali.
Refr. Eyvallah Şahım eyvallah,
Refr. Thank you my shah, thank you,
Hak'la ilâhe, ılla Allah,
Allah's the only one true God.
Eyvallah pirim eyvallah, şah
Thank you, my saint, thank you,
Adı güzeldir, güzel Şah
Fair shah with the beautiful name.

Dert ile selamette,
In trouble and in safety,
Hırkai melamette.
Despised in dervish costume,
Aşk ile muhabbette,
In the ceremony with divine love
La Feta ılla Ali, şah.
There's no hero like Ali.

Maḫşeri Sirat’ında,
On the bridge of Sirat\(^\text{\textsuperscript{110}}\) in seventh heaven,
Zati mutlak katında,
Before the supreme lord,
Görünen Mi’racında
During the visible ascension,
La Feta ılla Ali. Refr.
There's no hero like Ali. Refr.

Havzı kevser başında,
At the source of the heavenly spring,
Kirpiğinde kaşında,
On his eyelashes and eyebrows
Avni Baba naşında,
In the sacred song of Avni Baba
La Feta ılla Ali. Refr.
There's no hero like Ali. Refr.

Sen Ali’şin güzel şah,
You're Ali, good shah,
Şahım eyvallah, eyvallah.
Thank you, my shah, thank you.

\(^\text{110}\) The bridge Sirat, connecting this world to Paradise, is more slender than a hair and sharper than a sword (Redhouse 1974: 1013).
№ 232. Alevi deyiş111, Mahmut Gümüş (1973 Beyci), Kırklareli


Hak ilahе/Adı güzel pir illallah, Sen Ali'sin güzel şah Şah eyvallah, eyvallah


Padişahum Yaradan, Okur aktan karadan, Ben pirimden ayrıldım/ayrılmam

Aramı uzattilar, yarama tuz bastılar, Bir kul geldi fazlaya bedestende sattılar, Sattılar bedestende, ses verir gülistanda, Muhammet'in hatem-i bergüzar bir aslanda.

Aslanda bergüzarım, pir hayalin gözlerim, Hep hasretler kavuştu, ben hala intizarm, İntizarın çekerim, leberli bal şekerim, Askınlı ile daima gözyaşları dökerim, Dökerim göz-Taşını, gör Mevlâ'nın işini, Hepsi kurban eyledim yedi oglak başını, Figan eyler melekler, kabul olur dilekler, Yeşil bir dert eyledi, o dert beni helaklar.

Refr. Thank you my Shah/saint, thank you, Nice-named good Shah, My tears keep falling with divine love. You are Ali, nice/good Shah. Nice-named good Shah.

Ali is our shah, Our Kaaba stone, the direction of our prayer, Muhammad ascended to heaven, He is our ruler. Refr.

My ruler is my Creator, He's reading from white and black, I've parted/I won't part with my saint, Till the end of the world. Refr.

I was sent away from him, salt was pressed in my wound, A useless servant appeared, he was sold at the market, He was sold at the market, he starts speaking in the rose garden, Muhammad's seal, a gift with a lion.

The lion's got my gift, I follow the shadow of the saint, All desires have been fulfilled, but I'm still waiting, I long for you, my honey-lipped sugar, My tears keep falling with divine love.

I'm shedding tears, behold the deeds of God, I offered the heads of seven kids as sacrifice, The angels are crying, the prayers are answered, The Yezidi caused trouble, and this trouble destroys me.

111 According to Onarlı (2003: 70), this nefes is a „duvaz“. He published the text in four-line stanza form with minor differences.
112 Apart from minor differences in the text, this nefes is also present in O. B's cônk defter under № 206. There it consists of 25 strophes (just like in Onarlı's publication), but the poet is Kul Himmet there. I could not come across it in Kul Himmet's book. Onarlı's variant was written by Yalınçak.
113 Mürteza is the chosen, 'with whom one is pleased'; title of the Caliph Ali (Redhouse 1974: 827).
Yezid bir dert eyledi, Melekler vird eyledi,  
Pirim bir şehir yaptı, Kapısın dört eyledi,  
Dört eylemiş kapısın, Lal ü gevher yapın,  
Yezitler şehit etti, imamların hepsi.

Hasan'ın ağu verdiler, Hüseyin' e kıydılar,  
Zeynel ile Bakır'ı bir zindana koydular.  
Zindan da bir ezadır, Çafer kulun gözetir,  
Caferr' in de bir oğlu, Musa Kazım Rızadır.

On ikidir katarm, türlü meta tutarm,  
Yüküm lal-ü gevherdir müşteriye satarım,  
Satarım müşteriye, kervan gelsin geriye,  
Cebrail'i eş ettim cennetteki hurıy.

Huriye eş eyledi, hatırum hoş eyledi,  
Kanat verdi kuluna, havada kuş eyledi,  
El kaldırmış Hakkına, cism-i azam okuna,  
İsm-i azam duası tatlı cana dokuna.

İmamların duası kaldı ulu divana,  
Ulu divan kuruldu, cümle mahluk dirildi,  
Yezid yürüş Eyledi, anda Muhtar vuruldu,  
Pir dediler Aliye, Hacı Bektaş Veliye,  
Hacı Bektaş taçını verdi Kızıl Deli'ye.

Kızıl Deli'yi tacımız, Şah Ahmed miracımız,  
Karaç Ahmed gözcümüz, Yalındjak duacımız,  
Kul Himmet üstadımız, bunda yoktur yardımı,  
Şah-ı Merdan aşkına Hakk vere muradımız.

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114 Kızıl Deli 'raving madman' (Redhouse 1974: 662), founder of an order of dervishes (the Kızılbas) in the Middle Ages, which was related with the Bektashi order.

115 Jafer, the Truthful (sixth of twelve Imams of the Shiahs) (Redhouse 1974: 212).
№ 233. Düvazdeh nefesi. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Her sabah her sabah vardığım,
Sefiğim, halimden bilsen,
Çağrı chcia yer eersen,
Ağladıkça yaşamı silsin,

Allah bir Muhammed Haktır,
Bilenlere sözüm yoktur,
Ali’ın insanı çoktur,

Hasan Hüsein’in yari,
Zeynel Abidin’in nuru,
Muhammed Mehdi’nin sırrı,

Muhammed Bakır’ın şahi,
Akıyor Nakir’in kanı,
Sen düşürdün, kaldır beni,

Hasan Hüseyin askeri Mehdi,
Vardır gelmeye atı,
Yıkılsın Yezi’din tahtı,

Pir Sultan’ım durдум dara,
Çağrımdı ere pire,
Cümlenin muradını vere,

№ 236. Semah. Bektashi congregation, Kızılcıkdere

Bir nefescik söyleyeyim,
Dinlenezsen neleyeyim,
Aşk deryasın boylayanım,
Ummana dalmaya geldim.

Bade nuruna boyandım,
Aşk kelamina geldim.
Pervaneyim ateşine şemen yandım,
Meydana yemeye geldim.

Let me sing a holy hymn,
What shall I do if you don’t listen?
Let me cross the sea of love,
I’ve come to immerse in it.

I wrapped myself in the lustre of wine,
I say the word of love,
I am a butterfly in its fire/candlelight,
I’ve come to the holy square to win.

In Kul Himmet’s book: „Gelmeye vardır ahdi” (Aslanoğlu 1997: 158): ‘He had sworn on to come.’
Aşk harmanında savruldum,  
I am scattered in divine love, 
Hem elendim hem yoğuruldum,  
I was sieved and kneaded together, 
Kazana girdim kavruldum,  
Put in a baking pan and baked, 
Meydana yenmeye geldim.  
I’ve come to the holy place to win.

Şah Hatayi’ dır özümde,  
Shah Hatay is hidden in me, 
Hiç eksiklik yok sözümde,  
There's no mistake in my words, 
Gece gündüz Hak niyazında,  
I pray to God day and night, 
Darına durmaya geldim.  
I’ve come to confess my sin.

№ 237. Semah. Sefer Çalışkan (1925 İstip/Macedonya), Zeytinburnu

Güzel aşık cevrimizi,  
Beautiful lover, haven't I told you  
Çekemezsin demedim mi,  
You can't endure our troubles,  
Çekemezsin demedim mi.  
Haven't I told you you that can't endure them.  
Refr. Aşk, Alim.  
Refr. Ali, my love.

Bu bir rıza lokmasdır,  
This is a divine morsel,  
Yiyemezsin demedim mi,  
Haven't I told you that you can't eat it,  
Yiyemezsin demedim mi.  
Haven't I told you that you can't eat it.  
Refr.  
Refr.

Bu bir demdir gelip geçer,  
This is a moment, it comes and flees,  
Duyamazsın demedim mi,  
Haven't I told you that you can't notice it,  
Duyamazsın demedim mi.  
Haven't I told you that you can't notice it.  
Refr.  
Refr.

Çıkalım meydan yerine,  
Let's stand in the holy place,  
Erelim Ali sırrına  
Let's find out Ali's secrets,  
Erelim Ali sırrına.  
Let's find out Ali's secrets.  
Refr.  
Refr.

Pir Sultan Abdal şahımız,  
Pir Sultan Abdal is our Shah,  
Şah Sultan Abdal şahımız,  
Shah Sultan Abdal is our Shah,  
Hakka ulaşa rahımız,  
Our way leads to God,  
Hakka ulaşa rahımmız.  
Our way leads to God.  
Refr.  
Refr.

Yemeyenler kalır naçar,  
He who doesn't eat it yields to despair,  
Gözlerinden kanlar saçar,  
Sheds tears from his eyes,  
Bu dervişlik bir dilektir,  
Many would like to become dervishes,  
Bilene büyük devlettir.  
He who achieves it enjoys great happiness.

Yensiz yakasz gömlektir117  
You can't put on your winding sheets,  
Giyemezsin demedim mi?  
You can't put your body and soul on God's way,  
Can ü başı Hak yoluna  
Haven't I told you,  
Koyamazsın demedim mi?  

Oniki İmam penahımız  
Twelve imams are our sanctuary,  
Uyamazsın demedim mi?  
Haven't I told you that you can't be worthy?

117 It is the garment without sleeves and collar in which the shroud of a corpse is wrapped.
№ 240. Nefes. Hanife Baykul (1953 Topçular), Ahmetler

Şu yalan dünyaya geldim giderim,
Gönül senden özge yar bulamadım,
Hastlandık al kanlara boyandık,
Dostum el değmedik nar bulamadım.

Güzellerin zülfü destedir deste,
Erenler oturmuş Hak için posta.
Bir zaman sağ geldim bir zaman hasta,
Hastalığın nedir der bulamadım.

Felek kırdı benim kolum kanadım,
Bayguş gibi viranlarda türedim,
Bugün üç kişinin nabzını sınadım,
Yoluna can kurban der bulamadım.

Hü, Pir Sultan Abdalım dağlar ben olsam,
Şah efendim Haydar dağlar ben olsam,
Üstü mor sümbüllü/zülfünü dağlar ben olsam,
Alem çıçek olsa ari ben olsam,
Dost dilinden tatlı bal bulamadım.²¹⁸


Bülbüller kokuyu güllerden alır,
Mecnun çıkmış dağlara Leyla’yı arar.
Leyla diye, diye Mevlâ’yi bulur.
Refr. Erenlerin böyle meclisi vardır,
Kardeşlerin böyle meclisi vardır.

Elvan elvan olmuş, üfürme sakin,
Tevhidin kılıcı kalbine takın,
Sırrını nadana söyleme sakın.
Refr.

Aşılärın kalbinde açıyor güller,
Uyan gafil uyan, geçiyor günler,
Mahşer yerinde cem olmuş cümle erenler. Refr.

Bülbüller kokuyu güllerden alır,
Mecnun çıkmış dağlara Leyla’yı arar.
Leyla diye, diye Mevlâ’yi bulur.
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Kardeşlerin böyle meclisi vardır.

Elvan elvan olmuş, üfürme sakin,
Tevhidin kılıcı kalbine takın,
Sırrını nadana söyleme sakın. Refr.

Aşılärın kalbinde açıyor güller,
Uyan gafil uyan, geçiyor günler,
Mahşer yerinde cem olmuş cümle erenler. Refr.

²¹⁸ Reminds the reader of Karacaoğlan’s well-known line: „Dudagından tatlı bal bulamadım” ‘I could not find sweeter honey than your lips’…
Aşık Yunus asla sözünden dönmez,  
Enamoured Yunus will never change his words,  
Derviş Yunus asla sözünden dönmez,  
Dervish Yunus will never change his words,  
Zerrece gönlüne günah getirmez,  
Not a bit of sin does he allow into his heart,  
Erenlerin sırrına akıllar ermez,  
The secret of saints is beyond us to grasp,  
Dedelerin sırrına akıllar ermez.  
The secret of sheikhs is beyond us to grasp. Refr.


Çok şükür mubahrek cemalın gördüm,  
Thanks be to God I could see your blessed face,  
Hayat buldum bu cismime can geldi;  
Found life and soul settled in my body,  
*Hayatın üstünde dildar ederken,  
While I praised you, in addition to life,  
Elleri esrardan bir sühban geldi.  
The praising of Allah could be heard from the lands of secrets.

Kaşların türesi şekli bismillah,  
I praise the form and shape of your eyebrows,  
Ne güzel yaratmış yaratan Allah,  
God Almighty created them so lovely,  
Göken inen Kuran nasır-u min Allah,  
The Quran descended from heaven, it is back-  
Ahşen-i takvimden bir rüşana geldi.  
ing you/it is your thousand praises Allah,  
The praising of Allah could be heard from the lands of secrets.

Kalender’in piri Bektash Veli,  
The saint of Kalender, Bektash Veli,  
Nurumdur Muhammed sırrımdır Ali.  
Muhammad’s my light, my secret is Ali,  
Cümlenin isteği Muhammed Ali,  
Everyone longs for Muhammad Ali,  
Kevn-ü mekanından bir sühban/nişan geldi.  
A sign has arrived from the universe.

No 243. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kızılcıkdere

Çok şükür mubahrek cemalın gördüm,  
Thanks be to God I could see your blessed face,  
Hayat buldum bu cismime can geldi;  
I found life, a soul settled in my body,  
*Hayatın üstünde dildar ederken,  
While I praised you, in addition to life,  
Elleri esrardan bir sühban geldi.  
The praise of Allah could be heard from the lands of secrets.

Kaşların türesi şekli ya bismillah,  
I praise the form and shape of your eyebrows,  
Ne güzel yaratmış yaratan Allah,  
God the Creator created them so nice,  
Göken inen Kuran nasır-u min Allah,  
The Quran descended from heaven, it is your  
Niyaz eden Taki rüşana geldi.  
praise, Allah,  
Praying Taki became visible.

Kalender’in piri/şahi Bektash Veli,  
The saint of Kalender, Bektash Veli  
Nurumdur Muhammed sırrımdır Ali,  
Muhammad’s my light, my secret is Ali,  
Cümlenin isteği Muhammed Ali,  
Everyone longs for Ali,  
Kevn-ü mekanından bir nişan geldi.  
Praise/A sign has arrived from the universe.
No 244. Kırklar semahi. Orhan Bulut’s family, Çorlu

Mana evine daldım, I buried myself in the spiritual world,
Vücud rabbını kıldım. I tore myself into two parts,
İki cihan ser-teser, I found the crowns of both worlds,
Cümleyi ademde buldum. I found everything in man.

Yedi yerî ve gögü, Seven lands and seven heavens,
Dağları denizleri, Mountains, seas,
Uçmak ile Tamuyu, Heaven and hell,
Cümleyi ademde buldum. I found everything in man.

Gece ile gündüzü, Night and day,
Gökte yedi yazılı, The seven stars in the sky,
Levhade yazılın sözü, The script from before the Creation,
Cümleyi ademde buldum. I found everything in man.

Tevrat ile İncil'i, The Bible and the New Testament,
Kuran ile Zebur'u, The Quran and the Psalms of David,
Onlardaki beyani, The messages in them,
Cümleyi ademde buldum. I found everything in man.

Musa çıktığı Tur'u, Mount Tabor which Musa climbed up,
İsrafi l' caldi suru, On Doomsday the angel of death blew his
Gökte Beytü'l-Mamur'u, trumpet,
Cümleyi ademde buldum. I found everything in man.

Yunus’un sözleri Hak, All words of Yunus are true,
Cümlemiz dedik sadak, We all said they were true,
Nerede arasan orada Hak, Look for him anywhere, God is there,
Cümleyi ademde buldum. I found everything in man.

No 246. Alevi deyiş. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Ey, alemleri yaratan, Allah, Hey, Allah, Allah, who created worlds,
Kaldir perdeyi aradan, Allah, Raise the veil, Allah, Allah,
Göster cemalin yaratan, Allah. Show your face, Allah, the creator, Allah.

Sensin evvel sensin ahir, Allah, You’re the beginning, you’re the end,
Cümlemize oldun fahir, Allah, You’re respected by our community,
Bu ciğerim oldu kahir, Allah, My heart’s burning for you, Allah,
Kaldir perdeyi aradan, Allah, Raise the veil, Allah,
Göster cemalin yaratan, Allah, Show your face, Allah, the creator, Allah.

119 Israfi l is the ‘angel of death who will blow the last trumpet’ (Redhouse 1974: 551).
Ne güzelsin güzel/yüce Tanrım,  
Eskiden tanıram seni, Allah,  
Bilmez gibi sanma beni, Allah,  
Kaldır perdeyi aradan, Allah,  
Göster cemalin yaratan, Allah,

How beautiful you are, God in high!  
I've known you for a long time,  
Don't think that I don't know you,  
Raise the veil, Allah, Allah,  
Show your face, Allah, the creator, Allah.

№ 247. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kırklareli  See № 241


№ 249. Nefes. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Bülbüller kokuyu güllerden alır,  
Mecnun çıkmış dağlara Leylayı ara,  
Leyla Leyla derken Mevlayı bulur,  
Erlenlerin böyle bir günü vardır,  
Babaların böyle sohbeti vardır.

Nightingales follow the fragrance of roses,  
Majnun's searching for Leila in the mountains,  
Shouting Leilâ's name he finds God,  
Holy people have such a day,  
The babas have such conversation.

Elvan elvan olmuş üfürme sakın,  
Tevhidin kılıcını kalbine takın,  
Sırrını nadana söyleme sakın.  
Babaların böyle bir günü vardır,  
Dervişlerin böyle bir günü vardır.

It has become colourful, don't change it,  
Pin the sword of monotheism into your heart,  
Don't disclose your secret to the ignorant.  
The babas have such a day,  
The dervishes have such a day.

Aşkların kalbinde açıyor güller,  
Uyan gafil uyan geçiyor günler,  
Maşhar120 yerine cem olmuş cümle erenler.

In the hearts of those adoring God there are roses blooming,  
In the place of great turmoil a ritual is held by holy people.  
The community of holy people is such,  
The brethren have such a day.

Erenlerin böyle meclisi vardır,  
Kardısların böyle bir günü vardır.  
Aşık Yunus asla sözünden dönmez,  
Zerrece kalbinde cihan görünmez,  
Erlenlerin sırrına asla erinmez.

The community of holy people is such,  
The brethren have such a day.  
Enamoured Yunus never changes his words,  
His heart's not influenced by the world at all,  
The secret of saints is beyond us to grasp,  
The babas have such a day,  
The brethren have such conversation.

120 Maşhar: 'the last judgement' (Redhouse 1974: 723).
№ 251. Mersiye. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Ben melamet hırkasını kendim giydim eğnime, Aru namus şesini taşa çaldım, kime ne?
Ah, Haydar, Haydar, taşa çaldım, kime ne?
I’ve put on the cloak of sorrow by my own wish, 
I’ve thrown the flask of my clean conscience at a stone no one’s got to do anything with it. 
Haydar, Haydar, I’ve thrown it at a stone, no one has any concern in it.

Kah giderim meyhaneye, dem çekerim Hak için, Kah giderim medreseye, ders okurum Hak için, 
Ah, Haydar, Haydar, ders okurum Hak için.
Sometimes I go to a pub where I drink to God, Other times I go to a madrasah where I learn about God, 
Haydar, Haydar, I learn about God.

Kah çıkarım gökyüzüne, seyrederim alemi, Kah çıkarım gökyüzüne seyreder alem beni, 
Ah, Haydar, Haydar, seyreder alem beni.
Sometimes I rise into the sky and look at the world, Other times I descend and the world looks at me. 
Haydar, Haydar, the world looks at me.

Sofular haram buyurmuş bu aşkın şarabına, Ben doldurur, ben içerim, günah benim, kime ne?
Ah, Haydar, Haydar, günah benim, kime ne?
Fanatic believers said the wine of love was taboo, I pour and drink, it’s my sin no one has any concern in it. 
Haydar, Haydar, it’s my sin, what does it matter to anyone?

Sofular namaz kılalar caminin duvarına, Benim kıblegahım sensin yüz sürerim, kime ne?
Ah, Haydar, Haydar, yüz sürerim, kime ne?
Fanatic believers pray within the walls of the mosque, My prayer is directed at you, I fall on my knees before you, no one has any concern with it. 
Haydar, Haydar, I fall on my knees, no one has any concern with it.

Nesimi’ye sormuşlar ki sen yarınle hoş musun? Nesimi’ye sormuşlar ki sen yarınle hoş musun? 
Hoş olayım olmayayım o yar benim, kime ne? 
Ah, Haydar, Haydar, o yar benim, kime ne?
Nesimi was asked if he was happy with his lover, Happy or unhappy, my lover’s mine, no one has any concern with it. 
Haydar, Haydar, my lover’s mine, what does it matter to anyone?

№ 252. Mersiye. Bektashi congregation, Yeni Bedir – See № 251

№ 253. Mersiye. Refik Engin (1957), Kılavuzlu – See № 251
№ 254. Nefes. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Ben seni severim candan içeri,
İlikten, kemikten, kandan içeri.
Yolum var bu erkan, erkandan içeri,
Meni sorma bana bende değilim,
Bende bir bende var benenden içeri.
Kalmadı takatım dizde derman yok,
Bu nasıl mezheptir dinden içeri?
Süleyman kuş dilin söyler dediler,
Süleyman var Süleyman’dan içeri.
Yunus’un sözleri yare yakışır,
Kapında kullar var sultandan içeri.

I love you more than my own soul,
My marrow, my bones and blood.
This is my way that leads to God,
Don't ask about me, I don't even exist,
I have a self deep in my heart of hearts.
I have no strength left, my legs are tired,
What kind of religious order is this within religion?
Süleyman speaks the language of birds – so they say,
Is there a Süleyman within Süleyman?
The way Yunus is worthy of God's lover,
The servants standing at your gate are better than the sultan himself.

№ 255. Nefes. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Ben seni severim candan içeri,
İlikten, damardan, kandan içeri,
Beni sorma bana ben de değilim,
Bende bir bende var benden içeri.
Kalmadı takatım dizde derman yok,
Bu nasıl mezheptir dinden içeri?
Süleyman kuş dilin söyler dediler,
Süleyman var Süleyman’dan içeri.
Yunus’un sözleri yare yakışır,
Kapında kullar var sultandan içeri.

I love you more than my own soul,
My marrow, my bones and blood,
Don't ask about me, I don't even exist,
I have a self deep in my heart of hearts.
I have no strength left, my legs are tired,
What kind of religious order is this within religion?
The way Yunus is worthy of God's lover,
The servants standing at your gate are better than the sultan himself.

№ 256. Nefes. Bektaşı congregation, Kılavuzlu

Gene mihman gördüm, gönlüm şad oldu,
Mihmanlar siz bize sefa/hoşça geldiniz.
Kamu kişi kardeş bahar yaz oldu.
Refr. Mihmanlar/Kardaşlar siz bize hoşça geldiniz.

I saw a guest again, my heart rejoiced,
Guests, you are welcome,
All men are brethren, spring has turned summer.
Refr. Guests/Brothers, you are welcome!
A guest is the key to the gate inside,
A guest is the rose of the host.

Kara duran yere misafir gelmez,
Öyle bir hanenin ękişi bitmez,
Ne kadar çaba etse menzile ermez. Refr.

No guest arrives at a sad home,
In such a house misery never ends.
However hard he tries, he'll never reach his goal. Refr.
№ 257. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Ahmetler

Misafir gelirse kısmetin bile,
Misafir Hızırdır, var, özür dile,
Büyük küçük onu hep Hızır bile, Refr:

It is good luck when a guest arrives,
The guest is Hizir, go and entertain him,
Big and small, all should be received as Hizir.
Refr.

Himmet eyle Pir Sultanım/Şahım misafir
gelsin,
Yavan yaşlı yesin yüzüm gel gülşün,

Make a miracle, my Pir Sultan/my Shah, so
guests may come,
It doesn't matter what we eat, our eyes should
laugh,
The fate of all of us is determined by God! Refr.

№ 257. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Ahmetler

Aşkından başka şema, lema(n) istemem,
* Şarabın abusu dolar dilime,
Tadı candan tatlı geldi dilime,

I don't want any light other than your love,
My tongue is covered by the sap of your wine,
For me its taste is sweeter than soul.

Hamdülillah Pirim kabul eyledi,
Müjdesini kulağıma söyledi,
Derviş Mehmet Ali bizdensin dedi.

You vowed to praise Allah, my saint,
He whispered good news into my ear,
Dervish Mehmet Ali, you are one of us, he said,
My tongue is covered by the sap of your wine,
Your soul is sweeter than soul.

№ 258. Nefes. Hamdiye Ay (1933 Klavuzlu), Kırklareli

Bir gün daldım erenler meydanına,
Bel bağladım yoluna erkanına.
Açıldım bir kenarsız ummanına.

One day I fainted in the place of saints,
I tied myself to the order,
I swam into a shoreless ocean.

Refr. Tadı da candan tatlı, geldi ya dilime,
Muhabbetten gayri geldi ya dilime.

Refr. It tastes sweeter than soul,
My tongue said something that differed from
nice talk.

See № 257/2  See № 257/2

№ 259. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Yeni Bedir

Dost elinden gönlü şehri tutuştu,
Can bağından canan geldi ya buluştu,

A friend put my heart on fire,
He arrived to meet me from a garden of
friends,

Elim kudret eli ile tutuştu, [ugrik]
Şarabın abisi dolar elime,
Tadı da candan tatlı geldi ya dilime.

My hand clasped his blessed hand,
The sap of wine is approaching my hand,
Its taste appears sweeter than soul.
№ 260. Nefes. Ahmet Kanaat (1948 Topçular), Kırklareli

Her seher vakitinde güller dikelim,
Döküp te diktigimi yerde bitelim,
Bir dal gülün terazisini Hak tutalım,
Refr. Hü diyelim dem sürelim Ali aşkına
Ali'yil Mürteza'nın yolu aşkına.

Her seher vakitinde açar gülümüz,
Dalında ötüşür bülbüllerimiz,
Gizlice tutmuş yolunu bizim pirimiz. Refr.

Baktıkça görünür imam evleri,
Hz. Fatma ananın gonca gülleri,
Hz. Şahımızın dökme belleri. Refr.

Pir Sultanım gelir uçmağa,
Ayırılmış ırmak gölünden içmeğe,
Hz. Şahımızın koşküne geçmeye. Refr.

Let's plant roses every day at dawn,
Find salvation while planting,
Let's take this rose branch for a divine measure.
Refr. Let's invoke God, let's drink to Ali's love,
To the love of the way of Ali, the chosen.

Our roses blossom every day at dawn,
There are nightingales singing on the branches,
Our saint didn't disclose the way to us.
Refr.

While looking we notice the house of the imams,
The rose buds of Fatma, the Holy Mother,
The cricked waist of our holy Shah. Refr.

My Pir Sultan arrives flying,
He parted to drink from the collateral lake of the river,
To enter the palace of our holy Shah. Refr.

№ 261. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

[Biz de hizmet eder] veli aşkına,
*Gönülden çıkarıp yabana atma,
İstinanatgahımız Ali aşkına.
Biz de hizmet eder himmet bekleriz,
Canımız yoluna kurban eyleriz.
Bizi de sizden cüda göcekseyiz,
Olma bizden cüda senin aşkına.
Sahibine verdik cümle varımız,
Hep yoklukta kaldi bizim karşımız.

Meydani erenler oldu darımız,
Ali’nin/Şahımın sevgi gönlü aşkına,
Biz gidelim erenlerin yoluna,
Bakmalyalim hem sağ, sağ ve soluna,
Medet mürbüret verdi kuluna,
Imam/Şahım Hüseynin yolu aşkına.

We have also worked for the love of the saint,
Don’t throw us away torn out from your heart,
For the love of Ali, our support and pillar,
We also serve and wait for a miracle,
We have sacrificed our souls on your way.

If we drift away from you, what shall we do?
Don't stay away from us.
We've given ourselves to God,
We have remained in poverty.

Holy men are our asylum,
For the love of Ali/our Shah,
Let's move along the way of the saints,
Let's not look right or left.
He took pity on his servant
For the love of Imam Husain.
№ 262. Nevruz Hayatı. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Gelin, hey, kardaşlar, seyran edelim.
Refr. Ali’nin doğduğu eyyam bu demdir,
Şah’ımın doduğu eyyam bu demdir.
Bu zevkle münkiri hayran edelim. Refr.

Çıraklar uyanın, kuruşun cemler,
Gülbanklar çekilsin, sürünsün demler,
Cümbüşe gelsinler cümle erenler. Refr.

Nerdedir sakiler, sunsunlar bade,
Gönülker zevk ile olsun küşade,
Eriştik hamd olsun biz de murade.
Refr.

[Begli Sultan Nevruz, kalmadı elem]
Melaik, halayik, cümlesi hürrem,
Erenler lutfedip eyledi kerem.
Refr.

Bilin ki bu demdir meşadet demi,
Ref’ettiş erenler cümle elemi,
Erişti bizler Şah’ın keremi.
Refr.

Hüsnü Baba eyler candan niyazı,
Dem sunsun sakiler sunsunlar bazı,
Okunsun nefesler çalsınlar sazı.
Refr.

№ 263. Nefes. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Erenlerin sohbetti,
The talk of holy men
Ele gelesi değil,
Does move the people
Ikarıyle gelenler,
Those who arrive with a pledge
Mahrum kalası değil.*
Are not lacking in anything.
Refr. La ilahe illallah,
Refr. La ilahe illallah122,
Muhammed resulullah.
Muhammad is the prophet’s envoy.

Çok sükür elhamdülillah,
Praise and thanks to Allah,
Sarr Ali El Mürteza,
Ali’s the secret of The Chosen,
Çok sükür elhamdülillah,
Gratitude and thanks to Allah,
Gün Muhammed ay Ali.
Muhammad’s the sun and Ali’s the moon.

121 The Persian New Year’s Day (March 22) (Redhouse 1974: 883).
122 There is no god but God.
İkrar gerek bir ere,
Göz açıp didar göre,
Sarraf gerek cevhere,
Nadan bilesi değil. Refr.

Bir pınarın başına,
Bir testiyi koysalar,
Kırk yıl orada dursa,
Kendi dolası değil. Refr.

Ümmi Sinan yol ayan,
Bellidir belli beyan,
Dervişlik yolu heman,
Tacda hırkada değil. Refr.

We have to take a vow to a saint,
Our eyes open to seeing,
To change money one needs a money changer,
The ignorant knows nothing about it. Refr.

Should you place a pitcher
By the fountainhead,
Should it stay there for forty years,
It’ll never be filled by itself. Refr.

Prophet Sinan, the way’s clear,
Yes, it’s well known, it is clear,
It is not the vest or the tall hat
That makes one a dervish. Refr.

№ 264. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

See № 261/1

Olma bizden cüda senin aşkına,
Sahibine verdik cümle varımız,
Hep yoklukta kaldık bizim karımız.
Meydani erenler oldu darımız.
Alı’nın/Şahımın sevdiği gönl aşkına,
Biz gidebilim erenlerin yoluna,
Bakınayalım hem sağ, sağ ve soluna,
Medet mürüvveti verdi kuluna,
Imam/Şahım Hüseynin yolu aşkına.

Don’t stay away from us!
We’ve given all our properties to God,
We’ve always lived in poverty, it is for our good.
Holy men have become our asylum.
For the love of Ali/our Shah,
Let’s proceed on the way of saints,
Without looking right or left,
He took pity on his servant.
For the love of Imam Husain.

№ 267. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kırklareli

Bir gün daldım erenler meydanına,
Bel bağladım yoluna erkanına,
* Açıldım bir kenarsız şen ummanına.
Refr. Şarabin abusu dolar elime,
Tadi da candan tath geldi ya dilime.

One day I found myself in the place of holy men,
I joined their way and essentials,
I swam into their shoreless blissful sea,
Refr. Let my glass be filled with their wine,
I felt it sweeter than soul on my tongue,

A friend put my heart on fire,
My sweetheart came to a meeting in a friend’s garden,
My hand clasped the hand of the Almighty. Refr.

I need no title other than that of the dervish,
I need nothing other than nice talk
I do not want any other thing but to love you
Refr.

Dost elinden gönl şehri tutuştu,
Can başına canan geldi buluştu,
 Elim de kudret eli ile tutuştu. Refr.

Devrişlikten başka ünvan istemem,
Muhabbetten gayri devran istemem,
№ 270. Düvazdeh nefesi. Havva Hari (1945 Devletliağaç), Kırklareli

Elhamdülillah pirim kabul eyledi,
Müjdesini kulağıma söyledi,

I give thanks to God, my saint has accepted me,
He whispered the good news into my ear,
Mehmet Ali Dervish, you are one of us, he said. Refr.

№ 270. Düvazdeh nefesi. Havva Hari (1945 Devletliağaç), Kırklareli

Her sabah, her sabah vardığım,
Oniki imam Alim, Alim.
Seferbere eyle yardım.

Every morning, every morning my destination is
Twelve imams, my Ali, Ali.
Help those who set off

Allah bir Muhammed Haktr
Bilenlere sözüm yoktur. Refr.

Allah is one, Muhammad is true,
I don't say it to those who know it,

Hasan Hüseyin'in yari,
Zeynel Abidin'in nuru,
Muhammed Mehdi'nin sırrı. Refr.

The lover of Hasan and Husain,
The light of Zeynel Abidin,
The secret of Muhammad Mehdi. Refr.

Muhammed Bakır'ın şahı,
Akıyor Nakir'ın kanı,
Sen düşürdün kaldır beni. Refr.

The shah of Muhammad Bakir,
Nakir's blood is flowing,
You've cast me down, raise me up. Refr.

Hasan Hüseyin askeri Mehdi,
Vardır gelmeğe atı,
Yıkılsın Yezid'in tahtı. Refr.

Mehdi, the soldier of Hasan Husain,
He's got a horse to come here.
Yezid's throne should collapse! Refr.

Pir Sultan'ım durdum dara,
Çağrırdım ere pire,
Cümlenin muradını vere. Refr.

My Pir Sultan, I've confessed my sins,
I've called the saints,
May all of them reach their goal. Refr.

№ 273. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kırklareli

Her sabah, her sabah seher yelleri,
Seher yellerile esen Alidir.
Muhammed kilavuz mahşer yerinde,
Islam insan cani çeken Alidir.

In the mornings, the early morning breeze,
In the morning breeze Ali is blowing.
Muhammad guides us on Doomsday,
The souls of those who believe in Islam are attracted by Ali.

Dayanık gör kardeşim, gönül gözçüne,
Ağızın yokmudur ahiret göçüne?

Find support, brother, for the watching heart,
Have you nothing to say about the way to the hereafter?

On iki imam gibi cennet içine,
Abu Kevser'le akan Alidir.

To heaven similar to the twelve imams?
Flowing with the water of Kevser is also Ali.
Dindiler döndüler Şarka gittiler,  
Horasan şehrine akın ettiler,  
Müminlerin feryadına yettiler,  
Pervane Yezide basan Ali’dir.

Nerede ararsan hazır bulunur,  
Okur dört kitabı iyi bilinir,  
Bayram ayı gibi doğar dolunur,  
Seher yelleryle esen Ali’dir.

Münkürün gıdası Hak’tan kesilir,  
Nesimi üzüldü mahsur yazılı,  
Dünya yetmiş kere doldu eksildi,  
Dolduran Ali’dir, dolan Ali’dir.

Hakkın emri ile Cebrail indi,  
İndi de Ali’nin koluna kondu,  
Zülfükar kuşandı Duldüle bindi,  
Yezid’in neslini kesen Ali’dir.

Pir Sultan’ım eydü, şad olup güldü,  
Şah efendim eydü, şad olup güldü,  
Kabe şehirinden bir nida geldi,  
Okuyan Muhammed yazan Ali’dir.

№ 274. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Aman ey, erenler, mürüyvet sizden,  
Öksüzüm, garibim, amana geldim.  
Yettim halime merhamet eyle,  
Ağlaya, ağlaya meydana geldim.

Bağrımın bağında ben garip bülbül,  
Amanım artmakta halim çok müşkül,  
Koparnazdım ancak, kokladım bir Gül,  
Kafir oldum ise imana geldim.

Seherde açılır gonca gülleri,  
Kılavuzla aşım gergin yolları,  
Menzilim erenler yoludur deyu.

They had a rest, turned back, headed east,  
Attacked the town of Khorasan,  
They were greeted by the screaming of the  
true-faithed,  
Yezid was also raided by Ali.

You’ll find him where you’re looking for him,  
The reader’s familiar with the four holy books,  
Like the festive month it arrives and becomes  
consummate,  
In the morning breeze Ali is blowing.

God gives no food to the infidels,  
Nesimi was grieving, a list of sins were made,  
Seventy times did the world become full and  
then emptied,  
Ali filled it with people, Ali’s the people, too.

Gabriel arrived by God’s command,  
As he descended, he sat in Ali’s arm,  
He woke up Zulfi kar, got on Dul dul,  
The descendants of Yezid were also killed by Ali.

My Pir Sultan said, he laughed happily,  
My lord Shah said, he laughed happily,  
A voice spoke from the town of Kabe,  
By the command of God four books descended,  
They were dictated by Muhammad and written  
by Ali.

Alas, oh saints, be merciful,  
I’m an orphan and unfortunate, I’ve come to  
ask forgiveness,  
I’m an orphan, feel pity for me,  
Crying and weeping have I entered this holy  
place.

I’m a sad nightingale in the garden of my heart,  
My troubles increase, I have it hard,  
I didn’t pick the rose, I only smelled it,  
Though I was a non-believer, I converted.

The treasure of your divine beauty bends the  
shroud,  
Roses are budding at dawn,  
I left the hard ways with a guide,  
My goal is the way of the holy men.
İlklik perdesi yoktur özümde,
Birliktir gönlümde özüm sözümde,
Gece gündüz dahi Hak niyazında,
Kiblemdir Muhammed secemdir Ali.

Turabi’yem turab oldu özümüz,
Can gözüyle canan/cemal gördü gözümüz,
Damanın mürşüde sürdük yüzümüz,
Hünkar Hacı Bektaş velidir deyu.

I'm not a hypocrite,
There's unity in my heart, I keep my word,
Day and night I pray to God,
I pray to Muhammad, Ali is my prayer carpet.

I'm Turabi, we will turn into dust,
We've seen God's face through the eyes of the soul,
We bend down to the ground before our master,
In fact he's a descendant of Imam Ali.

Bu zevkle münkiri hayran edelim.
Refr. Ali’nin doğduğu eyyam bu demdir.
Çıraklar uyansın, kurulsun cemler,
Gülbanklar çekilsin, sürülsün demler,
Cümüşe gelsinler cümle erenler. Refr.

Neredir sakiler sunsunlar bade,
Gönülle zevk ile olsun gülşade,
Eriştik hamd olsun biz de murada,
Ali’nin doğduğu eyyam bu gece.

Bakın çemenzarı süslemiş güller,
Feryada başlamış sevkiyle bülbüller,
Açılmış şakayık lale sümbüller,
Ali’nin/Sahim’in doğduğu eyyam bu gece.

Geldi Sultan Nevruz, kalmadı elem,
Melaik, halayik cümlesi hürrem,
Erenler lutfedip eyledi kerem,
Ali’nin doğduğu eyyam bu demdir.

Bilin ki bu demdir mes’adet demi,
Refetiş erenler cümle alemi,
Eriştiz bize Şahin keremi,
Ali’nin/Şahımın doğduğu eyyam bu gece.

Hüsni Baba eyler candan niyazi,
Dem sunsun sakiler sunsunlar bade,
Okunsun netesler çalının sazlar,
Ali’nin doğduğu eyyam bu gece.

Nerdedir sakiler sunsunlar bade,
Gönülle zevk ile olsun gülşade,
Eriştik hamd olsun biz de murada,
Ali’nin doğduğu eyyam bu gece.

Look, the green meadow is full of roses,
The nightingales are joyfully singing,
The peonies, tulips and hyacinths are blooming,
This is the happy night when Ali was born.

Let's take delight in amazing the infidels.
Refr. This is the moment when Ali was born,
Let the candles burn, let the ritual begin,
All the saints should come to the community.
Refr.

Where is the cup-bearer, he should give us drinks,
May the hearts be free and rejoice,
We've reached our goal by God's grace,
This is the night when Ali was born.

You should know this is the time of happiness,
The saints make the world happy,
The Shah's grace has also reached us,
This is the night when Ali was born.

Hüsnü Baba is praying with all his heart,
The cup-bearer should give us drink, wine should be brought here,
May nefeses sound and strings twang,
This is the night when Ali was born.
520  Thracian Song Texts

№ 276. Nefes. Fatma and Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kılavuzlu

Ey, şahin bakışım, bülbül avazlım,  Hey, my hawk-eyed, my nightingale-voiced [love],
Bir eli kadehli bir eli sazlım,  In one of your hands a goblet, a musical instrument in the other,
İşte ben gidiyorum kal ahu gözlüm,  Look, I’m leaving, you stay, my gazelle-eyed.  Refr.
Refr. Ne sen beni unut, ne de ben seni.  Don’t forget me, I won’t forget you either,
Yolça haramı çok, engel arada,  There are many highwaymen/bandits, obstacles,
Unutma sevdiğim deme şirada,  Don’t forget me, sweetheart, even for a moment,
Kalp gider amma gönül burada.  Even if I go away, my heart stays here.  Refr.
Refr.
Ta ezeli ezel seven sevende,  It’s been always like this: lover and sweetheart,
Şu iki cihanda, kevn-ü mekanda,  In the two worlds: in this world and in the hereafter.
Mizan başlarında ulu divanda.  They have the proof in the great tribunal.  Refr.
Refr.
Çekilsin gülbanker sürülsün devran,  May our holy hymn sound and the dervishes whirl,
Görülsün kayılar açılsın meydan,  May the scripts be seen, the holy place open,
Yolumuzu açın ulu yaratan.  May our Creator give us free way.  Refr.
Refr.
Kul Hüseyn’im der ki gül benzim soluk,  My Kul Husain says I look pale,
Serimize yazılmıştır ayrılık,  Parting is written in the book of our fate,
Vallahi sevdiğim gönüller birlik.  Yes, my sweetheart, the hearts are the same.  Refr.
Refr.

№ 277. Kırklar semahı, Tahsin Berber (1947 Eskićuma), Zeytinburnu

Güvercinlik derler şara (şehire) vardın mı?  Have you reached the town said to have a round tower?
Ali’nin doğduğu yeri gördün mü?  Have you seen the place where Ali was born?
Fatma derler Hasan, Hüseyn anası,  The mother of Hasan and Husain is called Fatma,
Oniki imamların sohbet anası.  She has enchanted the twelve imams by her speech.
Refr. Güvercinlik derler, şara vardın mı?  Refr. Have you reached the town said to have a round tower?
Ali’nin doğduğu yeri gördün mü?  Have you seen the place where Ali was born?
Seksen konak derler gelmezler öte,  It is called eighty lodgings, they don’t come any further,
Burdagavur yoktur Müslüman çoaktur.  There are no infidels here, there’re a lot of Muslims,
Kirklar bu diyarda Musalar hakim,  Forties, here the Musas are the leaders,
Canlar bu dizarda Musalar hakttır.  My dear, here the Musas are the masters.  Refr.
Refr.

521  Thracian Song Texts
№ 278. Kırklar semahı. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Ulu bezirganı görüp geçtin mi?  Have you seen the famous merchant?
Hamza pehlivanla güreş tuttun mu?  Have you wrestled with Hamza, the wrestler,
Türlü bir kumaşlar alıp sattın mı?  Have you traded with your textiles?  Refr.
Pir Sultanı'm aydırdı uludan ulu,  My Pir Sultan is the moon, greater than anything.
Üstümüzden eksik etme doluyu,  Don't take the full goblets away from us.
Horasanıda yatar derler Şahim/  My Shah/Ali, the lion is said to rest in Khor-
   aslan Ali'yi.  rasan.  Refr.

Adım, adım Hak yoluna varayım.  I should follow God's way step by step.
Refr.  Refr.  Have you reached the town said to have a
   round tower?
Ali’nin doğduğu yeri gördün mü?  Have you seen the place where my Ali is?
Fatma derler Hasan Hüseyin’ annesi,  The mother of Hasan and Husain is called Fatma,
Birden solmaz derler onun kınası,  Her henna won’t fade away easily,
Oniki imamların sohbet annesi.  Fatma, who has enchanted the twelve imams by her speech.  Refr.

Ulu bezirganı gelip geçtin mi?  Have you seen the famous merchant?
Hamza pehlivanla güreş tuttun mu?  Have you wrestled with Hamza, the wrestler?
Türlü kumaşları alıp sattın mı?  Have you traded with your textiles?  Refr.
Pir Sultanım incitmeyin demi,  My Pir Sultan, don’t touch the drink,
Şah Sultanım incitmeyin demi,  My Shah Sultan, don’t touch the drink,
Üstümüzden eksik etme doluyu,  Don’t take the full goblet away from us,

№ 279. Semah. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Hü deyelim gerçeklerin demine,  Blessed be the drink of the true ones!
Erenlerin demi nurdan sayılır,  The drink of the saints is from light,
On iki imam katarına katlan,  He who joins the group of the twelve imams,

123 It is a religious rule for Muslim women to paint their hands and feet for major occasions such as their wedding.
124 The merchant who spreads his ware all over is to be taken figuratively. He is the master who disseminates knowledge.
İhlas ile gelen bu yoldan dönmez,
İkilikten geçmeyen birliğe ermez,
Eri Hak görmeyen Hakku da görmez,
Gözü bakar ama körden sayılır.

He who comes trueheartedly will never leave our way,
Who doesn't give up hypocrisy will never find unity,
Who doesn't respect a saint as God doesn't see God either,
His eyes look but in fact he is blind.

[Gerçek talib ikrarında durursa,
Çerağ gibi yanık küçük erirse,
Eksikliği kendisinde bilirse,
O da erdir gerçek erden sayılır.]

[If a true candidate keeps his vow
He burns like a floating wick when it's got oil,
If he is aware of his own shortcomings,
He is also a holy man, he is one of them.]

Üç gün imiş şu dünyanın sefası,
Sefasından artık imiş cefası,
Hak'tır erenlerin dostu nefesi,
Biri kırktır kırkı birden sayılır.

The pleasures of this world only last three days,
There are more sorrows than pleasures,
God is the friend and breath of holy men,
One is forty, forty is one.

Pir/Şah Sultan Abdal'ın Bağdat’tur vatan,
İkilikten geçip birliğe yeten,
Erenlerin yoluna kıyl-ü kal katan,
Yüklenmiş yükünü hardan sayılır.

My Pir Sultan Abdal, Bagdad is home,
After double-dealing I found unity,
The one that brings gossip to the path of saints
Is like a donkey packed with burden.

No 280. Nefes. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Yine mihman geldi, gönlüm şaz oldu.
Refr. Mihmanlar siz bize hoşça geldiniz,
Kardaşlar siz bize sefa geldiniz.

A guest has arrived, my heart's rejoicing.
Refr. Guests, you're welcome,
Brethren, you're welcome!

Kara olan eve misafir gelmez,
Bağrça, çağırsa eksiği bitmez.
Her yere çağrırlar bir yere gitmez. Refr.

No guest comes to a sad home,
He may shout and scream, his misery will never end,
He’s invited all over, but won’t go anywhere.
Refr.

Misafirdir iç kapının kilidi,
Misafirdir, sahibinin güldür
Tanrı misafiri pirin Alidir. Refr.

The guest even opens the inner door,
The guest is the rose of the master,
God’s guest, my saint, Ali. Refr.

Kerem hümmet eyle gene gel bize,
Büyük küçük deme cümlemiz bile,
Yavan yahşi deme yüzümüz güle. Refr.

Be gracious, come to see us again,
Not only the big or the small, but all of us,
Food doesn’t matter, let our eyes laugh. Refr.

125 Nefes is an Arabic loanword in Turkish: 1. breath, breathing; 2. breath with healing power (blown upon the sick); 3. moment, duration of a breath; 4. hymn of Bektashis’ (Redhouse 1974: 874).
126 Kil-ü kal ‘gossip’ (Eyuboğlu 1993: 204) is a loanword in Turkish.
№ 281. Semah. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953), İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Gel gine bugün dost iline gidelim Gül Baba'm,
Canım şahım pir sultanım Gül Baba'm, Gül Baba'm,
Canımdan ayrıldım, feryat ederim, ederim,
Arşa direk, direk şahım Gül Baba'm, Gül Baba'm.

Come, my Gül Baba, let's go to the land of the friend today, too,
My soul, my Shah, My Shah Sultan, Gül Baba,
I've parted with my darling, I'm screaming,
You're the pillar of the world, Gül Baba.


№ 289. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Zeytinburnu

Şimdi bizim aramıza,
Yola boyun eğenler gelsin,
Şeriatı, tarikati hakikati bilenler gelsin,
Hakikati diyen de gelsin,
Hü, Hü, Hü, Hü, Dost.

*Kişi halden anlayınca,
Hakikatı dinleyince,
Üstüne yol uğrayınca,
Ayrılmayı duran da gelsin,
Hü, Hü, Hü, Hü, Dost.

Now those should join us
Who bend their heads to our way,
Who know this order and religion,
This divine justice,
Those should come here.

Those who sympathize,
And hear the divine justice,
And can resist temptation in a difficult situation,
Those should come here.

№ 293. Nefes. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzu

Ben bu aşka düşeli,
Allah ile buluşulayı,
Al, yeşil, ala, sarı.
Refr. Bize dervişler geldi.

Dervişler giyer aba,
Hükmeder Kaf’tan Kafa’,
Bize Muhammed, Mustafa… Refr.

Bölük, bölük dervişler,
Hakkın buyurduğu işler,
Edep, erkan görmüşler. Refr.

Since I fell in love,
Since I met Allah,
Red, green, mottled, yellow.
Refr. Dervishes came to us.

Dervishes wear felt coats,
They rule around the world,128
[There came] to us Muhammad Mustafa. Refr.

Many of the dervishes
Act by God's command,
And follow the right way. Refr.

127 The legendary 'Father of Roses' is a well-known saint along the Balkans. His northernmost shrine can be found in Budapest.
128 Kaf: 'mythical mountain, thought to surround the world and to bind the horizon on all sides' (Red-house 1974: 578)
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Yediler kırklar ile,
Yüzü balkır nur ile,
Ak sakallı pirlerle. Refr.
Has bahçeğin güllüden,
Şeker damlar elinden,
Yunus Şahım elinden. Refr.

The Seven and the Forty, 129
Their faces shine with light,
With white-bearded saints. Refr.

From a rose from the sultan’s garden
Nectar’s dripping from his hand.
Thanks to my Yunus Shah. Refr.


Şu karşıki yayla ne güzel yayla,
Bir dem süremedim dostlar giderim böyle.
Ela gözlü pirim gel himmet eyle. Refr.
Ben de bu yaylada Şaha/dosta giderim.

The summer pasture opposite, what a nice summer pasture,
I’ve never had a happy moment, this is how I leave, my friends.
My brown-eyed Pir, come and help.
I leave this summer pasture and go to the Shah/friend.

I leave this summer pasture and go to the Shah/friend.
If only I turned into a green garden,
I’d become a legend on the lips of the people,
Black earth, I’d overcome you. Refr.

Flush a group of cranes,
Let out the sorrow from your hearts,
We’ll soon cross the summer pasture. Refr.
I’m a poor wanderer, struggling along roads,
I’m a stream of joy, foaming with blood,
I’m a crazy fool. Refr.

If they say my ritual cleaning is not valid,
If they make me repeat my prayers,
If you kill the person who mentions the Shah.
Refr.

My Pir Sultan Abdal, this world doesn’t last forever,
The departed will never come back,
They won’t divert me from the way of the Shah, Refr.

Important mystical numbers of the Sufis.
Patron saint; spiritual teacher; founder of an order of dervishes; chief of a convent of dervishes (Redhouse 1974: 934).
№ 295. Nefes. Celal Taşar (1964 Erzurum), Kırklareli

[Şu karşıki yaylada göç katar] katar,
Bir yiğit sevdası bağrımda tüter,
Refr. Geçti dost kervanı eyleme beni, eyleme beni.

In the summer pasture opposite] the herd of nomads is moving on,
My heart's burning with youthful love,
Refr. The friend's caravan has passed, don't torture me, don't torture me.

*Şu benim sevdiğim başta oturur,
Bu oruç dinlenen yerde oturur,
Bu ayırm, ayırm bana ölümden beter,
Refr.

My lover's sitting at the place of honour,
The longing for my beauty consumes me,
This parting brings death on me. Refr.

Pir Sultan Abdal'ım dağdan aşalım,
Pir Sultan Abdal, let's cross the mountain,
Çok nemetin yedik helallaşım.

I am Pir Sultan Abdal, let's cross the mountain,
You've often been gracious to us, let us count.
Refr.


Gördüm şu binayı kandan ilikten,
Duvarları etten, taşı kemikten,
Secde kıldırm niyaz aldım eşikten,
Adım-adım kutlu tekkeme geldim, tekkeme geldim.

I've seen the house built from flesh and blood,
Its walls from flesh, its bricks from bones,
I stooped to pray, I breathed a prayer on the threshold,
Walking forward I arrived at my blessed tekke.

Gönül dedikleri canla tanıştım,
Muhabbet eyledim tatlı konuştum,
Kılbet giydim nefes ile güreştim,
Pirim ihsan etti bu deme geldim, bu deme geldim.

I got acquainted with the soul which is said to be the heart,
I indulged in a happy conversation,
I put on a wrestling costume and started wrestling with the soul,
That's how I could live to see this moment by my holy leader's grace.

Bir göle on iki nehir akıyor,
Her biri doksan bin ayet okuyor,
İki kaş içinden arslan bakıyor,
Yol bacını verip Kibleme geldim.

Twelve rivers flow into a lake,
Each of them quotes ninety thousand poems from the Quran,
From between two eyebrows a lion's looking at me,
I've paid the road tax, so I've reached my destination.

Bu nur gece gündüz döner madende,
Anasurla mevla ile ihsanda,
Nice devir ettim yalan dünyada,
Seyrlü oruc olub hak ceme geldim.

This light's changing in the virtue day and night,
The main secret is hidden in God and the pious acts,
What a life I had in this deceptive world!
What a lot of things I had to struggle with before I found the true community.
№ 298. Nefes. Mahmut Gümüş (1973 Beyci), Kırklareli

Keramet baştağır, tacda değildir,
Hararet nardadır, sacda değildir,
Her ne arar isen ey dost, kendinde ara,
Kudüste Mekke'de arşta değildir.

The ability to perform a miracle is in the head, not in the crown,
Heat is in the oven, not in the oven plate,
Whatever you’re looking for, my friend, look for it in yourself,
Not in Jerusalem, Mecca or the space.

Sakın bir kimsenin gönlünü yıkma,
Gerçek erenlerin sözünden çıkma,
Eğer insan isen ey dost ölmezsin korkma,
Aşığı kurt yemez uçta değildir.

Don't break the heart of anyone,
Don't depart from the words of true saints,
If you are a just man, you won't die, don't be afraid,
The wolf doesn't eat the ashik, this is not its goal.

№ 299. Nefes. Emrullah Yılmazgüç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Sultan Süleymana kalmayan dünya,
Şu dünya yerinde ırılır bir gün,
Nice canlar vardır kara yer sende,
Hakkın emriyle dirilir bir gün.

This world doesn't belong to Sultan Suleyman,
This world will come to an end one day,
What a lot of people rest in you, black soil!
By God's command man will resurrect one day.

Pir Sultanım/Şah Sultanım söyler bin bir kelami,
Sıratın önünde terez-i nizami,
Cümlesinin günahları tartılır bir gün.

My Pir Sultan/Shah Sultan recites a lot of poems,
A scale is placed at the Bridge of Sirat,
All our sins will be weighed in it one day.

№ 301. Nefes. Emrullah Yılmazgüç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Yakadan gider iken,
Zikir Allah verirken,
İsmail peygamberin,
Koynu güder iken.

Leaving the shore behind,
Praising Allah's name,
When prophet Ismail
Was grazing his sheep.

Kıldığım namaz idi,
Reş vaktini koymaz idi,
Üç günlik görevimi,
Olmasa yemez idim.

I prayed
Not just five times a day,
I couldn't eat my
Three-day roll either.

Ben yaslandım şol taşa,
Gör neler gelir başa,
Bir gün misafir gelmesse,
Verirdim kurda kuşa.

I leaned against a cliff,
Hear what happened to me!
One day, if no guest had arrived,
I'd have given it to a wolf or bird.

131 Ashik: an 'enraptured saint, dervish; wandering minstrel' (Redhouse 1974: 86).
№ 302. Nefes. Emrullah Yılmazgüç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu – See № 301

№ 303. Nefes. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

№ 304. Nefes. Bektashi concert, Istanbul

132 Hü ~ Hü, Hüy, etc. ‘He’ = Allah.

133 In the community, the dispenser of drinks is one of the functionaries.
№ 305. Nefes. Bektashi concert, Istanbul

Arzuladım sana geldim, I've come to you, yearning,
Hünkar Hacı Bektash Velim, My lord, my saint Haji Bektash,
Eşiğine yüzüm sürdüm, I touched my face to your threshold,
Hünkar Hacı Bektash veli. My lord, saint Haji Bektash.
Beni eden var ol Haydar! Long live the one that created me!
Pir Sultanım gerçek veli, My Pir Sultan is a true saint,
Kemnez silah Haydar eli, No weapon can injure Haydar’s hand,
Dost sanki Horasan piri, The friend, like a saint from Khorasan,


№ 308. Nefes. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953), İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Mihman olduk ceminize, We've become guests of your community,
Hü diyelim deminize. We bless God for your drink,
Hayran kaldık yolunuza. We admire your way
Refr. Bu meydanda, bu divanda. Refr. In this holy place, in this community.
Meydanda oturan canlar, The fellow believers sitting in the holy place,
Ayni kandan, aynı soydan. From the same race, from the same blood.
Kalksın kötü çırkı yanlar. Refr. The wicked and the ugly should leave Refr.
Sazlarla134 çosup çaladık, We enthused plucking saz,
Özümüz Hakk’a bağladık, We abandoned ourselves to God,
Hüseyin için ağladık. Refr. We lamented for Husain. Refr.
Pirimiz/Şahımız Bektash Veli, Our saint Bektash Veli,
Apltr Musa, Kızıl Deli, Abdal Musa, Kızıl Deli,
Selam rehber olan dosta, Greetings to those who have shown the way,
Niyazımız vardrug dosta, We pray for our friends,
Hüseyin için de yasta. Refr. We mourn for Husain. Refr.

134 There sounds meydanda in one of the text variants.
№ 309. Nefes. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Kırklareli iline açtık bir ocak,
Medet mürvet,135 Şahım vilayet Mûrtaza,
Mühibben nur neşe oldular sermest,
Şefayet136 kil ya Muhammed Mustafa.

İlimiz çok eski kırkların ili,
*Gözcümüzdür daim Şah Kızıl Deli,
Erenler aşkına süreriz demi,
Himmet eyle pirim sen Hüňkar Veli.

Yedi mürşid bir araya cem olmadık,
Erenler yolunda tek üçnet olmadık,
Muhammed Ali’nin nuru gürünü gördük,
Şefaat kil ya Muhammed Mustafa.

Kırklareli ilinde güllerimiz var,
Ululardan ulu pîlerimiz var,
İbrahim Ethem baba yatırımız var,
Medet mürvet şahım vilayet mürtaza.

Hasan Baba der ki açılsın güller,
Şakıyıp şakıyıp ötsün bülbüller,
Can gözün açıp ta nur gürsün gözler,
Şefaat kil ya Muhammed Mustafa.

We’ve opened a community place in the town of Kırklareli,
Help, mercy, my saint Shah, my guard Murtaza137
Trusted friends were filled with overwhelming joy,
Pray for us, Muhammad Mustafa.

Our town’s very old, the town of the Forty,
Our eternal guard is Kizil Deli Shah,
We raise our glasses to the love of saints,
Take pity on me, saint caliph.

In the town of Kırklareli we’ve got roses,
Our saints are the mightiest of all,
The tomb of Ibrahim Ethem Baba can be found here,
Take pity on me, my shah, my guard Murtaza.

Hasan Baba says, may the roses bloom,
May the nightingales sing at the top of their voices,
My fellow believer, open your eyes, see the light,
Pray for us, Muhammad Mustafa.

№ 310. Nefes. Şüküne Güner (1932), Karıncak

[Bu gece] hanemimize hoş mîhman geldi,
Hoş olur hanemiz mîhman gelince,
Karamış güllerimiz pas silindi,
Pak olur hanemiz mîhman gelince.

Oy, sefa geldiniz Şahın mîhmanı,
Hak ile ihsan eyledi meydani,
Yoluna feda eyledim şu canı,
Şad/Hoş olur hanemiz mîhman gelince.

[Tonight] a dear guest’s come to see us,
Our home is filled with joy when a guest arrives,
The rust of gloomy hearts has been wiped off,
Our home is purified when a guest arrives.

Guests of Shah, you are welcome!
A gracious act, they’ve opened a holy place,
I’ve sacrificed my soul on its way,
Our home is filled with joy when a guest arrives.

135 Arabic loanword in Turkish. Mûrüvet: ‘1. great joy; 2. heroism, gallantry; 3. donation, open-handedness’. It is a feminine personal name at the same time.
136 Arabic loanword in Turkish, its correct form is şefaat: ‘intercession, prayer for pardon’.
Ruhi biçare fakir Também senin,  
Hak Muhammed Ali yolundur senin,  
Şu yeşil pençeli elindir senin,  
Hoş olur hanemiz mihman gelince.

A poor, miserable servant of yours, Ruhi,  
God, Muhammad, Ali – this is your way,  
This green[138] marked hand is yours,  
Our home is filled with joy when a guest arrives.

№ 311. Nefes. Fatma Üzer (1947 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Şu dünya derdinden bıktım usandım,  
Çektiğim cefayı hep sefa sandım,  
Nice nice çillelere dayandım,  
Garip garip ağladım Hakk’a yalvardım.

I got fed up with the troubles of the world,  
I thought all my sufferings before were just fun,  
I had been sorely tried,  
I cried bitterly, I prayed to God.

Bizim ciğerciğimiz delik deliktir,  
Çigerçigimiz delik bağımız yanıktır,  
Yine garip gönlümüz Hakk’a dayanır,  
On iki imamlardan ayırma bizi.

Our viscera perforated,  
My viscera got injured and my soul burned out,  
Our poor hearts still have hope in God,  
Don’t part me from the twelve imams.

Allah bir Muhammed Alidir dedi,  
Fatma anamıza dayandım durdum,  
Pirim eteğini can iylen tuttum,  
On iki imamlardan medet diledim.

God is one Allah, Muhammad, Ali,  
I prayed to our mother Fatma,  
I clung to my saint with all my heart,  
I asked the twelve imams for help.

Naciye fakirim çinlerle bacı,  
Dünyanın çillesi zehirden acı,  
Başımzda Muhammed imin tacı,  
On iki imamlardan ayırma bizi.

I’m poor Nadjiye, amidst sufferings,  
The pain of the world is more bitter than poison,  
Muhammad’s crown is on our heads,  
Don’t part me from the twelve imams.

№ 313. Nefes. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli – See № 163

№ 314. Nefes. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Evlilikler piri, hünkarım sensin,  
Tanrının arsları, Ali’im gel yetiş,  
*Dört kitabın sırrı, esrarı sensin.  
*Refr. Tanrı’nın arsları Ali’im gel yetiş.

You’re the saint of saints, my lord,  
God’s lion, come, hurry, my Ali,  
You’re the secret and mystery of four books.  
Refr. God’s lion, my Ali, come, hurry!

*Sensin cümlelerin gaybun bilici,  
Sensin mümünler yardımı klıcı,  
Kamu düşmüşlerin elin alıcı.  
Hem Ali’nin hem Veli’nin Hzırsız,  
Hakının emriyle aleme hazırsız,  
İsmin söylediğini yerde hazırsız.

You’re the knower of all that’s lost,  
You’re the helping sword of the true believers,  
You take the hand of all the downcast.  
You’re Ali and Veli and Hizir as well,  
You are ready for God’s command,  
Wherever your name is mentioned, you turn up there.

138 Green is the accepted colour symbolizing Islam.

139 The four sacred books are: the Pentateuch, the Book of Psalms, The Gospels and the Koran.
№ 315. Nefes. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu

Bakma isyanına çök tur günahım,
Eriş imdadu […]/Erişti göklere feryadım ahım,
Hey, benim devletli hürmetli şahım. Refr.
Genç Abdalım okur ilm-i hikmetten,
Aşkın çuş eyledi bahır-i kudretten,
Tut elinden kurtar beni zulmetten. Refr.

Don't regard my protests, my sins are numerous,
Help me […]/My praying and wailing reaches heaven,
Oh, my almighty respected Shah Refr.
My Genc Abdal is reading from divine knowledge,
Your love has overflown the ocean,
Hold my hand, save me from the darkness. Refr.

№ 315. Nefes. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu

Karşıda görünen ne güzel yayla,140
Bir dem süremedim dostlar, giderim böyle,
Ela gözlü pirim sen himmet eyle,
Refr. Biz de bu yayladen dostlar Şaha gideriz
Biz de bu yayladen dostlar pire gideriz.

The summer pasture opposite, what a nice summer pasture,
I've never had a happy moment, I leave like this, my friends.
My brown-eyed pir, come and perform a miracle.
Refr. And we'll go to the Shah from this summer pasture,
And we'll go the saint from the summer pasture!

Eğer göğürsem bostan olursam,
Şu halkın diliyle dostlar destan olursam,
Kara toprak senden üstün olursam. Refr.
Bir bölük turnaya sökün dediler,
Yürekteki derdi dostlar dökün dediler,
Yayladen ötesi yakın dediler. Refr.

If only I could turn green and become a garden,
I could become a legend on the lips of the people,
Black soil, I could overcome you. Refr.
A flock of cranes were shooed away,
Throw out the sorrow from your hearts, my friends,
The place beyond the summer pasture is near, they said. Refr.

Dost elinden dolu içmiş değilim,
Üstü kan köpükli dostlar neşe seliyim,
Ben bir yol ehlivi yol sefiliyim. Refr.
Alınmış abdestim aldırırlarsa,
Kılınmış namazım dostlar kıldırırlarsa,
Sizde Şah diyeni öldürürlere. Refr.

I am not one who drinks from a friend's hand,
I am a flood of joy, foaming with blood,
I am a guide, a poor traveller. Refr.
If my ritual cleanings were invalidated,
If I was made to repeat my ritual prayer,
If a person who utters the Shah's name is killed. Refr.

Hü, Pir Sultan Abdalüm dünya durulmaz,
Gitti giden ömür dostlar geri dönülmez,
Gözlerim de Şah yolundan ayrılmaz. Refr.

My Pir Sultan Abdal, this world is not livable,
The one that has departed will never return, my friends,
I won't take my eyes off the Shah's way. Refr.

140 The first and last strophes of this hymn are cited by Mélikoff (1998: 231) and published with a French translation.
№ 319. Nefes. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Ezeli ezelden öteden beri,  
Sevdikçe sevesim gelir Pirimi,  
Çekerim çevrümü ondan ötürü.  
Refr. Sevdikçe sevesim gelir piri.  
Sevdikçe severim ben onu çoktan,  
Sevgisin Allah verir hiç yoktan,  
Geçerim varımdan ayrılmam Haktan. Refr.

For a very long time, from the very beginning,  
I’ve been loving my holy leader more and more  
passionately,  
I’m ready to do anything for him.  
Refr. I felt like loving my holy leader.  
Sevdikçe sevesim gelir pirimi.  
Refr. I’ve been loving him for ages,  
Allah can create love from nothing,  
I’m ready to part with everything but I’ll never  
part with God. Refr.

El ele el hakka buyurdu Allah,  
İnandım piri me Allah eyvallah,  
Pirim Allah dostum Allah. Refr.

Hand in hand, holding God’s hand,  
As ordered by Allah,  
I believed my saint, thanks to Allah,  
My saint Allah, my friend, Allah. Refr.

Geç Abdal’ım Sultan sunucu buldu,  
Cennet bahçesinde gönc bir güldür,  
Pirim nazar kul sanma delidir. Refr.

 Genç Abdal Sultan has found a speaker  
A young rose in the garden of Paradise.  
My saint, cast an evil eye upon me, don’t think  
he’s a fool. Refr.

№ 320. Nefes. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Bülbülün hali bir mana aldı,  
Gönül evini figana saldı,  
Geçtikçe ömrüm fıkara daldı,  
Refr. Men de erenler şat ámb, da kaldım,  
Men de kardaşlar şat ámb, da kaldım.  
Refr. And I, holy people, I was amazed,  
And I, brethren, I was amazed.

Lonely holy people open a holy place,  
In the holy place they whirl with devotion,  
Keeping the secret desire. Refr.

İssız erenler meydan kuraslar,  
Meydan üstüne devran sürüler,  
Gizli ummayı saha tutalar. Refr.

One of man’s faces is human,  
But God can also be seen in his face,  
Was told to find him in myself. Refr.

Bir yüzü adem, adem yüzünde,  
Allahta adem, adem yüzünde,  
Bana dediler sen bul özünde. Refr.

Inquiry for the doubter, sympathy for the sick,  
In my soul there’s no liberating escape left,  
In my heart there’s no old ratification left. Refr.
№ 321. Nefes. Şerife Bodur (1930 Topçular), Kırklareli

Ben bu meclislerden ibretler aldım,
Uyudum, uyandım ben hayal gördüm,
Kalbimi nur ile boyanmış gördüm.
Refr. Muhammed'in küsü çalınır burda,
O serverin cismi yad olur dilde.

Hep turnalar gibi yüksek uçarsın,
Kanadyyla halka rahmet saçarsın,
Abu Kevser¹⁴¹ şarabından içersin. Refr.

Hep turnalar gibi yüksek uçarsın,
Kanadyyla halka rahmet saçarsın,
Abu Kevser¹⁴¹ şarabından içersin. Refr.

¹⁴¹ Kevser: ‘a pool or pond in Paradise’ (Birge 1937: 266).

¹⁴² The same line in another nefes (Eyuboğlu 1993: 99) sounds like this: „Akl padişahtr Muhammed vezir“. 

№ 322. Mersiye. Sefer Çalışkan (1925 İştip, Macedonya), Zeytinburnu

Akl padişahtr, gönlü vezirdir,¹⁴²
Bu can tenden eğken, hazır nazırdır, hazır nazırdır,
Yelkenlerim açık, gemim hazır,
Refr. Aman seher vakti uyan gözlerim, uyan gözlerim.

Gemimin tahtası işlemez oldu,
İşiten kulaklar işitmez oldu,
Bu söyleyen diller söylemez oldu, söylemez oldu. Refr.

Gemimin tahtası çürük dayanmaz,
Gözlerimi gaflet almış uyandıran,
Ölüm derler gelmiş gömülm inanmaz. Refr.

Gemimin tahtası çoktan çürüktür,
Derviş olanların bağı yanıklar,
Pir/Şah Sultanım Hü der, Pir/Şah uyanıktır. Refr.
Adım adım Hak yoluna varaydım,
Güvercinlik derler şara vardin mı, Hü, vardin mı.
Ali'nin durduğu, da, Hü, yeri gördün mü?
Şah'ın durduğu, da, Hü, yeri gördün mü?
Güvercinlik derler şara vardin mı, Hü, vardin mı?

Step by step I arrived at God's way,
Have you reached the town said to be round-towered?
Have you seen the place where my Ali was standing?
Have you seen the place where my Shah was standing?
Have you reached the town said to be round-towered?

Adım adım Hak yoluna varaydım.
Refr. Güvercinlik derler şara vardin mı?

Refr. Have you reached the town said to be round-towered?

Ali’nin olduğu yeri gördün mü?
Şah’ın olduğu yeri gördün mü?

Have you seen the place where Ali was?
Have you seen the place where the Shah was standing?

Fatma derler Hasan Hüseyin’in annesi,
Birden solmaz ol elinin kınası, kınası,
Oniki imamların sohbet annesi.

The mother of Hasan and Husain is called Fatma,
The henna on her hand won't fade away soon,
The honorary mother of twelve imams. Refr.

Ben bir civan idim da Hü, gezdim dağlarda,
Turab olup tozarım da tozlarlarda/ayızlarda tozarım,
Kamberime torba kana /candan bezerim. Refr.

I was an outlaw roaming in mountains,
I’ve become soil, I let off dust clouds,
I cling to my loyal servant from the bottom of my heart. Refr.

Ulu bezirganı gelip geçtin mi?
Türlü kumaşları alıp sattın mı?
Hamza pehlivanla güreş tuttun mu? Refr.

Have you seen the famous merchant?
Have you traded in your textiles?
Have you wrestled with Hamza, the wrestler? Refr.

Seksen konak derler de Hü,
Orda kafir yoktur Müslüman çoktur,

The place is called eighty lodgings,
There's no infidel, there are a lot of Muslims,
The words of the Forty are valid here. Refr.

Abdal Pir Sultanım da Hü, incitmeyin demi,
Şah Sultanım incitmeyin demi,
Üstümüzden eksi etme doluyu,

My Pir Sultan, don't offend the drink,
My Shah Sultan, don't offend the drink,
Don't deprive us of the full goblet,
My Shah Ali is said to rest in Khorasan. Refr.
332. Nefes. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Arz eyleyip yola girem, O mübarek yüzün görün, Eşiğine yüzüm sürsem, Demir Babam.
Refr.: Hü Hü Hü, Hü, gizli Sultanım.

I'd like to set off filled with longing, I would see your holy face, I'd touch my face at your threshold, my Demir Baba.
Refr.: My secret Sultan.

Mutfağında kaynar aşı, Odur erenlerin başı, Hüseyin Baba’nın kardaşı Demir Babam. Refr.

Food is being cooked in your kitchen, He’s the greatest of saints, Husain Baba’s brother, my Demir Baba. Refr.

Çevre yanı yeşil dağlar, Ortaşında ırmak çağlar, Dertli Katip durmaz ağlar, Demir Babam. Refr.

Green mountains around him, With a babbling river in the middle, Dertli Katip’s crying desperately, my Demir Baba. Refr.


Muhabet kapısını açayım dersen, Açılar da açtırıcı Alidır, Ali,
Hakkın cemalini göreyim dersen, Gören de gösterici Alidır, Ali.

If you ask to be allowed to open the gate of nice conversation, The one that opens it and the one that has it opened are both Ali, Ali.


Muhammad Mustafa rules the world, The secret of this way is revealed in the world, No one knows it but Ali, The one that knows it and the one that reveals it are both Ali.

Münkirin askeri Şam’a çekildi, Mümün olanlara nage yazıldı, Kırların ceminde şerbet ezildi, Ezen de ezdiren Ali’dir Ali.

The host of infidels has withdrawn to Damascus, Praises of true believers were written, Grapes were pressed in the meeting of the Forty, The one that pressed them and the one that had them pressed were both Ali.

Gel derviş kardeş düşme inada, Safi lül gönlünü olasın sade, Terk eyle benliği eriş murada, Eren de erdiren Ali dir Ali.

Come, fellow dervish, be steadfast, Purify your heart, may it be simple, Don’t be selfish, reach your goal like this, The one that reached the goal and the one that helps others do so, are both Ali, Ali.

Fahri kainattır kırların başı, Oyu bilmezden nice olur işi, Fahri kainattır, kırların başı, Onu bilmezden nice olur işi,

The glory of the world is the head of the Forty, What will happen to the one that doesn’t know him? Fahri let his tears fall. The one that fell and the one that let them fall were both Ali, Ali.

Muhabet kapısın açayım dersen,  
Açan da açıran Ali'dir, Ali,  
Açan da açıran Şahımdır, Alim,  
Hakk'ın cemalini göreyim dersen,  
Gören de gösteren Ali'dir, Ali,  
Gören de gösteren Şahımdır, Ali.

If you say, let me open the gate of nice conversation,  
The one that opens and the one that has it  
opened are both Ali, Ali.  
If you say, let me see God's face,  
The one that is looking and the one that lets it  
be seen are both Ali, Ali,  
The one that is looking and the one that lets it  
be seen are both my Shah Ali.

Muhammed Mustafa cihan serveri,  
Miraçta açılır bu yolun sırrı,  
Kimseler bilmezdi Alimden gayrı,  
Kimseler bilmezdi Şahimden gayrı,  
Bilen de bildiren Ali'dir, Ali.  

Muhammad Mustafa rules this world,  
The secret of this way was revealed during his Ascension.  
No one knew it but Ali/my Shah  
The one that knows it and the one that reveals  
it are both Ali, Ali.

Gel, derviş ol kardeş, düşme inada,  
Safi' kıl gönlünü, olasın sade,  
Benliği terk eyle, eriş murada,  
Eren de erdiren Ali'dir/Şahımdır Ali.  

Come brother, become a dervish, don't be obstinate,  
Clean your heart, let it be pure,  
Give up selfishness, reach the goal,  
The one that reaches the goal and the one that  
helps others do so are both Ali, my Shah Ali.

Münkirin askeri Şam'a çekildi,  
Mümün olanlara/kardeşlere nağme yazıldı,  
Kırkların ceminde şerbet ezildi,  

The host of infidels retreated to Damascus,  
Eulogies were written to the believers.  
Sherbet was made in the meeting of the Forty,  
The one that made it and the one that had it  
made are both Ali, Ali.

Fahri kainattır Kırkların başı,  
Onu bilmeyen gül olur işi,  
Bosnevi akıttı gözünden yaş,  
Akan da aktıran Ali'dir Ali,  
Akan da aktıran Şahımdır Ali.  

The glory of the world is the head of the Forty,  
The one that doesn't know it will have it hard.  
Bosnevi let his tears fall,  
The one that fell and the one that let them fall  
are both Ali, Ali.  
The one that fell and the one that let them fall  
are both my Shah Ali.

143 The glory of the world is the Prophet, in Yaltırık's book „Muhammed Ali'dir”.
№ 335. Düvazdeh nefesi. Bektashi congregation, Yeni Bedir

Muhabbet açılsın, cemal görünsün,
Muhammed, Mustafa güllü aşkına,
Hasan Hüseyin’in demi sürülüsün,
Hatice, Fatima güllü aşkına.

Let the nice conversation begin, let’s see the
divine face,
For the rose of Muhammad, Mustafa
The drink of Hasan and Husain is carried round,
For the love of Hatidje, Fatima’s rose.

Zeynel Abidin’i severiz candan,
Muhammed Bakır’ı ziyade ondan,
Erenler buyurmuş ikrar imandan,
Dönmeyelim Cafer yolu aşkına.

We adore Zeynel Abidin from the bottom of
our hearts,
And Muhammad Bakiri even more than him,
Let’s not leave the faith on which holy people
took a vow,
Let’s not leave it for the love of Ja’fer’s145 way.

Musa-ı Kâzım’dan Ali Riza’ya,
İmam Taki Naki sırrı Hüda’ya,
Hasan-ül askeri mehdi livâya,
Cümlemiz demişiz beli aşkına.

From Musa Kazim to Ali Riza
Imams Taki and Naki are all God’s secret,
Hasan’s soldier in the army of the Mahdi,146
We all said yes to his love.

Kaldır saki başın yüzün görelim,
Abdal Musa Sultan demi sürelim,
Doldur heman doldur dolu aşkına.

Raise your head, cup-bearer, let’s see your face,
Let’s have the drink of Abdal Musa Sultan,
Fill, fill the cup for the love of drink!

Fehmiye’m129 alemde bir kemter geda,
Rah-ı erenlerden olmazam cuda,
Canımz cúmlemiz kılarsız feda,
Hünkâr Hacı Bektaş Veli Aşkına.

My Fehmiye is a mean beggar,
I don’t move away from my fellow travellers,
We sacrifice our souls and everything
For the love of Haji Bektash Veli sultan.

№ 337. Nefes. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliagaç

Kim ne bilir bizi, biz ne soydanız,
Ne bir zerre ot ne od sudanız.
Bizim hususumuz marifet söyler,
Biz Horasan mülkindeki boyanız.
Yedi derya bizim keşkulümüzde,
Hacim umman oldu biz o göldeniz,
Hızır İlyas bizim yoldaşımızdır,
Ne zerrece günden ne od aydanız.

Who would know us, who would know
which race we belong to?
We’re neither from grass, nor from fire or
water,
Our main characteristic is knowledge,
We are the descendants of tribes from Khorasan.
There are seven seas in our hat,
We’re from the lake that’s as big as the ocean,
Hizir İlyas is our fellow traveller,
We’re neither from sun, nor from moon.

144 Elsewhere the poet is given as Vasfi (O. B. 181), (Oytan 1970: 472).
145 Cafer-i Sadık, ‘Ja’fer the Truthful’ was the sixth imam of the twelve.
146 The Muslim Messiah (who will appear in due time to deliver the faithful) (Redhouse 1974: 747).
Yedi tamu bizde nevbahar oldu,
Sezik uçmak içindeki köydeniz,
Bizim zahmımıza merhem bulunmaz,
Biz Kudret okuna gizli yaydanız.

Musa Tur'da durup münacat eyle,
Neslimiz sorarsan asıl o oddanız,
Abdal Musa oldum geldim cihana,
Arıfanler bizi nice sırdanız.

Moses is praying to God on Mount Tabor,
If you ask about our origin, we’re from that fire,
I became Abdal Musa, I came into the world,
We wise men are from several secrets!


Arzu ederdiniz, hey, dost, bir yol görmeye,
Bugün bize hoş geldiniz erenler
Muhabbet bağından, hey, dost güller dermeye
Refr. Bugün bize hoş geldiniz erenler/kardeşler,
Tarihler boyunca, hey, dost bir milletiz biz
İlimce dünyaya vermişiz bir hiz
Biyük bir babanın, hey, dost torunlaryız. Refr.

İyi insan olmak, hey, dost her işin başı
Kardeş biliyoruz her vatandaşı
Anmak için, hey, dost Hacı Bektaşı. Refr.

Hisse alın Çırakmanın sözünden
Zerre kaçmaz arıflerin gözünden
Kemal Atatürk‘ün, hey, dost aydın izinden. Refr.

Karşıda görünen ne güzel yayla,
Bir dem süremedim dostlar, giderim böyle.
Elâ gözlü Pirim/Sahim sen himmet eyle.
Refr. Ben de bu yaşlıdan dostlar, Şah’ı giderim,
Açılı kaplar dostlar, Şah’ı giderim.

What a nice summer pasture is over there,
I don’t stay for a minute, I’m leaving, my friends,
My brown-eyed saint/Shah, help me!
Refr. From this place, my friends, I’m going to the Shah,
Let the gates open, I’m going to the Shah.

147 In Islam, the mystic number standing for Heaven is eight, the one for Hell is seven. The earliest mystic poets of the Turks settling in Anatolia also used these numbers, e.g. in the Gazel by the 14th-century Şeyyad Hamza.

148 Münacat: “inner, silent, breathed prayer to God.”
Eğer ben göğeririp bostan olursam,  
Şu halkın diline dostlar destan olursam,  
Kara toprak senden üstün olursam. Refr.  

If only I could turn green and become a garden,  
A legend on the lips of the people,  
Black soil, I'd be your superior. Refr.  

Bir bölük turnaya sökün dediler,  
Yüreketki derdi dostlar dökün dediler,  
Yayladan ötesi yakın dediler. Refr.  

Disperse a flock of cranes,  
Let the sorrow flow out from your hearts,  
We quickly cross the summer pasture. Refr.  

Alınmış abdestim aldırılsara,  
Kılınmış namazım dostlar kıldırılsara,  
Sizde Şah diyeni öldürürlerse. Refr.  

If my ritual washing was regarded as invalid,  
If I was made to repeat my prayers,  
If the one that mentions the Shah is killed in your country. Refr.  

Dost elinden dolu içmiş değilim,  
Üstü kan köpüklü dostlar neşe seliyim,  
Ben bir yol ehliyim yol sefi liyim. Refr.  

I didn't get a drink from a friend,  
I'm a flood of joy foaming with blood,  
I'm a poor wandering traveller, I show the way. Refr.  

Pir Sultan/Şahım benim Abdalım dünya durulma,  
Gitti giden ömür dostlar geri dönülmez,  
Gözlerim de Şah yolundan ayrılmaz. Refr.  

My Pir Sultan Abdal, the world will not last forever,  
Those who departed will never return,  
I won't be diverted from the way of the Shah. Refr.

Seyyah olup şu alemi gezelim,  
Bir dost bulamadım da, Hü, gün akşam oldu. Refr.  

We roam the world as travellers.  
I couldn't find a single friend, day has turned into night. Refr.  

Kendi efkarımca da, Hü, okur yazarım, Refr.  

I write and read according to my own ideas. Refr.  

Kendi emelimden de, Hü, kendi özümden,  
Ah ettiçe yaşlar da, Hü, gelir güzümden. Refr.  

By my own desire, all alone,  
I keep sighing with tears flowing from my eyes,  
I can't even raise my hands from my knees. Refr.  

İki elim kalmaz da Hü oldu dizimden. Refr.  

[The snowstorm reigns in the mountain peaks,  
I shed tears endlessly from my eyes,  
The one that put him in his care takes care of him. Refr.]  

Yine boralandi dağların başı,  
Akutun gözümden kan ile yaş,  
Emaneti alır ol veren kişi. Refr.  

[Even the foundations of this world are rotten,  
The seeds were used up, there's no food left,  
It's a pity that life goes by. Refr.]  

Bozuk şu dünyann da Hü temeli bozuk,  
Tükeni taneler de Hü, kalındı azık,  
Yaziktrı şu geçen de Hü, örümüre yazık. Refr.  

The one that has put him in his care takes care of him. Refr.  

Pir/Sah Sultan Abdal'ım da Hü, ummana daldım,  
Gidenler geldi de Hü, haberin aldık,  
Abdal olup şalvar da Hü giydik dolandık. Refr.  

I'm Pir/Shah Sultan Abdal, I sank into the ocean,  
The one that left has returned, I've heard of you,  
I've become Abdal, I've put on salvar, this is how I wander about. Refr.
№ 342. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kilavuzlu

Bir bölük turnaya sökün dediler,
Yürekteki derdi dostlar dökün dediler,
Yayladan ötesi yakın dediler,
Refr. Biz de bu yayladan dostlar şaha gideriz,
Biz de bu yayladan dostlar pire gideriz.
Dost elinden dolu içmiş değilim,
Üstü kan köpüklü dostlar meşe seliyim,
Ben bir yol eliyim, yol sefiliyim. Refr.

Alınmış abdestim aldırıls rsa.
Kılınmuş namazım dostlar kaldırıls rsa,
Sızde Şah diyeni öldürülsere. Refr.
Pir Sultan/Şah Sultan Abdalım dünya durul-
maz,
Gitti giden örnüm dostlar geri dönülmez,
Gözlerim de Şah yolundan ayrılmaz. Refr.


Açılı gözüme marifalı babı,
Hakikat şehrinde mihmanım oldu,
Hacı Bektaş Veli bizi düşürme,
Güzell caminin hayranı oldum.

Üçler beşler sıra sıra geldiler,
Cennetin firdevsi nair oldular,
Kaderlinin dertlerine bade sundular,
Katıldığı erlerin kervanı oldum,
Bizi eleştirdi, ikrarı verdik,
Hakkın didarını murada gördük.

Galletten kurtulduk insana erdik,
Erişim bu cemi erkanım oldu,
İlhan Abdal bildim sırrını ,
Yaralı gölümü sarıda/çaldi melhemi,
Verdiler destine bülbü Überdi,
Turgut baba için ben de can oldum.

They said „shoo” to a flock of cranes,
They said: let out the sorrow from your hearts,
my friends,
The place beyond the summer pasture is near,
they said.
From this place we go to the Shah, my friends,
From this place we go to the saint, my friends.
I got no drink from a friend,
I'm a flood of joy, foaming with blood,
I'm a poor wandering traveller, I show the way.
If my ritual washing is regarded as invalid,
If I was made to repeat my prayers,
If the one that mentions the Shah is killed in your country. Refr.
My Pir Sultan Abdal, the world will not last forever,
My life that has passed will never return,
I won't be diverted from the way of the Shah.

The magic gate has opened in front of my eyes,
I got my divine knowledge from you as my master,
Haji Bektaş Veli, don't leave me,
I've become an admirer of your beautiful face.
They arrived in lines of three and five,
They radiated into Paradise,
Drink is offered to heal the troubles of the sad,
I joined the group of the saints,
They questioned us, we took a vow,
We thought God's face was to be followed.
We've escaped from shallowness
I've reached this community, it's become my basic principle,
Ilhan Abdal, I've learnt your secret,
The nightingale was placed in your hand, it started singing,
I've also joined for Turgut Baba.
Derdim çoktur hangisine yanayım?
Gene tazelendi yürek yâresi,
Ben geri derde derman, nerden bulayı
Meğer dost elinden ola çaresi.

My troubles are many, which one should I complain of,
Again the wound of my heart is renewed,
From this trouble where shall I find the cure,
Unless I find it from the hand of the Friend.149

Türlü donlar gider gülden naziktir,
Bûlbûl cevr eyleme güle yazaktı,
Çok hasretlik çekim bağrim eziktir,
Güle güle gelir canlar paresi.

He appears in many shapes, he's more graceful than the rose,
Nightingale, don't fool me, pity for the rose,
My longing has wounded my heart,
The dear souls approach happily.

Benim uzun boylu selvi çınarım,
Yüreğime bir od düşmüş yanarım, yanarım,
Kıblem sensin gönlümü sana dönerim,
Mihrabımdır iki kaşın arası.

My slender-built cedar,
My heart is inflamed, I am burning,
You are my Kible, I turn my heart towards you,
My mihrap151 is the gap between your two eyebrows.

Pir/Shah Sultan Abdal'ım yüksek uçarsın,
Selamsız sabahsız gelir geçersin,
Aşık/Kardeş muhabbetten niçin kaçarsın,
Böyle midir yolunuzun töresi.

My Pir/Shah Sultan Abdal, you fly high,
You pass by without greeting,
Brother, why do you escape from the nice conversation,
Is it the fashion in your country?

Sevdim seni mabuduma,152
Canan diyev sevdım,
Bir ben değil alem sana,
Hayran diyev sevdım.

I loved you as my sweetheart,
I said you were the one I adored,
Not only me,
The whole world admired you.

Evlâd-ı iyalden geçerek,
Ravzana geldim,
Ah lakûnî meth etmeden,
Kur'an diye sevdım.

Growing up from the dreamworld of a child,
I arrived at your heavenly garden,
Not praising your morals,
I loved you like the Quran.

Mahşerde nebiler bile,
Senden medet ister,
Gül yüzü melekler sana,
Hayran diyev sevdım.

On Doomsday even the prophets
Ask you for help,
Rose-faced angels
Admire you passionately.

149 Hz. Ali is addressed by most diverse names including pet names like dost ‘friend’ or shah to express their love.
151 Mihrap is a recess in the mosques indicating the direction of Mecca. See Redhouse (1974: 776)
152 Mahbub is an Arabic loanword in Turkish meaning ‘beloved’ (Redhouse 1974: 720), of which this is a distorted form. Elsewhere we find the word mabut ‘God, idol.’
Arifler meth eyler iken
Cemali fakir,
Hep nurlara gark ola ben,
Vicdan diye sevdim.

Kurbanın olam Şah-i resul,
Kovma kapından,
Didarına müştak oluben,
Yezdan diye sevdim.

Bülbül de senin bağrı yanık,
Mest-i nigarn,
Yanmışı sana Yusuf’u
Kenan diye sevdim.

While the wise praise your face,
I, poor me,
Immersed in light,
Love you in ecstasy.

Let me be your sacrifice, divine prophet,
Don’t drive me away from your gate.
I’m anxious to see your face,
I call you God and love you.

Nightingale, your broken-hearted,
The prisoner of your beautiful lover,
I loved Yusuf, who adored you,
As Canaan.

№ 346. Semah. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Gel gene, bugün dost eline gidelim, gidelim,
Arşa direk direk zarım Gül Baba, Gül Baba.
Pirimden ayrıldım feryat ederim, ederim.
Refr. Gel gene benim mihmanım ol Gül Baba, Gül Baba.
Gözlerimin nuru, Şahım, Gül Baba, Gül Baba.
Kan revandır gözümüzde yaşımız, yaşımız,
Şükür bir araya geldik beşimiz, beşimiz,
Şimdiden görüh Hü, demektir işimiz, işimiz Refr.
Geleydi akh köse bürüünsün, bürüünsün,
İstekliye hak muradını verirsin, verirsin,
Server Muhammed’in güzel nuruşun, nuruşun.
Refr.
Pir/şah Sultan Abdal’im çekerler yasın hem yassı,
Turnada kalmıştır senin gözəşən,
Geleydi aklim köşe yürürsün, yürürsün. Refr.
№ 347. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kırklareli

Çeke-ceke ben bu dertten ölürüm,
Seversen Ali’yi deme yarama,
Ali’nin yarası yar yarasıdır.
Refr. Seversen Ali’yi deme yarama.

Ali’nin yarası yar yarasıdır,
Buna merhem olmaz dil yarasıdır,

Bu yurt senin değil konar göçersin,
Ali’nin dolusun bir gün içersin,
Körpe kuzulardan nasıl geçersin.
Refr.

Ilgıt ilgıt oldu akıyor kanım,
Kem geldi didara talihim benim,
Benim derdim bana yeter hey canım.
Refr.

Pir Sultan Abdal’ım deftere yazar,
Şah efendim Haydar deftere yazar,
Hilebaz yar ile olur mı pazar,
Pir melhem çalmazsa yaralar azar. Refr.

№ 348. *Nefes*. Ahmet Uçar (1939 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Erenler toplanır meydanımıza,
Yok meydani değil var meydandır.
Hakikat söylenir erkanımızda,
Var meydanı değil er meydandır.

Halife ahirette neyle yudular,
Ölmeden öleni neye koydular,
Ölen üçler beşler kırklar yediler,
Ört elin eteğin sir meydandır.

Erenler toplanır meydanımıza,
Yok meydani değil var meydandır.
Hakikat söylenir erkanımızda,
Var meydanı değil er meydandır.

Halife ahirette neyle yudular,
Ölmeden öleni neye koydular,
Ölen üçler beşler kırklar yediler,
Ört elin eteğin sir meydandır.

Saints gather in our holy place,
This is the holy place of assertion and not that of negation,
Our duty is to talk about divine justice,
This is not the place of wealth but that of holy people.

What was the Caliph washed by in the hereafter?
Where was the one that died before death placed?
The Three, Five, Forty, Seven deceased,
Hide your hands and legs, this is the holy place of secrets.
Edebi erkanı yolu bulasın,
Umrahansız zerreyle taşp dolasın,
Enel-hak diyenin bilip mevlasın,
Çek çevir kendine kar meydanını,
Yol açık gönlünde aşkı buluna,
Dört kapıyı kırk makamı bilene,
Aldanmaz ahiretten gelen yalana,
Kör meydanı değil, gör meydanıdır.

Aşık Bedri Noyan gerçek er ise,
Ustadı uğruna feda yar ise,
Mansur’un katına erem der ise,
Urganı boynunda dar meydanıdır.

No 349. Nefes. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Ötme bülbül ötme şen değil bağrım,
Dost senin aşına ben yane yane,
Deryada bölünen sellere döndüm,
Vakitsiz açılmış güllere döndüm.

Ateşi kararmış küllere döndüm,
Dost senin aşına ben yane-yane,
Ötme bülbül ötme şen değil bağrım,
Dost senin aşına ben yane yane.

No 350. Nefes. Şerife Bodur (1930 Topçular), Kırklareli

Erkaniyle zindeyim,
Zahhile benchediyim,
Boynu bağlı bendiyim.
Refr. Hayderiyem, Hayderi.*
Erkaniyle yürürüm,
Yol elinin kuluym,
Ben de bir erin oğluyum. Refr.

I live happily according to the religious rules,
I am a faithful follower of the ascetics,
I am his devoted humble follower.
Refr. I’m Haydar’s follower, Hayderi.
I wander according to your religious principles,
The servant of travellers,
The child of a saint. Refr.

153 Used to be the former dedebaba prior to the present one, Ali Haydar Ercan.
Doğdum iki anadan,
Mürşüdümü methedem,
Korkum yoktur kimden. Refr.
Mürşüdüm nefes eden,
Rehberim himmet eden,
Kimdir beni taneden. Refr.

I was born to two mothers,
I praise my religious master,
I don't fear anyone. Refr.

My religious master has written nefeses,
My guide helps me,
Who knows me? Refr.

Oda düştüm yanmazam,
Çerağ olup sömnezem,
Ben bu yoldan dönsem. Refr.
Münüre şahın kulu,
Ben dahi Kızıl Deli,
Gönülüm aşkyle dolu. Refr.

Falling into fire I don't burn,
As firewood I don't turn to ashes,
If I left the way I had chosen. Refr.

Münüre's the Shah's slave,
I am also a Kizil Deli.154
My heart's filled with your love. Refr.

See footnote 113.
№ 355. Nefes. Emrullah Yılmazgüç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Otman Baba dergahını sorarsan,
Dergahı cennettir Otman Babanın,
Meydanı güzeldir kani sultanın.

If you ask about Otman Baba’s convent,
Otman Baba’s convent is Paradise,
The true ruler’s holy place is nice.

Eşiğine baş vurup yatan abdallar,
Dergahı cennettir Otman Babanın,
Meydanı güzeldir kani sultanın.
The believers touch their foreheads to the threshold,
Otman Baba’s convent is Paradise,
The true ruler’s holy place is nice.

№ 356. Kırklar semahı, Tahsin Berber (1947 Eskicuma), Zeytinburnu

Seyyah oldum şu alemde gezerken,
Şükür olsun Hak’a ihsanı buldum,
Alemler içinde mürşit ararken,
Gönül tekkesinde sultanı buldum.

I’ve become a wanderer roaming the world over,
Blessed be God, I’ve found grace,
While I was searching for a master in this world,
I found a sultan in the sanctuary of the heart.

Deryada gezerken çıktım karaya,
Mevlam emir etti geldim buraya,
Melhem ister yürekteki yaraya,
Cerrahlar içinde Lokman’ı buldum.

Travelling at sea I stepped onto land,
I’ve come here as ordered by my creator,
Searching redress for the wound of the heart,
I’ve found Lokman among surgeons.

Deryada gezerken çıktım bir uca,
Ne gündüzüm gündüz, ne gecem gece,
Muhammed Ali’nin doğduğu gece,
Kesilmiş biçilmiş kaftanı buldum.

Travelling at sea I stepped ashore,
I didn’t have a moment’s rest,
During the night when Muhammad was born,
I found what I was longing for.

Oruç neden bunu böyle söyledi?
Söyledi de yine kendi anladı,
Güvercinlik derler yalan dünyaya,
Sürülmüş savrulmuş harmanı buldum.

He asked us why we were fasting,
He asked us but he answered as well,
This deceitful world is said to be nice,
I’ve found harvested and threshed corn.

№ 357. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kırklareli

Çıkıp meydana dönelim,
Hüseyin’e kurban olalım,
Aşk meydanında dönelim,
Fani dünyadan geçelim.

Stepping into the place, let’s whirl,
Let’s sacrifice ourselves for Husain,
Let’s whirl in the holy place of love,
Let’s depart this transitory world.

Birlikte yoldaş olalım,
Hüseyin’e kurban olalım,
Gönümüzü saf edelim.

Let’s become fellow travellers,
Sacrifices for Husain,
Let’s purify our hearts.

Refr. Hüseyin’e kurban olalım,
Refr. Let’s sacrifice ourselves for Husain,

Hüseyin’e kurban verelim.
Let’s make a sacrifice for Husain!

Otman Baba was a saint of Khorasan, allegedly a religious leader of Haji Bektash Veli, who settled around Edirne (Kayalar 1999: 496).
№ 358. Nefes. Hasan Hüseyin Aslan (1935 Tatlıpınar), Kırklareli

Mustafa Türabi Kemter,
Ab-u kevserden içelim,
Gönlümüzü saf edelim. Refr.

Mustafa’s a humble servant from dust,
Let’s drink from the heavenly drink,
Let’s purify our hearts. Refr.

№ 358. Nefes. Hasan Hüseyin Aslan (1935 Tatlıpınar), Kırklareli

Çıkıp meydana dönelim.
Refr. Hüseyine kurban olalım.

Let’s enter the holy place, let’s whirl.
Refr. Let’s sacrifice ourselves for Husain.

Aşkın yoluna erelim,
Fani dünyadan göçelim,
Birlikte yoldaş olalım. Refr.

Let’s take love’s way,
Let’s leave this transitory world.
Let’s become fellow travellers. Refr.

Mustafa Türabi kemter,
Ab-u kevserden içelim,
Gönlümüzü saf edelim. Refr.

Mustafa Türabi is a humble servant,
Let’s drink from the heavenly drink,
Let’s purify our hearts, Refr.

№ 362. Nefes. Havva Hari (1945 Devletliağaç), Kırklareli

Pir Sultan’ım, şu dünyaya,
Dolu geldim, dolu benim,
Bilmeyenler bilsin beni,
Ben Ali’yim, Ali benim.156

My Pir Sultan, I came into this world
Full, my glass is full,
Let strangers get to know me,
I am Ali, and Ali is me.

Coşma deli gönül coşma,
Coşup ta kazandan taşma.
Üçyüz altmış tane çeşme,
Serçeşmenin gülü benim.

Don’t rejoice, my foolish heart,
Don’t flow over the cauldron,
Three hundred and sixty springs,
I am the rose of the fountainhead.

Çarşılarda dolanırım,
Ben hakım Haktan gelirim,
On iki imami bilirim,
Dileklerin dili benim.

I wander about in markets,
I am God, I’m coming from him,
I know the twelve imams,
I’m the tongue of desires.

[Kılıcım kırk arşın uzar,
Münkirin kökünü kazar,
Çarş aazarlarda gene,
Dediğleri deli benim.]

[My sword can reach as far as forty arsin,157
Stubbing the infidels without fail,
Walking in bazars and markets.]

Pir Sultan kapında kuldur,
Bunu bilmek müskil haldir,
Ali’nin ihsani boldur,
Şah-ı Merdan kulu benim.

Your door keeper is Pir Sultan,
Knowing this is a hard burden,
Ali has a number of graceful deeds,
I am the servant of the warriors’ prince.

156 The first strophe of the nefes is known from elsewhere, too, (e.g. Gölpınarlı–Boratav 1991: 98), but the subsequent strophes are different there (Artun 2001: 35).
157 Ca. 68 cm – a Turkish measure of length (Redhouse 1974: 75)
№ 364. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Zeytinburnu

Gönül çalamazsan aşkın sazını, Allah,
Sweetheart, if you can't play the instrument of love,
Ne perdeye dokun ne teli incit, Allah ne teli incit,
Don't touch it, don't pluck the string.
Eğer çekemezsen aşkın sazını Allah,
If you can't stand the voice of love,
Ne dikene doku ne gülü incit, Allah ne gülü incit,
Don't touch the thorn or the rose either.
Bülbülü dinle ki gelesin coşa Allah,
Listen to the nightingale, cheer up,
Karganın nağmesi gider mi hoşça Allah, gider mi hoşça?
Who would like the croak of the crow?

Meyvasız ağacı sallama boşa Allah,
Don't shake the fruitless tree in vain,
Ne yaprağa dokun, ne dalı incit Allah ne dalı incit.
Don't touch its leaves or branches either.
Gel haktan ayrılma hakkı seversen Allah,
Come, don't leave the way, if you love God,
Gönüller tamir et ehl-i dil isen Allah, ehl-i dil isen.
Heal the hearts if you're eloquent.

Hakikat şehrine yolcu değilsen Allah,
If you are not headed for the town of God,
Ne yolcuya dokun, ne yolu incit Allah ne yolu incit.
Don't hurt the traveller or the road either.

№ 373. Alevi deyiş. Alevi zakir, Kırklareli

Ah Muhammed Ali dost Dost,
Oh, Muhammad, Ali, friend!
[...]
[unintelligible]
Nesimiz bize geldi,
Our Nesimi has come to see us,
Cevruma size geldi.
He's come to you to hinder me.
Refr: Allah, Allah, eyvallah,158
Refr: Allah, Allah, thanks to you,
La ilahe illalah,
There's no God other than Allah,
Ali mürşid güzel Şah,
Ali's the spiritual leader, the good Shah,
Şah meydanda eyvallah,
The Shah's in the holy place, thanks to you,
La ilahe illallah,
Shah Husain was martyred,
Şah Hüseyin şehid oldu.


158 The strophe is published by Méliikoff (1998: 205) with minor differences.

Şah bezirgana giderken,  
Katara uydur beni,  
Elden ayaktan düşmüşüm,  
Tut elimden kaldı beni.  

Şah, when you go to the merchant,  
Take me in your army,  
I fell to the ground, I collapsed,  
Hold my hand, raise me up.

Tut elimden düşmeyeyim,  
Doğru yoldan şaşmayayım,  
Ben derdimi deşmeyeyim,  
Şaha böyle bildir beni.  

Hold my hand, so that I won't collapse,  
I won't leave the right way,  
I won't have to deal with my trouble,  
And introduce me to the Shah like that.

Şahımın yolları birdir,  
Gecesi bana gündüzdür,  
Şahım orda yalnızdır,  
Eylemeden gönder beni.  

My Shah has got one way,  
His night is my day,  
There my Shah is alone,  
Send me away, don't trifle with me.

Gel derdime derman eyle,  
Hakk katında ferman eyle,  
Al, git, Şaha, kurban eyle,  
Hak yolunda öldür beni.  

Bring remedy for my trouble,  
Bring an order from God,  
Go to the Shah, make a sacrifice,  
Sacrifice me on God's way.

Haydaroğlu Şahın kulu,  
Koyma elden doğru yolu,  
Şah bize şıphana ederse,  
Şaha böyle bildir bizi.  

Haydar's son, the Shah's servant,  
Don't leave the right way,  
If the Shah takes pity on us,  
Announce us to the Shah this way.

№ 378. Düvazdeh nefesi, Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Muhabbet açılsın cemal görünsün,  
Muhammed Mustafa Ali aşkına,  
Hasan Hüseyin'in demi sürüsün,  
Hatice Fatima güli aşkına, Şahım aşkına.  

Let the nice talk begin, let the face be seen.  
For the love of Muhammad, Mustafa, Ali,  
Let's have the drink of Hasan and Husain,  
To Hatije, the rose of Fatma, to the Shah's love!

Zeynel Abidin'i severiz candan,  
Muhammed Bakır'ı ziyade ondan, ziyade ondan  
Erenler buyurmuş ikrar imandan,  
Dönmeyelim Cafer youl aşkına, youl aşkına.  

We adore Zeynel Abidin from the bottom of our hearts,  
And Muhammad Bakir even more than him,  
Holy people have taken a vow,  
Let's not leave Ja'fer's way.

Musa-yı Kazim'den Ali Rız'ya,  
Taki Veli Naki sırrı Hüdaya, sırrı Hüdaya,  
Hasan'tin askeri Mehdi Liva'ya,  
Cümlemiz demişiz beli aşkına, Ali aşkına.  

From Musa Kazim to Ali Riza,  
Imams Taki, Naki are God's secret,  
Hasan's soldiers in the muslim Messiah's batallion,  
We all said yes to his love, Ali's love.
Raise your head, cup-bearer, let us see your face, Let us learn of our origin, And have the drink of Abdal Musa Sultan, Fill our glasses, fill them at once, to the love of the drink!

I'm Vasfi, a mean beggar in the world, I didn't drift apart from the holy people, All ready to make a sacrifice, To the love of Saint/Sultan Haji Bektaş, to the love of Ali.

Proceed, oh, you deceptive world, Aren't you a deceptive world? Aren't you the world That has seized Hasan and Husain?

The light of Muhammad, Ali was reflected in the world, Ali, Muhammad cut it half with a slash of the sword, The mean knows nothing, the master knows it, Ali, Muhammad.


When Mahdi arrives, his secret will be revealed, He'll massacre the strangers, using an axe if needed, Saint Nesimi is praising you night and day. Refr.

159 In the study about the Anatolian laments № 66 begins with Yürü bire sarı çiçek… (Esen 1982: 163). It begins identically with other nefeses, the first strophe being the same, the rest different (Eyuboğlu 1993: 139).

160 See footnote 146 above.
№ 387. **Nefes. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu**

Kuzular, kuzular, Hü, nazlı kuzular,
Gönül aşk edince Hü, Hü, Hü, kalbım sızar.
Zalum felek yazmış, Hü, böyle yazlar.
Refr. Bizde gönül buna Hü, Hü, hü, böyle mi yanar?

Siz hangi koyunun kuzususunuz,
Alnımızda kara Hü, yazı mısınız?
Yoksa gönüllerde Hü, sızi mısınız? Refr.

Biraz seyran edip Hü gözlemediniz,
Ulunuz vardır deyip özlemediniz,
Kapıya açıp ta Hü, hiç gelmediniz. Refr.

Mehdi baba buna Hü, böyle sızılar,
Geçti artık bahar Hü, gelmez o yazlar,
Erisin bu karlar Hü, çözülsün buzlar. Refr.

№ 388. **Nefes. woman (Bulgaria), Bulgaria**

Sordum sarı çğdeme, çğdeme,
Senin benzin ne sarı?
Ne sorarsan hey, derviş,
İlk okupta dön beru.

Sordum sarı çğdeme, çğdeme,
Senin kolparmak var mı?
Ne sorarsan hey, derviş,
Kul/hak korkusu çererim.

Sordum sarı çğdeme, çğdeme,
Anan baban var mı?
Ne sorarsan hey derviş,
Anam babam topraktır.

Sordum sarı çğdeme, çğdeme,
Yer altında ne yersin?
Ne sorarsan hey derviş,
Kudret lokması yirem.

Sordum sarı çğdeme, çğdeme,
Oğlan olmuş, oğlan öldü,
Ne sorarsan hey derviş,
Sordum sarı çiğdeme, çiğdeme, 
Sizde cennet var mıdır? 
Ne sorarsın hey derviş, 
Cennet cennet yeridir.

I've asked the yellow daffodil: 
Do you have a heaven? 
Why do you ask, oh, dervish, 
Heaven is paradise.

№ 390. Nefes. Şevkiye Savaş (1965), Kızılcıkdere

Başına giymiş altın taç gibi, 
Ensesine dökülmüş siyah saç gibi, 
Refr. Aman Abdal Musam ağlatma beni, 
Korktuğum yerlere uğratma beni.

He put a golden crown on his head, 
His lock of black hair fell onto his neck, 
Refr. Alas, my Abdal Musa, don't make me cry, 
Don't send me to a place where I'm terrified.

Pir Sultanım saçlarımız saçacak, 
Koparmadım ancak kokladım çiçek, 
Pir Sultan Muhammed Ali’ye oldum ya köçek. 
Refr.

My Pir Sultan unbraided my hair, 
I couldn't pluck the flower, I only kept smelling it, 
I've become the boy dancer of Pir Sultan Muhammed Ali. Refr.

Sancak vurup elbisemi biçerim, 
Dostlarımdan anamdan da/octemem, 
Vermeyeceğin şerbetini içemem. 
Refr.

I hoist the flag, I cut my dress, 
I can't leave my friends, my mother, 
I can't drink the sweet fruit drink you fail to offer me. Refr.

Pir Sultan Abdal’ım kalkın aşalım, 
Aşıl yüksek yüks dolgın düşelim, 
Fazla yedik içtik helalasalım. 
Refr.

I'm Pir Sultan Abdal, come on, let's start, 
Let's cross the mountain and descend to the plain, 
We've had enough food and drink, let's take leave. Refr.

№ 392. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kırklareli

Yoktu meydanda kimse, 
Toplandırmız erenler. 
Nazar oldum sultana, kavuştum ihsanına. 
Muratladım insana, ocak açtım erenler.

There was no one in the holy place, 
You holy people, gathered there. 
I became the sultan's favourite, he took me into his good graces, 
I longed for human beings, I opened a house of prayer, holy people!

Uyardım çerağımı kurban ettim koçları, 
Bu günül sultanları size geldi erenler. 
Mihman geldi sultanlar, giyinip kuşandılar, 
Size yeşil kaftanlar getirdiler erenler.

I lit my candle, sacrificed rams, 
These beloved sultans came to you, holy people. 
The sultans came to visit, they got dressed, 
girded their weapons, 
They brought you green caftans, holy people.

161 Robe of honour (Redhouse 1974: 580).
Sultanlar cem oldular ayını cemi kurdular,
Size berat verdiler sancak açtı erenler.
Emek verdim yoruldum, her yerde soruldum,
Dervişti mürşid oldu, Hasan baba erenler.
Hüseyin sözü açtı, bir yumum kevser içti,
Çok şükür bu da geçti, kutlu olsun erenler!

The sultans came together, held a worship service
They gave you land, they also gave you legal power, holy people.
I worked a lot, I got tired, I was called to account for everything.
Hasan Baba was a dervish, he became a religious leader, holy people.
Husain started talking, took a sip of the heavenly drink.
Thanks to God, this has also happened, may he be blessed, holy people!
554 Thracian Song Texts

Neslimiz Ali baba,
Yoluна canlar feda,
Bu mubahbet bu sefa. Refr.

Hey, muhibbi hanedan,
Cümleminiz burda bir can,
Biz bu haneye mihman. Refr.

Muhabbettir her var
Derviş Yunus’un kanı,
Görmek için didarız. Refr.

Refr.

Ali is our family,
On his way many sacrifice themselves,
For this nice conversation. Refr.

Oh, beloved ruler,
Here we’re all one soul,
We’re guests in this house. Refr.

The deed of Yunus dervish,
He’s got nothing but love,
So we can see his face. Refr.


Oynayan alemde her dem
Sırr-ı sühbandır Ali.
Şab-ı Merdan, sırr-ı Yezdan,
Kutb-ü devrandır, Ali.

Zahiri bu görünen
Seyran onun seyrandır.
Batının da genci mahfil
Sırr-ı sühbandır, Ali.

Zahir-i batin hakikat,
Oynayan cümüş onun,
Fark eder alem içre,
Özge seyrandır Ali.

Gösterir esrarı her yüzden,
Veli ol padişah,
Okur isen mektebinde,
İlm-ü irfandır Ali.

Bilmek ister sen sırrı,
Nefsine sen arif ol,
Kıl teveccüh Ali ya,
Bu dilde mihmandar, Ali.

Every moment of the changing world
Is the secret of Ali, the ruler,
The prince of brave warriors, the lion of God,
The pole of ages, prince of heroes, Ali.

All this phenomenal
Journey is his journey.
The club of mysterious divine lads
The praise of Ali’s secret.

My friend–both phenomenal and esoteric,
His secret treasury is hidden,
The world notices that
Its mystic journey is Ali.

He is mysterious,
The ruler is holy in all regards,
If you study in his school,
Both knowledge and studying are Ali.

If you want to know this secret,
Have control over your instincts,
Turn to Ali,
He’ll guide you in the dialect.
№ 396. *Nefes*. Muharrem Turgut Dervis (1931), Kızılcıkdere

İmam Hüseyin'in yasıdır deyu,  
Durmayıp arkadaş ister kanı.  
İmam Huseyin in kanıdır deyu  
Lanet olsun Y ezidlerin canına,  
Kıyıdı Y ezit imamların sazına?  
Kesik başı götürdüler meydanda,  
İmam Hüseyin'in başdır deyu.

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Imam Husain's mourning, they said,  
Without a halt, my friend, it wants blood.  
Imam Husain's blood, they said.  
Curse upon the Yezids,  
They massacred the prophet's successor,  
They took his severed head to the holy place,  
Imam Husain's head, they said.

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№ 397. *Nefes*. Veli Ay (1934 Tatlıpınar), Kırklareli

Erenlerin cemine  
Sefa geldik, hoş bulduk.  
Kırkların sürdüğü deme  
Sefa geldik, hoş bulduk.  
Ey muhibbi hanedan,  
Cümleniz burda bir can  
Biz bu haneye mihman,  
Sefa geldik, hoş bulduk.  
Devriş Hasan'ın karı,  
Muhabettir efk arı,  
Görmek için canları  
Sefa geldik, hoş bulduk.

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To the community of the enlightened  
We've come with peace, it's a pleasure to see you.  
For the drink of the Forty  
We've come in peace, it's a pleasure to see you.  
Ah, beloved ruler,  
Here we're all one soul,  
To this house  
We've come as guests, good morning!  
The treasure of Hasan dervish,  
His goal is nice conversation,  
We've come to see our fellow believers,  
We've come in peace, good morning!

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№ 398. *Nefes*. Zeynel Aktaş (1939), Yeni Bedir – See № 393

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№ 399. *Nefes*. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli – See № 393

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162 A cut-off head or some other part of the body lives on separately and can be assembled again as Ksenofontov (2003: 272) also found among the Yakut shamans. See above.

163 The Yezids are the sons of Muawiya, descendants of the Omayyad dynasty, who are accursed because they had killed Ali's sons.
№ 400. Nefes. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu

Şeriat babından girmeyen aşık, 
Tarikat sırrına ermeyen aşık, 
Marifet babından geçmeyen aşık, 
Hakikatta kamil sayılmaz asla.

Döert kapı kırk makamı' görmeyen, 
Miraç-ı hakikat nedir bilmeyen, 
Muhammed Ali’ye secde etmeyen, 
İblisin teati hebadır heba.

An ashik that knows nothing about the canon law, that is unable to grab the secrets of mysticism, that doesn’t know spiritualism, will never excel in justice.

He who doesn’t go across the forty levels of the four gates, who doesn’t know what ascension and justice is, who doesn’t bow before Muhammad Ali, he is a useless grain of dust identical with Satan.

№ 404. Alevi deyiş. Elderly Alevi zakir, Ankara

Ben yine derviş bu derde düşürdüm, 
Bir Allah, bir Muhammed, bir Ali, bir Ali’dir, 
Ben özümü tel çevresinde pişirdim, pişirdim, pişirdim. 
Bir Allah, bir Muhammed, bir Ali, bir Ali’dir, 
Turnalar, turnalar, da, telli turnalar, turnalar, turnalar.

I, a dervish, got into this trouble again, there is one God, Muhammad, Ali, I completely devoted myself to faith, I am entirely devoted to faith, there is one God, one Muhammad, one Ali, one Ali, one Ali, Cranes, cranes, beautiful cranes, cranes, cranes.

№ 408. Nefes. Halil Bulut (1919 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Kılarız namaz, kılmayız değil, 
Biz Hakk’ın emrini bilmeyiz değil, 
Kuran kitabımız, İslam dinimiz, 
Hadsen ayeten, almazız değil, 
İsteyip izini bulmazız değil.

We kneel down to pray, why shouldn’t we, we know God’s command, the Quran is our book and Islam is our faith, the case is not that we do not know it. We’ve learnt the password, you’re the sultan, we can find you if we want to.

Night and day we long for your true knowledge, we immerse in your sea with love, wholeheartedly we turn to your mihrap, bow our heads in the direction of the Kaaba, we mourn for a friend around you, sometimes we laugh, why shouldn’t we?

164 The meaning of the phrase: döert kapı kırk makam ‘four gates, forty levels’ is among the basic concepts of Bektashism. When you have fought your way through the ten stages of each of the four gates (tarikat, şeriat, marifet, hakikat) you may have the chance to identify with God.

165 Şeriat, tarikat, marifet, hakikat are the döert kapı or the four main pillars of Islam.

166 See footnote 151 above.
№ 409. Nefes. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Gurbet elde bir hal geldi başına.
Refr. Ağlama gözlerim, Mevlam kerimidir.
Derman arar iken derde düş oldum,
Huma kuşu yere düştü ölmedi,
Dünya Sultan Süleyman'a kalmadı,
Yare gidem dedim nasip olmadı. Refr.

Alнима yazılmış kara yazılar,
Annesiz olur mu körpe kuzular?
O yari andıça cigerim sıizar. Refr.

Pir Sultanım/Sah efendim Haydar böyle buyurdu,
Ayrılık ispabı yuydu giyildi,
Ben ayrılmam dedim felek ayırdı. Refr.

№ 410. Nefes. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli – See № 409

№ 411. Nefes. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı, Bulgaristan), Devletliağaç

Gurbet elde bir hal geldi başına.
Refr. Ağlama gözlerim, Mevlam kerimidir.
Derman arar iken derde düş oldum,
Huma kuşu yere düştü ölmedi,
Dünya Sultan Süleyman'a kalmadı,
Yare gidem dedim nasip olmadı. Refr.

In an alien land I was overcome by sadness.
Refr. Don't cry, my eyes, God is graceful,
While looking for a cure I ran into trouble.
The holy bird fell onto the ground, it didn't die,
The world wasn't left for Suleyman Sultan,
I'm going to my sweetheart, I said, but it did not fall in my lot. Refr.

Ill fate was written on my forehead,
Will the little lambs survive without their mother?
Remembering my sweetheart, I am burning inside. Refr.

My Pir Sultan/My lord Shah Haydar wanted it like this,
The burial garment was prepared, I was washed and wrapped in it,
I am not leaving. I said, fate's taking me away. Refr.

On paper/on my forehead black fate was written,
Will the little lambs survive without their mother?
Remembering my sweetheart, I am burning inside. Refr.

My lord Shah, Haydar wanted it like this,
The garment for leaving was prepared, I put it on,
I didn't want to leave, fate has taken me away. Refr.
§ 412. Nefes. Mehmet Öztürk (1928 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Şu yalan dünyaya geldim, giderim,  
Gönül senden özge167 yar bulamadım.  
Yaralandım al kanlara boyandım,  
Yaralarım derman bulmalı yar.

Kamıl olan neyler altın akçayı,  
Vücudunda seyr eyledim bahçeyi,  
Dosta el değmedik nar bulamadım.

Güzellerin zülfü destedir, deste,  
Erenler oturmuş Hak için posta,  
Bir zaman sağ gezdim bir zaman hasta,  
Hastada halin nedir diyen bulamadım.

Felek kırdı benim kolum kanadım,  
Baykuş gibi viranda tünedim kaldım,  
Bugün üç güzelin nabzını sınadım,  
Can feda yoluna dermanı bulamadım.

Felek benim kurulu yayımı yastı,  
Her köşe başında yolumu kesti,  
Keskin kadeh ilen dolusun içtim,  
Yandı yüreciğim kar bulamadım.

Pir Sultan Abdal'ım dağlar ben olsam,  
Üstü de mor sümbülü bağılar ben olsam.  
Alem çiçek olsa, arı ben olsam,  
Dost dilinden tatlı bal bulamadım.

§ 413. Nefes. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliağa

Beylerimiz elvan gülün üstüne,165  
Erler gelir Pirim Abdal Musa'ya.  
Urum Abdalları postun eğnine,  
Dağlar gelir Pirim Abdal Musa'ya.

Our lords hunt for coulourful roses,  
Saints come to our saint Abdal Musa,  
Abdals of Rum put hide on their backs  
Mountains come to our saint Abdal Musa.

167 Old Kipchak özge: 'başka, başkası' (Kavâni). Old Turkish özge: 'other, other than, different' (Clauson 1972: 285)
Abdals from Rum come with the name of the “friend” on their lips, we wear vests, felt and hide – they say. Sick people also come to ask for a cure, and healthy people come to meet our saint Kızılcıklı Baba.

In your holy place he unfastens his sandals and kneels down, knives are plunged into the sacrificial rams, drums are beaten, gold flags and badges with horse tail arrive to see our Saint Abdal Musa.

Merchants arrive from India, they disperse, tables are laid and food is given to the hungry, God’s lovers come, they get undressed, healthy people come to meet Saint Kızılcıklı Baba.

The valiant soldier was an atheist, his halter should be held by his mother, his moaning can't be heard, the white spring water of a green rose is purling, it's coming to my Saint Abdal Musa.

In every month of mourning blood is shed, a marble lamp is lit as a reminder, mentioning God they keep whirling in the holy place, saints come to my saint Kızılcıklı Baba.

My Ali took his Zulfi kar in his hand, he's wielding his sword above the infidels, tens of thousands came into his army, mountains come to my saint, Abdal Musa.

There's one thing I'd ask the graceful God, what may the disbeliever know about the holy secret? I am Kaygusuz, far from my saint, I come to my saint Kızılcıklı Baba crying.

This strophe is cited also by Melikoff (1998: 279) from Kaygusuz Abdal 15th-century Turkish poet: Rum Abdallari gelir „Ali dost” deyiu / Hırka giyer aba deyiu post deyiu / Hastalar gelir derman isteyiu / Sağlar gelir Pir’im Abdal Musa’ya. (Les Abdal de Rum viennent, en invoquant le nom d’Ali. / Ils portent le froc, le manteau, le peau de mouton (post) / Les malades viennent leur demander la guérison. / Les gens bien portants vont chez mon maitre, Abdal Musa.)

God is mentioned as “Friend”.

Ali’s legendary sword is called Zulfi kar.
№ 414. Nefes. Bektashi women, Kırklareli

Matem aylarında, şehit gidenler,  
Hatice, Fatime, Şehriban anda,  
Şehriban yas tutar, onun yanında,  
İkisinin tutanın önünde gider,  
Üçünü tutanı Hak yanında eder,  
Dördünü tutanın önünde gider.  

Beşini tutanı ande pak olur,  
Altısının tutanı yollar ayrılmaz,  
Yedisinin tutanı sual sorulmaz,  
Sekizinin tutanı azap buyurulmaz.  
Dokuzun tutanı ıspap yuyuldu,  
Onunda pak oldu ıspap giyildi,  
Onbirini tutanı kurban buyuruldu,  
Onikisini tutanı aşık kaynadı.  

Pir Sultanım/Şah efendim yüreklerim gülmedi,  
Ahiret/cennet evlerine bile yolladı,  
Aşık olan aşık böyle söyledi,  
Mümin olan dostlar böyle söyledi.

In the month of mourning the fallen,  
Hatije, Fatma, Şehriban are there,  
The ones that keep the second day with her,  
The ones that keep the third as well are helped by God,  
The ones that keep the fourth as well are welcomed by Him.  
The ones that keep the fifth as well are purified immediately,  
The ones that keep the sixth will never leave his way,  
The ones that keep the seventh won't be called to account [at the gate of heaven],  
The ones that keep the eighth as well won't be thrown into purgatory,  
The ones that keep the ninth as well will be washed,  
The ones that keep the tenth as well will be wrapped in the shroud,  
A sacrifice will be offered to the ones that keep the eleventh,  
Food will be cooked for the ones that keep the twelfth.

№ 415. Nefes. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli – See № 414


Horasan’dan kalktım, sökün eyledim,  
Serde Kul Yusufu görmeye geldim, görmeye geldim.  
Eğildim esığıne niyaz eyledim,  
Yüzüm tabanına sürümeye geldim, sürümeye geldim.  
Yerleri var lale, gevher yapıldı,  
Kolları var Hak’a doğru tapılı, doğru tapılı,  
Bir şehir gördüm 360 kapılı,  
Kimin açıp kimi örtmeye geldi.  

I set off from Khorasan in a hurry,  
I came to see Kul Yusuf,  
I bent down on his threshold, I prayed,  
I’ve come to touch my face to the ground.  
It has places from ruby and precious stones,  
Its adoring arms are stretched towards God,  
I saw a town with 360 gates,  
I’ve come to open some and close the others.
Number 417. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kilavuzlu

Hani benim hırka ile postlarım,
Dili tatlı şeker sözlü dostlarım,
Eğilip Muhammed'i sizden isterim,
Sizleri arayaşp görmeğe geldim.

Nurdan kuşattılar benim belimi,
Hak Muhammed Ali geldi dilime,
Biz gideriz on iki imam yoluna,
Biz o imamları görmeye geldik,
Bu dem-i devranı sürmeye geldik.

Where are my vests, my hides,
My sweet-tongued, sweet-voiced friends?
Bending down I ask you for Muhammad,
I came to see you.

A belt of light was tied around my waist,
God, Muhammad, Ali came to my tongue,
We follow in the wake of the twelve imams,
We've also come to see the imam,
So we can live this life of a moment.

[Hayalı gönlümde yadigâr kalan
Refr.: Hünkâr Hacı Bektaş Ali kendidir,
Dar-ı ççe üstünde namazın kılan]
Pirim Ali değil mi dilde söylenen?
Kismetini kayırmazdan urunan,
Cebraile nur içinde görünen.
Refr.: Hünkâr Hacı Bektaş Veli değil mi?
Aslı imam nesli Ali değil mi?

[Arslan olup yol üstünde oturan,172
Selman ona deste nergiz getiren,
Kendi cenazesin kendî götüren.
Yer gök arasına nizamın kuran,
Ak kağıt üstüne yazılar yazan,
Engür şerbetini Kırklar'a ezen. Refr.]
[Refr.: The one that is not much worried about his fate,
The one, who appeared in light for Gabriel.
Refr.: Isn't he our lord, Haji Bektaş Veli?
Isn't Ali a descendant of the Imam's family?

He sat on a rock like a lion,
Selman took him a bunch of narcissus,
He carried his own coffin himself. Refr.
The one that arranges the space between heav-
en and earth,
That has a script written about divine justice,
That presses the juice of the grapes for the Forty. Refr.

[Refr.: I am Kul Hasan, do I have false words?
Filling the hearts of infidels with doubts?]
Making a ninety-day distance till night?

172 In the chapter on the tradition of Ali Birge (1937: 139) also cited this strophe from Aşık Hasan's poem with minor deviations. Hacı Bektaş is identified with Ali here: Arslan olub yol üstünde outra / Engur şerbetini Kırklar'a ezen / Kendi cenazesin kendî götüren / Hunkar Hacı Bektaş Ali Kendidir. ("He who sat upon the road as a lion / He who squeezed the grape juice for the Forty / He who carried away his own funeral / The Sovereign Haji Bektash is Ali himself.") The same strophe is published by Mélïkoff (1998: 137). She gives the name of the poet as 17th-century Turkish Kul Hasan: Arslan olub yol üstünde outra / Selman idi ana nergiz getiren / Kendi cenazesin kendî götüren / Hunkar Hacı Bektaş Ali Kendidir. ("Celui qui était assis sur le chemin sous la forme d’un lion, / celui à qui revint chercher son propre cercueil: / celui qui revint chercher son propre cercueil: / ce fut Hünkâr Hadji Bektach qui est Ali lui-même.")
№ 418. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu – See № 417

№ 420. Nefes. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı, Bulgaria), Kırklareli

Felek bir ok attı, büktü belimi, The arrow of fate has bent my back,  
Akar gözlerimin kan ile nemi, I'm shedding tears of blood,  
Akar gözlerimin kan ile yaşar, Instead of honey he gave me poison to drink.  

Bir yoksulluk bir ayrılık, ah ölüm, Poverty, parting, death,  
Felek ağu katti menim işime, Fate has poisoned my life,  
Toprak saçı kirpiğime kaşıma, It has thrown soil into my eyes,  
Gör, neler getirdi garip başuma. Refr. Look, how much trouble it has brought on me. Refr.

Genc Abdal'ım dertli dertli söyledi, My Genc Abdal spoke sorrowfully,  
Görün dostlar felek bana neyledi, Look, friends, what fate has done to me,  
Yıktı gönül şehri viran eyledi. Refr. It has ruined the castle of my heart. Refr.

Şu fani dünyadan murad alınmaz, All those who arrive aimlessly  
Hep gelenler gider burda kalınmaz, In this world will all depart incontestably  
Bildim bu dertlere çare bulunmaz. Refr. I knew there's no cure for these troubles. Refr.

№ 421. Nefes. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı, Bulgaria), Kırklareli

Dünyada üç nesne büktü belimi, I was crushed by three things in this world,  
Dünyada üç nesne var büktü belimi. My back was bent by three things in this world. Refr.

Yaktı bağrım dal eyledi belimi. Refr. It set my heart on fire, it bent my back. Refr.

Felek bir ok attı büktü belimi, The arrow of fate has wounded me, it has  
Akar gözlerimin kan ile nemi, I'm shedding bitter tears,  
Bal yerine bana içirtti semi. Refr. Instead of honey he gave me poison to drink.  

Felek ağu katti menim işime, Fate has poisoned my life,  
Toprak saçı kirpiğime kaşıma, It has cast soil into my eyes,  
Gör neler getirdi garip başuma. Refr. Look what it has brought on poor me. Refr.

Genc Abdal'ım dertli dertli söyledi, My Genc Abdal spoke sorrowfully,  
Görün dostlar felek bana neyledi, Look, friends, what fate has done to me,  
Yıktı gönül şehri viran eyledi. Refr. It has ruined the castle of my heart. Refr.

Şu fani dünyadan murad alınmaz, All those who arrive aimlessly  
Hep gelenler gider burda kalınmaz, In this deceitful world will depart incontestably  
Bildim bu dertlere çare bulunmaz. Refr. I knew there was no cure for these troubles. Refr.
№ 422. Nevruziye. Ahmet Akın (1933), Ahmetler

Yine koç burcundan verdi işaret,
Gösterdi yüzünü Şah-ı Velayet.
Beytullah içinde eyledi zuhur,
Onun ile Kabe kazandı onur,
Aşkına sunan badeyi tahur. Refr.

Meclisler doldu, açıldı meydan,
Çıraklar uyandı kuruldu erkan,
Cemal-ı nur ile gark oldu cihan. Refr.

Yeşillendi bağlar açtı sümüllüler,
Şakıdı bülbüller şad oldu güller,
Sazlar cuşa geldi çözüldü diller. Refr.

Nevruzunuz Turgut Baba aşk olsun,
Kalbiniz nur ile imanla dolsun,
Canlar sevgiden bir dolu alınsın. Refr.

 № 423. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kırklareli – See № 414

 № 424. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kızılcıkdere

His grandfather sent Husain to school,
Alas, how much troubles you’ve got, Husain imam,
Hardly had he learnt the alphabet, when he started syllabification.
Ref. Alas, how much of troubles you’ve got, Husain imam.

His grandfather’s...
Husain died of thirst,
Fetch a little water. Refr.

His thin figure has been cursed by his grandfather,
His food came from God. Refr.
Yapılıdı Hüseyin’in çardağı,  
Seherlerde öldü...,  
Kafırlar su içti döktü bardağı. Refr.  

Husain's tent is furnished.  
He died at dawn....  
Infidels drank water, they spilled the rest. Refr.

Pir Sultan/Sah efendim Abdal’ım kollarım bağlı,  
Yezitler elinden çigerim dağlı,  
Muhammed’in torunu Ali’nin oğlu. Refr.  

My Abdul Pir/Shah Sultan, my hands are tied,  
I'm burning inside because of the Yezids,  
Muhammad’s grandson, Ali’s son. Refr.

№ 434. Nefes. Şerife Aktaş (1941 Ahmetler), Yeni Bedir

Su dünya derdinden bıktım, usandım,  
Çektığım cefayı hep sefa sandım.  
Nice nice çilelere dayandım,  
Garip garip ağladım, Hakk’a yalvardım.

I am fed up with the worldly troubles! I thought  
of my sufferings as pleasures,  
What a lot of torture I have endured!  
I cried bitterly, I prayed to God.

№ 435. Nefes. Emrullah Yılmazgück (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Eşiğine baş vurup yatan abdallar,  
Dergahi cennettir Otman Babanın,  
Meydani güzeldir kani Sultanın.

The singing dervishes line up at his threshold,  
Otman Baba’s convent is heaven,  
The holy place of the just sultan is beautiful.

№ 443. Nefes. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Açakta yüksekte yatan erenler,  
Mürvetiniz vardır bulmaz dert bizi, görmez dert bizi.  
Varayım gideyim uzak yollara,  
Uzak yollarında bulmaz dert bizi, bulmaz dert bizi.

Holy people resting below and above,  
You're merciful, trouble won't overtake us,  
Let me go to faraway places,  
Trouble won't catch up with us on the long way.

Pir/Şah Sultan Abdal’ım halim hastadır,  
Hiç kimseye demem görünüm yaştadır, görünüm yaştadır.  
Bilmem deli olmuş bilmem ustadır,  
Boyle bir sevdaya saldı dert beni.

I'm Pir Sultan Abdal, I am ill,  
I don't tell anyone that my heart's mourning.  
Maybe he's gone mad, maybe he's become a master,  
Sorrow has driven me into such love.
№ 444. Nefes. Bektas Bahtiyar (1953 Musulca), Zeytinburnu

Biz bu Göl'stan'nın bülbülleriyiz,
Başcilerin, dalın şumbülleriyiz, şumbülleriyiz.
Avni Baba'nın gülçüllü'sü, gülçüllü'sü.
Seyyid Ali Sultan kullarız, kullarız.

Biz sedefde cemal-i yare,
Vuslu olamaz başka bir çare, başka bir çare.
Kementle bağlanıp çekildik dare, 174
Seyyid Ali Sultan kullarız, kullarız.

Biz elele verip Hakk'a gideriz,
Gelin gönülleri tavaf edelim,
Küçük birin gülbangını çekelim,
Seyyid Ali Sultan kullarız/canlarız.

№ 445. Nefes. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Yine mihman geldi, gönlüm şad oldu.
Refr. Mihmanlar siz bize hoşça geldiniz,
Kardeşler siz bize sefa geldiniz.
Refr. Kerem kişi/Kamı kişi kande bahar yaz oldu.
Refr. Misafir kapı'nın iç kilididir,
Refr. Misafir de sahibinin gülüdür,
Refr. Kara duran yere misafir gelmez,
Refr. Bağır saçılırsa eksiklik bitmez,
Refr. Ne kadar çat etse menzile gitmez.
Refr. Misafir gelirse kismet bile,
Refr. Misafir Hzir'dir var özür dile,
Refr. Büyük küçük hepimiz bile.
Refr. Himmet eyle Pir Sultan'ım misafir gelsin,
Refr. Yavan yahşi yesin yüzümüz gülsün,
Refr. Cümlemizin kismetini yaradan versin.
Refr. 173  The Turkish word is of Arabic origin: seyyid 'master, lord, chief; descendant of the Prophet' (Redhouse 1974: 1008).
174  The Turkish word is of Persian origin: dar 'place in the center of the hall of ceremonies in a convent of Bektashi dervishes, where the penitent member confesses his sins' (Redhouse 1974: 272).
175 Hüseyin Avni ÖZ was born in the monastery at Eyüp on May 1st 1927. He became a dervis, baba and halife baba. His nefeses are still very popular in Istanbul, the believers cherish his memory warmly.
176 The believers walk round the Kaaba stone several times in Mecca.
№ 452. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Çeşmekolu

Değme kişi gönlü evini düzemez efendim,
Hak’kin takdirini kullar bozamaz,
Deryaya dalmayan inci bulamaz efendim.

Ya hey, Yunus sana söyleme derler,
Ya ben öleyim mi söylemeyince efendim,
Aşkın deryasını boylamayınca.

See № 453

(.part of № 543)

Only few are able to put the home of the heart in order,
Divine fate can’t be ruined by servants,
Only the one that dives into the surge of the sea can find pearls.

Hey, they say, Yunus, don’t sing any more,
Should I die if I can’t sing,
If I can’t dive into the sea of love?

№ 453. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Özen aşık özün, tevhide özün, efendim
Tevhidir onların kalesin bozan,
Hiç kendi kendine kaynar mı kazan, efendim
Çevre yanı ateş eylemeyince.

Değme kişi gönlü evini düzemez efendim,
Hak’kin takdirini kullar bozamaz,
Deryaya dalmayan inci bulamaz efendim,
Aşkın deryasını boylamayınca.

Ya hely, Yunus sana söyleme derler, efendim
Ya ben öleyim mi söylemeyince? efendim
Aşkın deryasını boylamayınca.

See № 453

Struggle, lover, strive for the union with God,
Their castles are destroyed by divine guidance,
Is the cauldron able to boil by itself?
If there is no fire under it?

Not every one is able to arrange their things,
Divine order can’t be spoiled by believers,
The one that never dives into the sea can’t find pearls.


№ 455. Nefes. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli (Variant of № 543)

Özen aşık, özün tevhide özün efendim,
Tevhidir onların kalesin bozan,
Hiç kendi kendine kaynar mı kazan efendim?
Etrafını ateş eylemeyince.

Değme kişi evin’ kendi düzemez efendim,
Hak’kin takdirini kullar bozamaz,
Deryaya dalmayan inci bulamaz efendim.

Struggle, lover, strive for the union with God,
Your servant is led by divine guidance,
Is the cauldron able to boil by itself?
If there was no fire set around it?

An amorous adorer is cherishing your fame,
Oh, Yunus, don’t sing, they ask you,
Shall I die, if I can’t sing it out,
If I can’t dive into the sea of love?

I am overwhelmed with love, my heart is burning,
A negh or amorous adorer is cherishing your fame,
Oh, Yunus, don’t sing, they ask you,
Shall I die, if I can’t sing it out,
If I can’t dive into the sea of love?
№ 456. Nefes. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

*Aşık garip derler derunum yanar efendim,*
Aşık olan aşık namusun diler.
Be hey Yunus sana söyleme derler efendim,
Ya ben öleyim mi söylemeyince,
Aşkın deryasını boylamayınca.

I'm called a miserable lover, my soul's burning,
The one that is in love lives for the fame of love.
Come on, Yunus, you are told to keep silent,
Or shall I die if I can't speak,
If I can't dive into the sea of love?

№ 457. Nefes. Fatma Bulut (1922) Kılavuzlu, Çorlu

Gel şuraya uğrayalım, yana, yana ağlayalım,
Dertlileri dağlayalım.
Refr. Gel, Hasanım, vah, Hüseynim.

Fatma ana kapıdan bakar,
Ellerini göğsüne tutar,
Şimdi onlar ne oldular.
Refr.

Fatma ana çay içinde,
Nur yalanır saç üstünde,
Yatar al kanlar içinde. Refr.

Hasan’ın atını vurdular,
Muhammed’e duyurdular,
Ah size nice kıyılar. Refr.

Hüseyn’in atı süslü,
Başından yeşili düştü,
Yezitler başına üstü. Refr.

Yeryüzünde yatan taşlar,
Gökyüzünde uçan kuşlar,
Pir Sultanım Kur’ana başlar. Refr.
Şah efendim Kur’ana başlar. Refr.

Sabah seher vaktinde, aman, görebilsem yarımı,
Gül dikende bülbül dalda aman, çeker ahn zarını,
Sabah seher vaktinde, aman, görebilsem yarımı.

I wish I could see my sweetheart in the early morning hours!
Rose on the thorn, nightingale on the branch, singing plaintively.
I wish I could see my sweetheart early in the morning!
№ 461. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Yine imam nesli zuhura geldi,  The successor of the prophet has appeared again,
Biri Elmali'da, Bursa'da kaldı, One in Elmali, another in Bursa,
En küçük kardeşi Urum'u aldı. His youngest brother's captured Rum.
Refr. Gel sana methedeyim Kızıl Deli'yi, Refr. Come here, let me praise Kızıl Deli to you,

Baba dergahına çöküp oturur,  The baba kneeled down in the convent,
Kuru şişten dut ağacını bitirir, He turned a dry spit into a mulberry tree by magic,
Koru yaylasına çadır kurarlar, In the wooded summer pasture a tent was pitched up,
Çadırın altında dergah sürerler, A convent was organized in there,
Yedi iklim dört köşeye temel kurarlar. Refr. Seven seasons, the four directions, they settled down there. Refr.

Baba pınarına niyaz eyledim,  I prayed by the spring of Baba,
Gidi Yezi bize netti neyledi, What the mean enemy has done to us!
Baba İbrahimoğlu böyle söyledi. Refr. Baba İbrahimoğlu has told us these. Refr.

№ 462. Nefes. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu – See № 461

№ 463. Nefes. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Yatarım yatarım, hiç uykum gelmez, I'm lying, but sleep eludes me,
Kalkar gezinirim gönlüm yüzden  I get up, stretch myself out, but I feel sad,
Hakikat kardeşler halimden bilmez, The brethren of divine justice don't know about my trouble,
Tarikat kardeşler halimden bilmez. The brethren in the community don't know about my trouble.

Halimden yolumdan bilenler gelsin, The one that knows my trouble and my way should come,
Bu yolun asılina erenler gelsin. The one that has found the right way should come!

177 The saint made a name for himself as Kızıl Deli ‘The Mad Red’ – he is in fact Seyit Ali Sultan (Yaltırık 2003: 269).
№ 464. Nefes. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Ziyaret eyledım Topçu Babayı,
Görдум aşikarı Topçu Babayı.
Türbesinde al yeşilli sancağı.

Refr. Aşıkare gördüm Topçu Babayı.
Refr. I've seen Topçu Baba, I, the lover.

Seyrangah yeridir canlar gelirler,
Kurbanlar tığlanıp özür dilerler,
Birlik olup hep bir dilden öterler. Refr.

Refr. They slaughter the sacrifice, pray for mercy,
They speak in harmony, in one language. Refr.

Topcular köyünde Şahın makamı,
Orda zuhur olur aşkın nişanı.
Canı dilden sevdim oniki imamı. Refr.

Refr. I loved the twelve imams with all my soul. Refr.

Çekinice koyunum ondört kuzum var,
Gönlü yaylasında cevelan ederler.

Refr. I've got 12 sheep, 14 lambs Grazing in the field of the heart.

Dertli dertlerine düşenden beri,
Gahi geri gider, gahi ileri,
Çağırsam münkiri gelmez içeri,
Muhabbet kuru buıhtan ederler.

Refr. Since I fell into their trouble,
I've been going back and forth,
When I call a true believer, he won't come in,
The beautiful ritual is blackened.


Bir araya gelse üç-beş aşıklar,
Onlar birbirlerine seyran ederler,
Dönmez ikrarından kavlı sadıklar,
Muhabbet sırını pinhan ederler.

Refr. When four or five singers come together,
They all listen to each other,
The true-hearted never break their vow,
They don't reveal the secret of their ritual.

Olsaydım onlarin darında berdar,
Muhabbetleriyle olduk tarumar,
Onki koynum ondört kuzum var,
Gönül yayasında cevelan ederler.

Refr. If I was standing at their door,
Seeing their beautiful ritual I'd despair.
I've got 12 sheep, 14 lambs Grazing in the field of the heart.

Dertli dertlerine düşenden beri,
Gahi geri gider, gahi ileri,
Çağırsam münkiri gelmez içeri,
Muhabbet kuru buıhtan ederler.

Refr. Since I fell into their trouble,
I've been going back and forth,
When I call a true believer, he won't come in,
The beautiful ritual is blackened.

№ 466. Atatürk’ün nefesi. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Klavuzlu

Elest-i bezinde demişiz beli,
Emr-i fermandı ol Rabbi Celi,
Efkarımı olsun gündüz geceyi.
Refr. Aman ya Muhammed medet ya Ali,
Ruhun şad olsun Atatürk hizmetin baki.

Refr. On the occasion of the creation we all said yes,
The manifest God has clearly commanded
We should worry about him night and day.
Refr. Alas, Muhammad, help, Ali,
May your soul glitter, Atatürk, your service is eternal.

179 Elest is an Arabic loanword. ‘Am I not (your Lord)?’ is the question put by God to Adam at the moment of creation (Redhouse 1974: 336).
Oniki imamın kulu kurbanı,
Fedadar yoluna baş ile canı,
İlelebette Hakk’ın fermanı. Refr.

Ne olur çok ise cüm ile günah,
La tak ne tu emrin okuruz hergah,
Mahrum koymaz bizi o gran Şah. Refr.

Hazreti Ali’ının güllerindeniz,
Hazreti Fatima bülbülleriyiz,
Imam Cafer mezhabinde. Refr.

Arif olan canlar nefsini birler,
Varlıgün terk eder Hakka verir,
Düdär-ı Muhammed yüzünü göster. Refr.

İbrahim Ethem’in kendisi hayran,
Hakikat şehri bulur arayan,
Mürşid cemalinde görünür canan. Refr.

No 467. Atatürk’ün nefesi. Emrullah Yılmazgûç (1938 Bulgarı), Zeytinburnu

Selanik şehrinde dünyaya gelen,
Genç yaşılarda kemale eren,

Ali İrzaoğlu zuhura geldi,
Kirp düşmanını tahtına otur,
Yedi dil okudu, harfi değiştirdi. Refr.

No 468. Nefes. Emrullah Yılmazgûç (1938 Bulgarı), Zeytinburnu

Kayacık’tan geçelim, yol sizin olsun,
Yiyelim, içelim, göl sizin olsun, göl sizin olsun.

Thanks to the alphabet reform of Mustafa Kemal Atatürk in 1928 Turkey changed over from the Arabic script to Latin characters.
№ 469. *Turnalar semahi*. Tahsin Berber (1947 Eskiçuma), Zeytinburnu

Yemen ellerinden beru gelirken.
*Refr.* Turnalar Ali’mi görmediniz mi?
Turnalar Şahımı görmediniz mi?
Hava üzerinde semah ederken. *Refr.*

Kim buldu deryada balık izini?

Eğildim öptüm Kanber’in gözünü,
Turnamdan işittim hub avazını. *Refr.*

Şahım Hayber kalesini yıkarken,
Nice münkir helak oldu bakarken,

Pir/Sah Sultan’ım der ki konup göçelim,
Gelin Kevser şarabından içelim,
Ali’nin uğruna serden geçelim,
Şah’ımın uğruna serden geçelim. *Refr.*

№ 471. *Nefes*. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Sekahüm sırrını söyleme sakın,
Sakla kulum beni, saklayam seni.
Gevheri zatını açma hiç sakın.
*Refr.* Sakla kulum/canım beni saklayam seni.

Elde, ayağında, dilde, gözünde,
Hakk’ına razı ol her bir sözünde,
Canından içerü kendi özünde. *Refr.*

Bilen demez, diyen bilmeye bu halı,
Bildiği ne demez sözün misali,
Aşıklar sakladı buldu kemali. *Refr.*

Dizilmiş katara erenler, pirler,
Hakk’ın emri ile Hakk’a giderler,
Hakikat sırrını söyleme derler,
Sekahüm sırrını söyleme derler. *Refr.*

180 The mystic explanation of the wine of *Elest* is hidden in the secret of *Sekahüm* (Birge 1937: 113).
My Genc Abdal, hide yourself in yourself,  
May God keep you in strength and health,  
By God's command I am in you and you're in me. Refr.


Bize mihman geldi, gönlüm şad oldu.  
Refr. Mihman canlar bize sefa geldiniz,  
Mihman canlar bize ne hoş geldiniz,  
Asalet kalmadı, kış bahar oldu. Refr.

Mihman canlar bize sefa geldiniz,  
Refr. Guests, you're welcome,  
Guests, how good of you to have come  
Nobleness has disappeared from people, winter has turned into spring. Refr.

Dua edin bize mısafir gele,  
Yavan yaşışı yiyem yüzümüz güler,  
Büyük küçük onu hep Hızır bile. Refr.

Pray, so that guests will come to see us,  
We don't mind starving, let us be happy,  
Old and young alike, regard the guest as Hizir. Refr.

Misafir kapının iç kilididir,  
Ev sahibi onun onur kalbidir,  

The guest opens the inner lock as well,  
He honours the host,  
In fact the guest is Ali. Refr.

Kahrettiği eve mısafir gelmez,  
Çalışır çabalar ektiği bitmez,  
Çağırırsa bağırsa bir yere yetmez. Refr.

No guest comes to a damned house,  
He struggles, takes pains, his sowing won't yield crops,  
He roars in vain, he achieves nothing. Refr.

Pir Sultan Abdal’ım kayda verilir,  
Mısafir kismeti getirir bize,  
Mısafir mihmandır sen özür dile. Refr.

My Pir Sultan Abdal, it is registered,  
The guest brings us luck,  
The guest is holy, apologize! Refr.

№ 473. Nefes. Bektaşı congregation, Yeni Bedir

Medet senden, medet, sultanım, Ali,  
Dertliyim derdime dermanum, Ali,  
Her dem gönlüm içe mihmanım, Ali.  
Oniki imamın ol şahı sensin,  

Help, help, my sultan, Ali,  
I've got trouble, Ali's the cure for it,  
Ali leads me to the bottom of my heart every minute. Refr. My rose, my rose garden, my way, Ali.  
You're the Shah of the twelve imams,  
You're the common way of Muhammad and Ali,  
You're the protector of many sinners. Refr.

Aman erenlerim amaana geldim,  
İsmail oldum ben kurbana geldim,  
Her ne emir olur fermana geldim. Refr.

Oh, enlightened ones, I've come to ask forgiveness,  
I've become Ismail, I've come as sacrifice,  
Whatever your command is, I've come to fulfill it. Refr.
Göster cemalini ereotype nihan,
Yakşor derinum ateşi hicran,
Pervanetim dostlar şemine hayran. Refr.

İkrar eyledim ben inkar gelmedim,
Ağlayıp ağlayıp yaşım silmedim,
Divane mi oldum kendim bilmem. Refr.

Ey canımın canı güzel cananım,
Kapına gelmeye yoktur dermanım,
Başım üzre tacım dinim imanım. Refr.

Senin sırlarına akıllar ermez,
Aklı erenler de beyana vermez,
Sen nesin nerdesin kimseler bilmez. Refr.

Gece gündüz niyaz eylerim senden,
Çağırdığım yerde yetiş, ya. Ali,
Muhtacı lütfundur bu zahip yerde. Refr. Çağrıddığım yerde yetiş ya Ali,
İstediğim yerde yetiş ya Şahım.

Hatemi terk etti onda Mustafa,
Arz etti meclisten onu Murtaza,
Kimse bilmez kimdir sırrı la-feta. Refr.

Sakiye kevşersin Sah-i Vilayet,
Bir cana fazlindan eyle inayet,
Müminleri sensin eder nihayet. Refr.

Sabah benden olsun Mihrabi zarı,
Evindir billahi ol Zülfükar,
Gerçek olan aşık biril ikrami. Refr.
№ 482. Nefes. Hüseyin Tirıyakı (1950), Kılavuzlu

Hayal mıdır, rüya mıdır, düş müdür?
Nere baksam, bu rüyanın ben beni.
Nedir aradığım dağlar düş müdür?
Refr. Boşuna mu yoruyorum ben beni.

Söylenecek çok söz dille gelmiyor,
Gönül lütf eyleyip dille gelmiyor.
Hayal gölge gibi eleyip dille gelmiyor. Refr.

Is it a dream, a fancy or a nightmare?
Wherever I look, this dream is chasing me,
Is it a dream, what am I looking for, mountains?
Refr. Are all my efforts in vain?


№ 483. Nefes. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliagaş

Evem üstüm şu cihana gelmeden,
Adem ata geldi, pirim gördün mü?
Abdest alıp namazını kilarırken,
Üstümüze doğan nuru gördün mü?
Aşk edelim Ali ile Veliye,
Hiç sual olur mu yatan ölüye,
Tanrı'nın aslanı Hazret Ali’ye,
İki melek divan durdu gördün mü?

İki melek divan durdu gördün mü?

Birdir derler erenlerin kuşağı,
Taştandır yastığı turab doşeği,
Yedi gökten yedi yerden aşağı,
Kırklarında durduğu darsi gördün mü?
Pir Sultanım okur hem de yazarm,
Turab olur, ayaklarda tozarm,
Yok mu benim şuра bir can pazarım,
Tellali çağrılan şahı gördün mü?

Before anyone was born,
Our father Adam had appeared, my dear, did you see him?
He washed himself ritually, he prayed,
Did you see the light that illumined us?
Let's love Ali and Veli,
Is the laid-out dead still questioned?
Two angels descended beside God's lion, saint Ali,
Did you see it?

Holy people have the same roots,
They have stone pillows, their mattress is the earth,
Under seven skies, under seven earth layers,
Did you see the scaffold of the Forty?
My Pir Sultan, I read and write,
I'll be soil, I'll form clouds of dust on feet,
Do I still have anything to do here?
Have you seen the Shah who called the messengers?

№ 484. Nefes. Mahmut Gümüş (1973 Beyci), Kirklareli

Gönül gel, seninle muhabbet edelim,
Araya kimseyi alma sevgilim/sevgiğim.
Refr. Ya benim kimim var kime yalvarayım,
Kaldır kalbindeki karayı/yarayı gönül.

Come, sweetheart, let's have a nice conversation,
Don't let anyone stand between us, my dear.
Refr. Who do I have to whom I could pray?
Throw the burden off your heart!

181 Namaz is a ritual worship carried out five times a day among Muslims.
Dünya için gül benzini soldurma,
Halde bilmeyene halin bildirme,
Tabip olmayına yaram sardırma,
Ažrailın bir gün yarayı gönül.
Solmazsa dünyada güzeller solmaz,
Bu dünyadı fanidir kimseye kalmaz,
Yalan, dolan ile sofulu olmaz,
Mümin olan bekler sırayı gönül/
Kaldır kalbindeki yarayı gönül.
Dervîş Ali’ım öğüt verir özüme,
Gönül lut eylemiş geldi sözüme,
Ažrail konarsa göğsüm üstüne,
O zaman sırayı beklemez gönül.

Ay mıdır, gün müdür, doğmuş aleme,
Yüzünden akıyor nur Hacı Bektaş.
Musa peygamber durunca selama,
Bin bir kelamını sor Hacı Bektaş.
Musalla taşını tutmuş durulsun,
Hem zati hem batıni görünsün.

İste gidiyorum çeşmi siyahım,
Önümüzde dağlar kiralansa da, kiralansa da.
Sermeyem derdimdir, servetim ahım,
Karardıkça bahtım karalandı ya.
Haydi dolaşalım yüce dağlarda,
Dost beni bırakın ahilen zarda, ahilen zarda.
Gezmed istiyorum viran bağlarda,
Ayağına cennet kiralansa da.

Don't sallow your face for the world,
Don't speak about your trouble to those who
don't know about it,
If you aren't a doctor, don't bandage my wound,
You might tear it open, my dear.
Should there be some who don't fade in this world, they are the beautiful,
This transitory world won't be passed on to anyone [as legacy],
Mendacious deception allows no religious devotion,
The true believer waits till it is his turn,
Throw the burden off your heart!

Has the moon risen, or is the sun shining?
Your face radiates light, Haji Bektash.
The prophet Moses stood up to find salvation,
Ask about a thousand and one things, Haji Bektash.
He took his catafalque to clean it,
To make his person and secret visible!

I'm leaving, my black-eyed love,
Even if the mountains get rent before us,
My trouble's my capital, my pain's my wealth,
My fate has darkened slowly, darkened.

Come, let's start for the high mountains,
My friend, you've left me in deep grief,
I want to roam wild weedy gardens,
Even if heaven is brought to my feet.
Bağladım canımı Haydar ığde daline,
Oturdum ağladım kendi halime, kendi halime.
Yazık şu masumun berbat haline,
Ayağıma cennet kiralansa da.

I've tied my soul to Haydar's olive branch,
I sat down and mourned for my destiny,
Pity for this miserable soul,
Even if heaven is brought to my feet.


Şu karşıki yaylada göç kater kater,
Bir güzelin derdi bağrımda tüter,
Bu ayrılık bana zulüm getirir.
Refr. Geçti dost kervanı, eğleme beni, eğleme beni.

A caravan's passing across the summer pasture opposite,
My heart's kindled with love for a beauty,
This parting is more terrible than death for me.
Refr. The friend's caravan has passed, don't torture me, don't trifle with me.

Benim şu sevdiğim başta oturur,
Bir güzelin derdi beni bitirir, beni bitirir,
Bu ayrılık bana zulüm getirir. Refr.

Desire for a beautiful one's consuming me,
Consuming me,
This parting is torturing me. Refr.

Pir Sultan Abdal'ım kalkın aşalım,
Aşıp yüce dağları engin düşelim,
Çok niğmetini yedik helallaşım.
Refr.

I'm Pir Sultan Abdal, let's cross the mountains,
Let's cross and go to the plain,
I've got a lot of goodness from you, let me return it. Refr.

№ 492. Nefes. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Pir Sultanım şu dünyaya dolu geldim, dolu benim.

I'm Pir Sultan, I've come to world as a drink,
I am a drink.
Refr. Let those who don't know me get to know me, I am Ali, Ali is me.

Coşma deli gönül coşma, coşup ta kazandan taşıma,
Üç yüz altmış tane çeşme, serçeşmenin gözü benim.
Refr.

Don't rave, my heart, don't rave, don't go into frenzies,
I am the fountainhead of three hundred and sixty springs. Refr.

№ 493. Nefes. Mehmet Öztürk (1928 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Iptidai yol sorarsan
Yol Muhammed Ali’mindir,
Yetmiş iki dil sorarsan,
Dil Muhammed Ali’mindir.

If you look for a simple way,
Take the one of Muhammad Ali,
If you ask seventy-two tongues,
It's all Muhammad Ali's.

Gece olur, gündüz olur,
Cümle alem dümdüz olur,
Gökte kaç bin yıldız olur,
Ay Muhammed Ali’mindir.

There will be night, there will be day,
The whole world will be smoothed,
There will be myriads of stars in the sky,
The moon is Muhammad Ali’s.
Varma Yezidin yanına,
Kokusu siner tenine,
Lanet Yezid’in soyuna,
Can Muhammed Ali’mindir.

Don’t go near the Yezid,
His stink penetrates your skin,
May the descendant of the Yezid be cursed,
The soul is Muhammad Ali’s.

Yezit alaydan seçilir,
Mümine hulle biçilir,
Evvel bahar olur, gül olur,
Gül Muhammed Ali’mindir.
The Yezid is selected from the host,
A heavenly dress is cut for the true believer,
First spring comes, the rose will bloom,
The rose is Muhammad Ali’s.

Gökten rahmet saçılır,
Mümin olanlar seçilir,
Abu Kevser’den içilir,
Dem Muhammed Ali’mindir.
Mercy is dispensed from heaven,
The true believers are selected,
They drink from the heavenly river,
The drink is Muhammad Ali’s.

Varma Yezit meclisine,
Kulak verme hiç sesine,
Satır Yezit ensesine,
Sel Muhammed Ali’mindir.
Don’t go the community of the Yezid,
Don’t ever listen to his word,
Place your hatchet on the Yezid’s nape,
The flood is Muhammad Ali’s.

Hatayi oturmuş ağlar,
Diline geleni söyler,
Top top olmuş ortada döner,
Nur Muhammed Ali’mindir.
Hatay sat down and wept,
He put to words all that came to his mind,
He got rounded out, whirling in the middle,
The light is Muhammad Ali’s.

№ 494. Nefes. İmam Leşkeroğlu (1933 Sivas, Minare Kangal), Ormankent

Ala gözü güzel pirim,
Derdime dermana geldim,
Senden gayri yoktur kimsem,
Derdime fermana geldim.
My beautiful brown-eyed saint,
I’ve come for remedy to my illness,
I have nobody but you.
I’ve come for remedy to my illness.

Sensin hocalar hocası,
Kuranda okunur hecesi,
Bu gün rıza gecesi,
Derdime dermana geldim.
You are the master of masters,
It is written in the Quran,
Today, on the night of the approval,
I’ve come for remedy to my illness.

Hep günahım sana malm,
Yamacında bağlı elim,
Ala gözü güzel pirim,
Derdime dermana geldim.
You know all my sins,
My hands are tied on your hillside,
My beautiful brown-eyed saint,
I’ve come for remedy to my illness.
№ 495. *Kırklar semahı*, İmam Leşkeroğlu (1933 Sivas/Minare Kangal), Ormankent

Derdim çoktur hangisine yanayım? Many are my troubles, which shall I complain of?
Yine tazelendi yürek yaresi. The wound of my heart has been renewed,
Ben bu derde derman derden bulayım, I can't find redress to this trouble,
Meğer dost elinde ola çaresi. Except from the hands of a good friend.

Eleman, eleman, eleman, element, element, element, element, My lord is the remedy for my troubles.
Benim bu dertlere ferman efendim. My lord is the remedy on my trouble.

Èleman, Èleman, Èleman, Èleman, My lord is the remedy for my troubles.
Refr. Lord, lord, my lord, Refr. Lord, lord, my lord, Refr. Lord, lord, my lord, Refr.

№ 496. *Nefes*. Şehri Ünal (1950 Ahlatlı), Ahmetler

Yüşil ördek gibi, daldım göllere, Like a green duck I immersed in the lake,
Sen düşürdün beni dilden dillere. People spread rumours about me because of you,
Başim alıp gitsem gurbet ellere, If I make up my mind and go to an alien land,
Ne sen beni unut ne de beni seni. Don't forget me, I won't forget you.
Sevdiğim cemalim güneşim ayım… My beloved perfection, my sun, my moon...

№ 497. *Nefes*. Hamdiye Ay (1933 Kılavuzlu), Kırklareli – See № 498

№ 498. *Nefes*. Mehmet Öztürk (1928 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Gel gönül yola gidelim, Come, darling, let us set out
Açlar doyur susuzlar kandır, He feeds the hungry, gives drink to the thirsty,
Leblerinin balı ilden, With the honey of his lips,

¹⁸² The suffix should be +le, which was completed by an anorganic dialectal +n.
Ali'ın bana neler etti,  What a lot of things Ali has done to me,
Elim alıp dara çekti.  He took me by the hand and dragged to the
place of confession,
Elindeki dolu ilen,  With the drink he was holding in his hand,
Üstüme yürüyüş etti,  Upon us ded descend
Ali’lerin Ali’isin,  Ali of Alis,
Velilerin Velisin,  Veli of Velis,
Üç kimsenin biri sensin,  You are one of the three of them,
Ağaç kurur meyva verir,  The tree goes dried, it bears fruit,
Kuş bu dala her dem konar,  On its branches a bird alights every moment,
Doldurmuş dolusu’nun sunar,  He is offering his distributed drink
Ali’m kendi elin ile.  With his own hand, my Ali.
Cennetin meyvası budur,  This is the fruit of Paradise,
Lokmanı ehline yedir,  You offer your morsel to the people,
Pir Sultan’ım doğru yoldur,  I’m Pir Sultan, this is the right way,
Ali’mın gittiği yol bu yoldur.  This way was treaded by my Ali.

Eşrefoğlu al haberi,  Esrefoglu, hear the news,
Bağçe bizir güz birzedir.  We are the garden, the rose is inside us,
Biz de Mevlanın kuluyuz,  We are God’s servants,
Yetmiş iki dil birzedir.  We speak seventy-two tongues.
Erlik midir eri yormak,  Is it manly to tire a man?
Irak yoldan haber sormak,  To inquire about faraway news?
Cennetteki şol dört183 irmak,  The enthusiastic gurgle of the
Coşkun akan sel birzedir.  Heavenly four rivers is inside us.
Ari vardır uçup gezer,  The bee’s flitting about,
Teni tenden seçip gezer,  Picking and choosing among dews.
Canan birzden kaçıp gezer,  The sweetheart’s fleeting us,
Ari bizir, bal birzedir.  We are the bees, the honey is inside us.
Kuldur Hasan Dedem kuldur,  Servant my Hasan Dede is a servant,
Manayı söyleyen dildir,  The tongue speaks out the meaning,
Elif Hakka doğru yoldur,  Elif 186 is the true way leading to God,
Cim184 ararsan Dal185 birzedir.  If you look for cim, dal is inside us.

183 The same line elsewhere: *Cennetteki ol dört irmak* (GD 75) “Those are the four rivers of Paradise.”
The Old Turkic demonstrative pronoun *ol* was replaced folk etymologically with *on* ‘ten’ in front of the next numeral. Since 12 is a sacred number, this is what they ended up with. At yet another place: *Cennetteki on dört irmak* (Yaltırık 2002: 75), the number of rivers is fourteen in place of twelve.
184 Letter of the Arabic alphabet.
185 The tenth letter of the Arabic alphabet, its numeric value is four.
186 See footnotes 73, 80 above.

Kamber dururdu sağında,
Gören de cennet bağında,
Ali Fatma Tur dağında, ey.
Refr. Ben dedem Ali’yi gördüm,
Dost biri Veli’yı gördüm.

Dört çırağ yanar şem’ada,
Aslanlar gizli meşede,
Yedi iklim dört köşede. Refr.

Yedi iklim dört köşede. Refr.
Karanfilim deste deste,
Bergüzar yolladım dosta,
Mihmandan bir dolu ıste. Refr.

Cennet kapısında duran,
Mühüre kilidi vuran,
Yezide lanet yağdıran.
Refr.

Pir/Şah Sultanım aşka düştüm,
Cümle meleklerden üstün. Refr.

№ 503. Semah. Bektashi congregation, Çeşmekolu – See № 498

№ 504. Nefes. Bektashi woman, Ahmetler

[Su benim divane gönlüm,
Dağlara düştüm yalnız,
Bu benim ahım yüzünden,
Bir mihak gördüm yalnız.]

Dağlar var dağlardan yüce,
Dağ mı dayanır bu gücü,
Derdim var üç gün üç gece,
Anlatsam bitmez yalnız.

O Şahın darına dursam,
Hayırlı gülbangin alsm,
Kızılirmaklara dalsam,
Çağlayıp aksam yalnız.

Pir Sultanım hey, erenler,
Eline niyaz edenler,
Üçer besar yediler,
Mürüvvete geldim yalnız.

[Because of my foolish heart
I’m hiding in the mountains all alone,
Because of my vow,
I’ve seen a touchstone alone.]

There are mountains higher than other mountains,
Can a mountain withstand such a great force?
I have so many troubles that three days and nights
Wouldn’t suffice to list them.

Let me stand in the shah’s holy place,
Let me pray with the others blissfully,
I’d immerse in the Kizilirmak river,
I would gurgling all alone.

I’m Pir Sultan, hey, holy men,
Those who bend to your hand for prayer,
Three, five, seven,
I’ve come for blessing all alone.
№ 505. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kilavuzlu

Geçmişiz can ile serden. We've resigned from our souls and head.
Refr. Pirim Hacı Bektaş Veli. Refr. My saint, Haji Bektash Veli,
Eşiğine yüzler sürdük, We've touched our face to your threshold,
Dergâhındır beytülharam, Your shrine is the Kaaba stone,

№ 506. Nefes. Feyzi Kemter (1939 Kızılcıkdere), Kırklareli

Yolcu oldum, yola düştüm, I took to the road, I’ve become a traveller,
Yollarm Ali’ye çağırır. My way leads to Ali,
Buhan oldum güle düştüm, Like a nightingale I alighted on a rose,
Güllerim Ali’ye çağırır. My rose is beckoning me to Ali.

We could not find these two lines elsewhere, therefore we suspect they are false lines.
№ 507. Nefes. Ramazan Yıldız (Ahmetler), Ahmetler [the recording is of very poor quality]

Tarikata ikrar verdik,
Lanet Yezide el yuyduk,
Muhammed Ali’yi gördük,
Dedesi alay içinde, hey dost, Hûy.

Before the community we pledged our faith,
We put a curse on the Yezids,
We saw Muhammad Ali,
His leader is in the group, hey Friend.

Allah bir Muhammed Haktır,
Bilenlere sözüm yoktur,
Ali’nin insani çöktür,
[…] Hû Dost, Hûy dost.

Allah, Muhammad and Ali are one.
I have nothing to say to those aware of it,
Ali has lots of people,
[unintelligible] God, my friend.

№ 508. Semah. Bektashi concert, Istanbul

Güzel aşık çevrimizi
Çekemezsin demedim mi?
Bu bir rıza lokmasdır,
Yiyemezsin demedim mi?
Refr. Demedim mi demedim mi?
Gönül sana söylemedim mi?
Bu bir rıza lokmasdır,
Yiyemezsin demedim mi?
Yemeyenler kahr naçar,
Gözlerinden kanlar saçar,
Bu bir demdir gelir geçer,
Duyamazınsın demedim mi? Refr.
Bu dervişlik bir dilektir,
Bilene büyük örnektir,
Yenzis yakasız gömlektir,
Giyemezsin demedim mi? Refr.

My fair fellow believer, you can’t bear
Our difficulties, haven’t I told you?
This is a blessed morsel,
You can’t eat it, haven’t I told you?
Refr. Haven’t I told you, haven’t I told you?
Darling, haven’t I told you?

This is a blessed morsel,
You can’t eat it, haven’t I told you?
Those who don’t eat it will remain ignorant,
Tears are falling from your eyes,
This is a fleeting moment,
You can’t notice it, haven’t I told you? Refr.

Being a dervish means a great undertaking,
An example to be followed for those who understand it,
It is a burial shroud,
You can’t put it on, haven’t I told you? Refr.

Pir Sultan Abdal’ dır Şahımız,
Hak’ka ulaşır rahımız,
On iki İmam katarımız,
Uyamazsın demedim mi? Refr.

Pir Sultan Abdal is our shah,
Our way is leading to God,
Our caravan is the twelve imams,
You don’t belong here, haven’t I told you? Refr.
№ 509. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Yeni Bedir

Ben bu meclislerden ibretler aldım,
Uyudum uyandım ben ayan gördüm,
Kalbimi nur ile boyanmış gördüm.
Refr. Muhammed’in küsü çalınır burda,
Ol serverin¹⁸⁸ ismi yad olur dilde.

From this congregation I’ve learnt a lot,
I was asleep, I woke up, I could see clearly,
I saw my heart in a flood of light.
Refr. Muhammad’s cattle drum is being beaten here,
The name of that prince is being uttered by our tongue.

Hep turnalar gibi yüksek uçarlar,
Kanadıyla halka rahmet saçarlar,
Abu Keşser şerbetinden içlerler. Refr.

Like the cranes, they fly high,
They dispense blessings to the people with their wings,
They drink from the water of Paradise. Refr.

Yörük değirmenler gibi dönerler,
El ele vermiş Hakka giderler,
Derviş Yunus gör ne hal oldu bana,
Bu aşıkın ateşini dokunur cana,
Ahlımı başına devşir divane. Refr.

They whirl like the Yürük mills,
They approach God hand in hand.
Look, Dervish Yunus, what I’ve become,
The flame of divine love is consuming my soul,
Come to your senses, you fool! Refr.


№ 511. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Yeni Bedir

Ey, erenler benim meyil verdiğim.
Refr. Birisi Muhammed birisi Ali
Birisi Hasan biri Hüseyin
Adına, şanına kurban olduğum.
Refr.

Oh, holy men, the ones I love.
Refr. One is Muhammad, the other is Ali,
One is Hasan, the other is Husain,
I adore their name, their fame. Refr.

Ali’n söyler, Hızır yazar ayeti,
Elinde Zülfikar zehirden kat,
Aşıkardır Ali’nin her kerameti.
Refr.

My Ali says Hizir’s writing the sacred verse,
Zulfi kar’s¹⁸⁹ in his hand, stronger than poison,
All my Ali’s miracles can be understood. Refr.

Ab-u hayat çeşmelerin açtırın,
Dalga vurup deryalari coşturan,
Dolu keşser iken bizi kandıran. Refr.

He makes the fountains of the water of life gurgle,
Whips up the sea with the surge,
Takes us in with the heavenly drink. Refr.

Can bülbülü gezer ten-i kafeste,
Ali’min sırını söyler nefeste,
Şah’ımın sırını söyler nefeste,
Dünya kurulurken oturan posta. Refr.

The nightingale of the soul is walking in our ash urn,
It sings the secret of my Ali in every nefes,
It sings the secret of my Shah in every nefes,
It sat on the hide post when the world was created. Refr.

¹⁸⁸ The Prophet Muhammad’s name is mentioned here.
¹⁸⁹ Name of Caliph Ali’s famous sword. In popular representations it has two blades and two points (Redhouse 1974: 1290).
Pir Sultan’ım/Shah efendim bu nefesi haklayan,
Alı’ın sırrını candan saklayan,
Şah’ımın sırrını candan saklayan,
Sırat köprüsünün başına bekleyen. Refr.
I’m Pir Sultan/Shah the one who testifies this
nefes,
He hides the secret of Ali with all his heart,
He hiding the secret of my Shah with all his
heart,
He stands guard at the end of the Sirat bridge.
Refr.

№ 512. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu - See № 511


Bu meydan bağının bülbüllerini,
Inledike/Şakudıkça gönlü ferahlanıyor,
Muhir kardaşların tatlı dilini,
İşidikçe gönlü ferahlanıyor.
When the nightingales of this holy place
Burst out singing, the heart is relieved,
When you hear the sweet words of mystic
friends,
The heart is relieved.

Yezit bize daim tanı ile geldi,
Sabreden kardaşlar murada erdi,
Aşkın badesini hemen nüş etti,
Nüş edince gönlü ferahlanıyor.
The cruel enemy has always come to us at
dawn,
The patient brethren have reached the goal,
They devoured the wine of love eagerly,
Eagerly the heart is relieved.

Mehdi bu alemi anlamak hüner,
Pirim Hacı Bektaş olanı demez,
Şahım Hacı Bektaş olanı demez,
Coşunca muhabbet sundular kevser,
Hak yolunda gönlü ferahlanıyor.
Lord, it needs artistry to understand this world,
My saint Haji Bektash doesn’t say it,
My shah Haji Bektash doesn’t say it,
Once they got intimate, they offered a drink,
On the way of God the heart is relieved.

№ 514. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu – See № 511

№ 516. Nefes. İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Ey, zahit şaraba eyle ihtiram,
Insan ol cihanda, dünya fanidir.
Ehline helaldir na-ehle haram,
Biz içeziz bize yoktur vebali.
Oh, pious [soul], respect the wine,
Be man on earth, the world is transient,
It's blessed for your community and taboo for
others,
We drink, that is no sin for us, no sin.

Sevap almak için içeziz şarap,
İçmezsek oluruz düçarı azap.
We drink wine to partake of the grace of God,
If we don’t drink, we have to suffer the agony
of hell,

Senin aklın emez bu başka hesap,
Meyhanede bulduk biz bu kemali.
You can’t understand this,
We gained this experience in the tavern.
№ 517. Nefes. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Kandil geceleri kandil oluruz,  
Kandilin içinde fitil oluruz,  
Hakki göstermeye delil oluruz,  
Fakat kör olanlar bilmez bu halı.

In the night of the oil lamp we'll become night lights,  
We'll become wicks in the middle of the lights,  
We'll be proof of God's existence,  
But the blind can't understand this, can't understand.

Sen münkürsün, sana haramdır bade,  
Bekle ki içersin öbür dünyada,  
Bahs açma Harabî bundan ziyade,  
Çünkü bilmez haram ile helâli.

You are an unbeliever, the wine is forbidden for you,  
Wait and you'll drink in the hereafter.  
Don't go on arguing, Harabi,  
For he doesn't make any difference between the sinful and pious deed.

№ 518. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Bir anabacıylan, da Hü, bir Müslüm bacı,  
Kalksın semah eylesin istekli canlar hem canlar,  
Semah eylesinler, de Hü, niyaz eylesin,  
Kaldr indir kollarını kollarını.

The baba's wife and a Muslim woman,  
All should stand up and all who wish to should dance semah, the kindred souls  
Sould dance semah, should pray,  
Lift your arm, lower your arm, your arms.

№ 517. Nefes. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Muhabbet köpünün şarabı olsam,  
Dost beni doldurur içeri mi bilmem.  
Mahmur olmak için gönül haramı,  
Bir usta eline içeri/düşer mi bilmem.

I'd be the wine of the foam of friendship,  
My friend, pour me out, whether you'll drink me, I don't know.  
To achieve ecstasy, will you commit forbidden things,  
I don't know if I can get into the master's hands.

Olur mu aşğın çile çekmesi?  
Olur mu çilenin boyun bükmesi?  
Helal süte kalmış haram pekmezi,  
Bülbüle güylar yarar diken,  
Aşk'tir maşuk'un boynunu büken,  
Tarlasına haram tohumu eken,  
Helal mahsulünü biçer mi bilmem.

Does a true lover suffer,  
Does suffering crush a man?  
Harmful pekmez mixed in blessed milk,  
The rose matches the nightingale, the thorn matches the camel,  
A lover is tortured to death by his sweetheart,  
Whether those who saw harmful seeds in their land  
Can reap blessed crop, I don't know.

190 There are four nights when the minarets are illuminated. They are the feats of the Prophet Muhammad, commemorating his birth, enlightenment, ascension and death.

191 Grape juice boiled to a sugary solid or a heavy syrup (Redhouse 1974: 924).
Some are not cut funeral shrouds for,
Some do not consume blessed food or drink,
Not even a dog abandons its puppy,
Not even a dog can live without its puppy,
I don't know whether God abandons Seyrani.

Some are not cut funeral shrouds for,
Some do not consume blessed food or drink,
Not even a dog abandons its puppy,
Not even a dog can live without its puppy,
I don't know whether God abandons Seyrani.

I'll be the wine of the foam of friendship,
Whether my sweetheart pours me out and
drinks me, I don't know.
To achieve ecstasy it's a forbidden thing,
Whether it gets into a guest's hand, I don't
know.

Is there terrible suffering for a true lover?
Is there suffering that crushes man?
He mixed harmful pekmez in blessed milk,
If the aim is separation, whether he separates
them, I don't know.

The rose matches the nightingale, the thorn
matches the camel,
Suffering does crush the lover.
Whether those who saw harmful seeds in their
land
Can reap blessed crops, I don't know.

Some are not cut funeral shrouds for,
Some do not consume their daily food,
That Seyrani does not depend on his God,
Whether God depends on Seyrani, I don't
know.

Come, my shah, don't forget about us,
For the love of our beloved Bektash Veli.
Tearing from your heart, don't waste it,
For the love of our protector, Ali.

We, the holy people are also servants,
On this way we sacrifice our souls,
If we turned away from you, what could we do?
Don't leave us, for the love of Ali.
№ 521. Nefes. İmam Leşkeroğlu (1933 Sivas/Minare Kangal), Ormankent

Erenlerle verdik cümle varımız
Hep yoklukta kaldı bizim karımız
Meydana erenler doldu …
Ali’nin/Şahımın sevdiği yolu aşkına.

We’ve given all we had to the holy people,
We’ve become destitute,
Holy people have gathered in the sacred place,
For the beloved way of Ali/our Shah.

Biz gideriz erenlerin yoluna,
Bakmıyoruz sağı soluna,
Medet mürvet kıldır … kuluna,
Hasan Hüseyin in yolu aşkına.

We take the way of the saints,
We don’t look right or left,
Help your poor servants,
For the way of Hasan and Husain.

№ 521. Nefes. İmam Leşkeroğlu (1933 Sivas/Minare Kangal), Ormankent

Dünü, günü arzumanım gel beri
Dileğim imam Hüseyin aşkına,
Aşkına, Şahım, aşkına.

Return, my daily longing of yesterdy,
My longing for Husain imam’s love,
For the love of my shah.

İllah Allah illah Allah,
İllah Allah Şah illah Allah.

Illah Allah, illah Allah,
Illah Allah, shah, illah Allah.

Sen Alim’sin güzel Şah,
Eyvallah Şah eyvallah.

My Ali, you are the beautiful/good shah,
Thank you, shah, thank you,

Ali mürşüt güzel Şah,
Eyvallah Şah eyvallah.

My Ali, you are the beautiful/good shah,
Thank you, shah, thank you.

№ 522. Nefes. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Gelmiş iken bir habercik sorayım. Refr.
Niçin gitmez Yıldız dağın dumanı,
dumanı eller gümanı
*Gerçek erenlere yüzler süreyim,
Alçağında al kırmızı taşın var,
Yükseğinde turnaların sesi var,
Ben de bilmem ne talihsiz başım var. Refr.

Having arrived let me ask you
Refr. Why doesn’t the mist of Mount Yildiz rise,
the concern of strangers?
Before true holy people I touch my face to the ground.
There is your red stone at the lower part,
In the height the cries of cranes can be heard,
I don’t know how miserable I am. Refr.

Benim Şahım al kırmızı büürünür
Dost yüзу görmeyen dostu ne bilir
Yücesinden Şahın ili görünür. Refr.

My Shah dressed in red,
Those who haven’t seen a friend don’t know what it’s like,
From its peak the shah’s village can be seen. Refr.

El ettiler turnalara kazlama
Dağlar yeşillendi döndü yazlara
Çiğdemler takınsın söylen kızlara. Refr.

They waved to cranes, to geese,
The mountains turned green, it’s summer,
May the lassies stick hyacinths in their hair. Refr.
Şahın bahçesinde gonca gül biter
Onda garip garip bülbüller öter
Bunda ayrılık var ölümden beter. Refr.

In the shah’s garden a rose is budding,
Lonely nightingales are singing on them.
It’s time for parting which is worse than death. Refr.

Ben de bildim şu dağların şahısın
Gerçek erenlerin seyrangahısın
Abdal Pir Sultanın nazargahıysın. Refr.

I knew, too, you are the lord of these mountains,
You are the shrine of pilgrimage of true saints,
You are the vantage point of Abdal Pir Sultan. Refr.

№ 523. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kızılcıkderе

Gelmiş iken bir habercik sorayım.
Refr. Having arrived, let me ask
Niçin gitmez Yıldız dağın dumanı,
dumanı, eller gümanı?
Refr. Why doesn’t the mist of Mount Yildiz rise,
doesn’t concern of strangers?
Gerçek erenlere haber sorayım. Refr.
Let me ask the true holy people.

Benim Şahım al kırmızı bürünür,
Yücesinden Şahın ili görünür,
Dost yüzün görmeyen dostu ne bilir? Refr.
My shah dressed in red,
From its peak the shah’s village can be seen,
Those who haven’t seen a friend don’t know
what a friend is. Refr.

Ben de bildim şu dağların şahısın
Bahçesinde bülbül sesli kuşu var
Ben de bildim ne talihsiz başım var. Refr.
My shah has a red crown,
In his garden he has a bird of a nightingale’s voice,
And I knew how miserable I was. Refr.

Şahın bahçesinde gonca gül biter
Ona garip garip bülbüller öter
Bunda ayrılık var ölümden beter. Refr.
In my shah’s garden rosebuds are blooming,
Poor lonely nightingales are singing,
It’s time for parting, which is worse than death. Refr.

Ben de bildim şu dağların şahısın
Gerçek erenlerin seyrangahısın
Abdal Pir Sultanın seyrangahısın. Refr.
I knew you were the shah of the mountains,
You are the sight of true holy people,
You are the promenade of Pir Sultan Abdal. Refr.

№ 524. Nefes. Hamdiye Ay (1933) Kılavuzlu, Kirklareli

Sordum da sari, sari çiğdeme, hey, Dost,
çiğdeme,
Senin boynun ne eğri, ne eğri.
Ne sorarsın be hey devriş, be kardaş,
Ben hak lokması yerim, Şah yerim,
Kudret korkusu çekerim, çekerim.
I’ve asked the yellow daffodil, oh, my friend,
the daffodil,
Why is your back so crooked?
What do you ask, oh, dervish, oh, brother,
I feed on divine food, shah,
I have the fear of the Almighty, I fear him.
Sordum da sarı sarı çiğdeme, hey, Dost, 
ciğdeme, 
Senin derdin ne sarı, ne sarı. 
Ne sorarsın be hey devriş, be kardaş, 
Ben hak korkusu çekerim, çekerim. 
Sordum da sarı sarı çiğdeme, hey Dost, 
ciğdeme 
Sen yer altında ne yersin, ne yersin 
Ne sorarsın be hey devriş, be kardaş 
Kudret lokması yerim, şah yerim. 
Sordum da sarı sarı çiğdeme, hey Dost, 
ciğdeme 
Annen baban var mıdır var mıdır 
Ne sorarsın be hey devriş, be kardaş 
Annem yer babam yağmur, şah yağmur 
Pir Sultanım erlerle hey Dost, erlerle 
Aksakallı piirlerlen, piirlerlen 
Yüzü dolu nurlarlan hey dost, nurlarlan 
Bizde devriş derler şah derler. 

Hani benim hırka ile postlarım, 
Tatlı dilli şeker sözlü dostlarım, dostlarım. 
Ehli muhabbeti sizden isterim, 
Hani benim şeker dilli dostlarım, 
Hani benim tatlı dilli dostlarım. 

Where is my mantle and my hide post?
My friends, friends of a sweet tongue?
I expect you to have the ability of nice conversa-
tion,
Where are my friends of the sweet tongue?
Where are my friends of the sweet tongue?

Akıl almaz Yaradanın sırrına, 
Akol ermez Yaradanın sırrına, 
Refr. Muhammed All'ye indi bu kurban. 
Kurban olam kudretinin nuruna, 
Hasan Hüseyin'e indi bu kurban. 

No mind can comprehend the secret of the Creator,
No mind can reach the secret of the Creator. 
Refr. That sacrifice descended to Muhammad Ali. 
I adore the light of your sanctity, 
This sacrifice descended to Hasan and Husain.

The analogy in the Erdy Codex (p. 570) is remarkable: “No human mind can grasp the nature of God, nothing can be known about it with certainty.” (Szarvas–Simonyi III: 967).
Ol zaman Zeynel’in destinde idim
Muhammed Bakırın dostunda idim,
Caferi Sadık’in postunda idim,
Musa’yi Kâzım Rıza’ya indi bu kurban.
(Muhammed Taki’nin nurunda idim,
Aliyyül-Naki’nin sırrında idim,
Hasan-ul’asker’in darinde idim,
Muhammed Mehdi’ye indi bu kurban.

Ey, nur-i çeşmi, Ahmedi muhtar ya Hüseyin,
Ey, yadigarı Haydari kerrar ya Hüseyin. 195

Şah Hatayım der ki bilir mi her can,
Kurbanı üstüne yürüdü erkan,
Tırnağı tespihtir, kanı da mercan,
Oniki imama indi bu kurban.

Thracian Song Texts

№ 530. Mersiye. Emrullah Yılmazgüç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Ey, nur-i çeşmi, Ahmedi muhtar ya Hüseyin,
Ey, yadigarı Haydari kerrar ya Hüseyin.

№ 531. Mersiye. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Ey, nur-i çeşmi, Ahmedi muhtar ya Hüseyin,
Ey, yadigarı Haydari kerrar ya Hüseyin.

195 See footnotes 62, 72, 91 above.
№ 532. *Nefes*. Sefer Çalışkan (1925 İstip, Macedonya), Zeytinburnu

Hey, Dost  
Dül dü ille Zülükär’ın sahibi,  
Hem dahi bil yari,  
Kamberdir Ali, Hü, Hü, Şahüm Hü!  
Hey, Dost  
Ruz-i mahyer-i mümünün ıhsanna,  
Hani bil saki kevserdîr Ali,  
Hü, Hü, Şahüm Hü!

- My fellow believer,  
- The master of Duldul and Zulfi kar,  
- Know the darling,  
- Ali’s faithful servant, oh, my Shah.

Hey, Dost  
Ruz-i mahyer-i mümünün ıhsanna,  
Hani bil saki kevserdîr Ali,  
Hü, Hü, Şahüm Hü!  
Hey, Dost  
Ruz-i mahyer-i mümünün ıhsanna,  
Hani bil saki kevserdîr Ali,  
Hü, Hü, Şahüm Hü!  
Hey, Dost  
Ruz-i mahyer-i mümünün ıhsanna,  
Hani bil saki kevserdîr Ali,  
Hü, Hü, Şahüm Hü!

- My fellow believer,  
- On Doomsday, you must know,  
- The sacred nectar for the true believer’s goodwill is Ali.  
- Oh, my Shah!

№ 533. *Nefes*. Zeynel Aktaş (1939), Yeni Bedir

Güzel Şahtan bize bir dolu geldi,  
Bir sen iç, sevdiğim, bir de bana ver,  
Hünkâr Hacı Bektaş Velîden geldi.  
Herkes sevdiğini tanır sesinden,  
Şahım Muhammed’im beni arz eder,  
Selman’ın keşküllünü doldur bu sudan.  
Payım gelir erenlerin payından,  
Muhammed neslinde, Ali soyundan  
Kırkların ezdiği engür suyundan.  
Beline kuşanmış nurdan bir kemer,  
İçmiş doluyu yükürgün yanar,  
Herkes sevdiginden bir dolu umar.  
Senin aşıkların kaynadi coştu,  
Muhammed uğrundan serinden geçti,  
Sefîl Hüseyin’im bir dolu içti.  

- A drink has come from the kindly shah for us.  
- Drink, my sweetheart, then give me some,  
- It’s come from our master Haji Bektaş Veli.  
- Everyone knows their lovers by their voice,  
- My shah Muhammad is calling me,  
- Fill the cap of the beggar Selman with this water.  
- My due has come from the saints’ portion,  
- From Muhammad’s generation, Ali’s family,  
- From the grape juice pressed by the Forty.  
- He tied a sash of light around his waist,  
- I’ve had some of his drink, I’m burning inside,  
- All hope to get a drink from their sweethearts.  
- Those who are in love with you are excited,  
- Losing their heads for the love of God,  
- My Sefil Husain had a drink.

194 The name of the Prophet’s mule (Redhouse 1974: 317).
195 *Selman-ı Farisi* is a Persian saint who is venerated by Alevis and Bektashis alike.
№ 534. Nefes. Veli Mutlu (1962 Terzidere, Koçcaz), Kızılcıkdere

Erenleri sevdik, geldik buraya,
Niçin melhem olmazsınız yaraya,
Mürşüd karşısında yanıp eriyen,
Refr. Biz Muhammed Ali diyenlerdeniz

Dost Muhammed şahımı sevenlerdeniz.

Eğildik babamıza bir niyaz ettik
Her ne yol gösterdikse biz ona gittik,
Verdiği nasihatı hatırda tuttuk. Refr.

Miraç derler Muhammed’in durağı,
Durmaz yanar erenlerin çırağı,

Onlarla hep bir olur yakın ırağı. Refr.

Miraç derler Muhammed’in durağı,
Durmaz yanar erenlerin çırağı,

Onlarla hep bir olur yakın ırağı. Refr.

Herkes musahibini almış eline
Ereydim varaydım mürşid yanına,
Şimdi de kanım karıştır ya kanına. Refr.

Pir Sultanım/Şah efendim söyledi ya bu sözü,
Gece gündüz hep bir görüşür gözü,
Erenler yolunda açtırmış gözü. Refr.

№ 535. Matem nefesi, İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Bugün güzelciler seyrine vardımdım,
Kalem elleriyle yazı yazarlar.

Kara yerden bize bir yer kazalar
Refr. Var git ölüm var git andan sonra gel,
Çok eğlenme bir zamandan sonra gel.

Suyumu vursunlar kazan dolunca,
Kefenim biçimleri boyolu boyunca,
Ağlaşmeyin kardeşler biz uyunca. Refr.

Bir boz duman gibi gelir havadan,
Yavru şahin gibi aldı yuvadan,

Ayrırmayı bizi hayır duadan. Refr.

We’ve come here for the love of holy people,
Passing away in flames for the spiritual leader.
We are among those who love our Muhammad shah.

We bend our heads to our Baba, we’ve come to pray,
We are treading the way he has shown us,
Muhammad’s ascension is called Mi’rac,
For them the near and the far are the same.

They all searched for their fellow believers,
I would also go to see our spiritual leader,
May my blood mingle with his.
His glance is the same night and day,
His eye follows the way of the saints.

I went today to the promenade of the beautiful,
They had pens in their hands and were writing something,
They dug a place for us in the black earth.
Don’t tarry, come in a short time.
They put the cauldron full of our water on the fire to boil,
They cut my shroud for my body,
Don’t mourn for us, brethren, when we fall asleep.

It descends in the shape of grey fog from the sky,
It took me from the nest as a peregrine falcon fledgling,
Don’t remove us from the blessing.
Merdivenden indirdiler aşağı,
Uzattılar şol döşegi üzeri,
Sal üstüne kuşattular kuşağı,
Kara yerdir benim örtüm döşeğim. Refr.

Pir Sultan'ım/Şah Sultan'ım der ki ölüm gelecek,
Gelecek de defterimi dürecek,
Çok eşim dostum var beni görecek. Refr.


 № 544. Nefes. Zeynel Aktaş (1939), Yeni Bedir

 № 547. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Ahmetler

 № 547. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Ahmetler

 № 547. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Ahmetler
№ 548. Nefes. Şerife Bodur (1930) Topçular, Kırklareli

Gene mi geldi ilk yaz bahar ayları. The spring months have come again.
Refr. Gönül sefa ılen ötüür bülbül, Shah bülbül, The nightingales are singing with a pure heart, Shah, the nightingales,
Aşkın ateşine tutuşur gönül, Shah gönül. The heart flares up with the passion of your love, Shah, the heart.

Sâkîler perdesin almış eline The dispensers of drink took the kerchief in their hands,
Talipler dizbediz oturmuş postuna, postuna The candidates knelt down on their hides, their hides,

Pir Sultanım neden neler seçildi My Pir Sultan, what was chosen from what?
Şah efendim neden neler seçildi My lord Shah, what was chosen from what?
Kadehler dolusu demler içildi They drank from full goblets,
Kardeşlerin muhabbeti seçildi The brethren chose the nice conversation. Refr.

№ 552. Nefes. Firdevş Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Deryada gezerken çıktım karaya, After faring the seas I stepped on land,
Mevlam kısmet etti, ya geldim buraya, My creator permitted me to come here,
Niçin merhem olmazsınız yaraya, Why aren't you balm to my wound?
Deryalar içinde Lokmanı buldum. In the surge of the sea I found Lokman.196

Faring the seas, I found a community,
Deryada gezerken çıktım bir ocağa, After faring the seas I joined a guild,
Sana derim sana derim amuca. I'm telling you, paternal uncle,
Muhammed Ali’nin doğduğu gece, On the night of Muhammad Ali’s birth,
Kesilmiş biçilmiş kaftanı buldum, Hü, Hü Dost, I found the most appropriate, God, my friend
Biçilmiş savrulmuş kaftanı buldum. I found the very best.

№ 553. Evlad nefesi, Nuriye Çetin (1938 Bulgaria), Musulça

Alp akıçığından da beni şaşırma, Don't make me mad, don't mix me up,
Emirlik kervanı da belden aşırma. Don't cut the caravan of Emirlik into two,
Beni sevdigimden ayrı düşürme Don't separate me from my sweetheart.
Refr. Amman Abdal Musam ağlatma bizi, Refr. Oh, my Abdal Musa, don’t make us cry,
Şahim Emir Sultanım hoşça tut bizi. My Shah ruler sultan, keep us in good health!

Zinde vurup kefenciliğimi biçemem, While I’m alive, I can’t cut my death shroud,
Hissimden akrabamdan geçemem, I can’t leave my relatives or forefathers here,
Verme ecel şerbetçiliği içemem. Refr. Don’t give me the drink of eternity now, I can’t gulp it down yet. Refr.

196 Lokman is a legendary miraculous healer whom Muslims regard as the father of medicine. See also footnote 51.
№ 554. Nefes. Gülsün Doğrusöz (1942 Köşençiftlik), Musulça

Saçaklıdır koç kurbanım saçaklı,
Koklarız koparmayız gülüm goncağı,
Teslim Abdal‘ım erenlerin köçeği. Refr.

Başımıza diktiler altın taç gibi,
Boynumuza yaydılar siyah saç gibi,
Meydana getirdiler kurban koç gibi. Refr.

Güvercinlik derler şara vardın mı,
Ali’min durduğu yeri gördün mü,
Şahımın durduğu da yeri gördün mü,
Gözlerinden akan da nuru gördün mü. Refr.

№ 554. Nefes. Gülsün Doğrusöz (1942 Köşençiftlik), Musulça

Dinleyin kardeşler benim sözümü,
Felek yakı kül eyledi özümü,
Elimden aldırdım tatlı kuzumu.
Refr. Her gün kıyamette oğluma yanarım,
Her gün kıyamettir Şah’ıma yanarım.

Felek bana böylece bir oyun saldı
Bülbül dilli kuzumu elimden aldı,
Neyleyim kardeşler elim boş kaldı. Refr.

Evladın tatlısı tatlıdır baldan
Kokusu güzeldir kırmızı gülden,
Pir/Şah Sultan’ım ikrarındadır beli
İsmini yad etmek ister kendisi Veli

Pay heed to my words, brethren!
Fate has burnt me to ashes,
It has deprived me of my little lambs
Refr. Every day is doomsday for me, I am burning for my son,
Every day is doomsday for me, I am burning for my shah,
I was destined to such a role by fate,
It has taken away my lamb of a nightingale’s voice,
What shall I do, brethren, I have nothing left.
Refr.

A sweet child is sweeter than honey,
Its fragrance is more pleasant than that of the rose,
My saint/shah sultan made a pledge,
He wants to mention your name, he is holy,
The first is Muhammad, the last is Ali. Refr.
№ 555. Nefes. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Deryanın üzerinde bir gemi gördüm,
Oturmuş üç kimse bir mana söyler,
Gayet lütfiyilen biri birine söyler.
Refr. Pirin şah Aliahir zamanı söyler,
Bin otuz üç yıldan beri ummanı söyler.

Gelin kırklar gelin meyimden için,
Dünya tükenmeden özünü seçin,
Cebrail indirdiği o güzel koçu,
İsmail'e inen kurbanı söyler. Refr.

Hind ilinde Ali’ni kimler eyleledi,
İmam Cafer imza imza söyledi,
İfrit devin parmakların bağladı.
Refr.

Cebrail kuşları nura konunca,
Gökten nisan yağmurları yağınca,
Dev de titredi Ali’yı görünce,
Zülfikar oynadı yemini söyler.
Refr.

Pir/Shah Sultan’ım yerimize bir Abdal geldi,
Aradı eksikliğin özünde buldu,
İnsanın kalbinde muhabbet kaldı. Refr.

I saw a ship at sea,
There were three sitting in it, saying the same thing,
They said it to each other with all their hearts.
Refr. My saint Ali is telling the end of time,
He’s been mentioning the ocean for a thousand and thirty-three years.

Come, you Forty, drink from my wine,
Till the world ends, decide who you are,
Gabriel lowered that beautiful lamb,
The sacrifice arrived for Ismail, he said. Refr.

Those who slandered my Ali in India,
Jafer imam listed them one by one,
A pharisaic demon tied up your fingers. Refr.

When the birds of Gabriel settled in the light,
The ones falling as celestial sign did fall,
Seeing Ali the demon shuddered,
Zülfikar danced and took an oath. Refr.

I’m Pir /Shah Sultan, an Abdal came to us,
He sought for mistakes, he found one in himself,
What remained in man’s heart is love. Refr.

197 This nefes is a variant of nefes № 344 and 495.

№ 556. Kırklar semahı. Huriye Engin (1943 Topçular), Devletliağaç

Derdim çoktur hangisine yanayım,
Ben bu derde çare nerde bulayım,
Didariylen muhabbete doyulmaz.

My troubles are many, which one shall I com-
plain of?197
Where can I find remedy to them,
You can’t have enough of the encounter, the
nice speech.

He appears in various forms, more graceful
than the rose,
Don’t tease me, nightingale, pity for the rose,
My heart is wounded with longing,
The dear souls are approaching laughing.

You can’t have enough of the encounter and the
nice conversation,
One who is afraid of the nice conversation can’t
be taken for a man,
The Yezid can’t blow out the light of the candle,
When it flares up, the love’s fire is burning.

197 This nefes is a variant of nefes № 344 and 495.
№ 558. Semah. Bektashi congregation, Ahmetler

Pir Sultan'ım/Şah efendim katı yüksek uçarsın,
Selamsız sabahsız gelir geçersin,
Kardeş muhabbetten niye kaçarsın
Böyle midir yolumuzun töresi?

See № 495 and № 344

№ 558. Semah. Bektashi congregation, Ahmetler

Ah içinde yatıyor müslüm yiğitler.
Refr. Çekil gönül, çekil Şah'a varalım, varalım.
Pir Sultanım orda da kalbim büküldü,
Bugün dal boynuma kement atıldı, atıldı Hü Dost,
Gözlerimden kanlı da yaşlar döküldü. Refr.

№ 559. Semah. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Ah, Hızır paşam bizi de berdar etmeden.
Refr. Çekil gönül, çekil, Şah'a varalım, varalım.
Siyaset gülleri derip çatmadan. Refr.
Ah çık çık otur imam Cafer köşküne
Boyanalım amber ile miskine Hü, Hü, Hü,
Ah seni beni yaratının aşkına. Refr.


Bir nefescik söyleyeyim,
Dinlemesen neleyeyim
Aşk deryasını boylayayım
Ummana dalmaya geldim.
Ummana daldım, yoruldum
Kazana girdim kavrulдум
Hem elendim hem savrulдум
Meydana yennmeye geldim.
Ben Hakk'ın edna kuluyum
Kem nazarlardan biriyim
Cemiyetin bülbülüyüm
Didara ötmeye geldim.

Sinking into water, immersion, being immersed in unconsciousness are frequently recurrent motifs, already used by Yunus Emre: „Mana bahrine daldık…” (Eraydın 1990: 222).
Thracian Song Texts

598

№ 564. Nefes. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953) and İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Yine dosttan haber geldi
Dalgalandi çoğu görün
Bir can doğru yola vardı,
Katarlandı çoğu görün.

Kılavuzum Şah-ı Merdan
Çevresi dopdolu nurdan
Bunda her cahil dosttan,
Neylərsin vazgeçti görün.

Sırrı Ali’nin sırrı idi
Seyrederdi sever idi
Şunda bir avcı var idi
Vardı ağa düştü görün.

Açıldı bahçenin güllü
Qışer içinde bülbülü
Dost elinden dolu dolu
Sarhoş oldu içti görün.

Pir Şah Sultanım zulfü nider?
Er olan ikrarı güder
Cesed bunda seyran eder
Çün Hakka ulaştı görün.

№ 565. Mersiye. Muharrem Turgut Dervis (1931), Kızılcıkdere

Mah-i muhar[remde derd-i] hicranda,
Şah Hüseyin derde yanar ağlarım,
Zemin-i asıman bütün matemde.

Refr. Şah Hüseyin derde yanar ağlarım.
Bu fani dünyada olmadım abad,
Gözyaşı çeşmimi eyledi berbat
Ah imamlar derde ah eylerim feryad. Refr.

In the month of mourning with a grievous heart,
I am crying bitterly, my Shah Husain.
All is mourning under the sky,
Refr. I am crying bitterly, my Shah Husain.
In this transient world I couldn’t be happy,
My eyes are flooding with tears,
Alas, imams, alas, I am grieving. Refr.
Mühr-ü ehl-i beytir aşka nişan,
The sacred family tradition is the token of your love,
Bu derde düşeli akılm perişan,
Since I fell into trouble, I’ve lost my mind,
Çigerim hun döker ateşi efşan.
My lungs are bleeding, I’m in fever. 
Refr.
Senin aşkın beni hayran eyledi,
The lover for you inflames me,
Soyup bu cismimi üryan eyledi
My human body is freed of desires,
Bu çeşmimiz hüznüyle giryan eyledi. 
My two eyes are weeping sadly. 
Refr.
Esran Hüdaâdâr erenler remzi,
The mysterious God is the symbol of saints,
Bozulur mu levhde yazılan yazı?
Will the script engraved in stone deteriorate?

№ 566. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu – See № 567

№ 567. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Yeni Bedir

Cemâl’ın cennetini
I’ve come to admire
Görmeyle geldim Pirim,
The Eden of your beautiful face,
Puşidine yüzümü
I’ve come to touch my face
Sürmeye geldim Pirim.
To your veil, my saint.
Çıktım gönül turuna,
I’ve started on the way of the heart,
Niyaz ettim nuruna.
I prostrated myself before your light,
Elif olup darına
To stand at your door as elif199
Durmaya geldim Pirim.
I have come, my saint.
Sensin dinin mimberi
You are the direction of believers
Aman Horasan Eri.
Oh, saint of Khorasan!
Dost bağında gülleri
I’ve come to pick roses
Dermeye geldim Pirim.
In a friend’s garden.
Feyzinle doldum taştım
Fuelled by your strength,
Dağlar ovalar aştım
I crossed mountains and vales,
Adım adım yaklaştım
I approached you step by step,
Ermeye geldim Pirim.
I’ve come to touch you, my saint.
Yazıldım yazma gibi
I was written down like script,
Dizildim lokma gibi
Arranged in lines like morsel.
Varımı sofra gibi
Offering all I had on the table,
Sermeye geldim Pirim.
I’ve come, my saint.
Durdu zamanla mekan
Time and space have stopped,
Dem bu demdir an bu an
Time is this moment alone,
Sol yedinci kapıdan
Through your seventh gate
Girmeye geldim Pirim.
I enter to see you, my saint.
Turgut Baba der bana
Turgut Baba tells me
Kül oldum yana yana
I’ll burn to ashes.
Bir canım var ki sana
I have a soul that I’ve come
Vermeye geldim Pirim.
To hand over to you.

199 The name of the first letter in Arabic alphabet; it has the numerical value of 1 (Redhouse 1974: 336).
№ 568. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kırklareli – See № 567

№ 570. Nefes. Hasan Hüseyin Aslan (1935 Tatlıpınar), Kırklareli

Bugün bize mihman geldi,
Hanemizi şen eyeledi,
Bizim gülər yüzlerimizi
Onları seyran eyeledi.
Bizi seven mihmanlara,
Büzden selam o canlara.
Gülər yüzü mihmanlara,
Bizi seyran eyelediler.

A guest has come to see us today,
He brightened up our home,
Our smiling faces
Lked upon them fondly.
The guests who like us
Are welcome.
Our guests with smiling faces
Have visited us.

№ 571. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

[Geldi bahar öttü bülbü] [Spring is here, the nightingale sings,
Ferahaldi deli gonul, The foolish heart is relieved,
Açılıdı tazece bir gül. A fresh rose has blossomed.
Refr. Ferahaldi deli gonul.

Öter bülbü şahım diye, The nightingale sings: my Shah,
Imam Ali'm mahım diye. My imam Ali, my moon.
Dilim söyler Ali diye. Refr.

Mümün olan ikrar verir, A true believer takes a vow,
Can ile cananı bilir. He recognizes the beloved, the true God,
Er olan nefsini bilir. Refr.

Canda cananımdır Ali My spiritual lover, Ali,
Dilde mihmanımdır Ali The guide of my tongue,

Cafer Baba dile geldi Ja'fer Baba spoke,
Cümlemizin yüzü güldü The faces of all of us brightened up,
Sakiden bir dolu geldi. Refr.

A holy person has control over himself. Refr.

№ 572. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Geldi bahar, öttü bülbü, Spring is here, sang the nightingale,
Ferahaldi deli gonül, The foolish heart is relieved,
Açılıdı tazece sümübül. Fresh hyacinths are blooming.
Refr. Ferahaldi deli gonül.

Öter bülbü şahım diye, The nightingale sings: my Shah,
Imam Ali'mahım diye. Imam Ali, my moon,
Dilim söyler Ali diye. Refr.

Canda cananımsın Ali,
Dilde mihmansın Ali,

Mümin olan ikrar verir
Can ile cananı bilir
Er olan nefsini bilir. Refr.

Cafer Baba dile geldi
Cümlemizin yüzü güldü
Sakiden bir dolu geldi. Refr.

Mümin olan ikrar verir
Can ile cananı bilir
Er olan nefsini bilir. Refr.

Kerbela’nın gazileri
Yazılmıştır yazıları.
Fatma Ananın kuzuları.
Refr. Gel, nazlı imam Şah Hüseyin, Hü.

İmam Hüseyin attan düştü,
Yezitler başına düştü.
Düldül’ü Kabe’ye kaçtı. Refr.

İmam Hüseyin’in beşik taşı,
Kuran söyler kesik baş.
Fatma Ana’nın en küçük oğlu. Refr.

İmam Hüseyin’in can yoldaşı.
Refr. Y atır Kerbela içinde
Gömleği al kan içinde
Sıyah saçı nur içinde. Refr.

Ali söyledi bu sözü,
Yaş dolmuştu iki gözü
Alim söyledi bu sözü,
Yaşla doldu iki gözü

İmam Hüseyin’in can yoldaşı. Refr.


Pir/Şah Sultan’ım hey, gidi Yezide,
Bir içim su verin bize,
Kanımı helal etmem size!

My soulful lover Ali,
The guide of my tongue, Ali,
Goodness comes from you, Ali. Refr.

The true believer makes a pledge,
He differentiates the brothers to God
A holy person has control over himself. Refr.

J’afer Baba said it,
Our faces brightened up,
The dispenser of drinks filled the glasses. Refr.

The heroes of Kerbela
Had their fate predestined,
The lambs of Mother Fatma.
Refr. Come, dear imam, Shah Husain!

Husain imam fell off his horse,
The Yezids attacked him,
His horse Duldul fled to the Kaaba stone. Refr.

The cradle of Husain imam,
His severed head is reading the Quran,
Mother Fatma’s youngest son. Refr.

The spiritual fellow traveller of Husain imam.
Refr.

He rests in Kerbela
In a shirt soaked with blood
His black hair is enveloped in light. Refr.

Ali said this word
With tears in his eyes,
Ali said this word,
His eyes filled with tears,
The beloved/youngest son of Mother Fatma. Refr.

I’m Pir/Shah Sultan, [the devil take] that wicked Yezid!
Give me a sip of water,
You will answer for my blood!
№ 574. Nefes. Hasan Hüseyin Aslan (1935 Tatlıpınar), Kırklareli

Today guests have come to us,
Our home was filled with joy.
Our smiling faces
Looked at them.
The guests that love us
Are welcome.
Our guests of smiling faces.
Have visited us.
Our beloved fellow believers have come,
His love was preserved for his sweetheart
By the laughing face of the fellow believers.
Hasan and Husain are with you,
To an enthusiastic conversation
The guest came with a full cup.

№ 575. Nefes. Refi k Engin (1957 Kılavuzlu), Yeni Bedir – See № 576

For the love of Muhammad Ali,
The man stood on the square,
The sacrifice stood on the holy place.
The believers, the candles flared up,
The hearts were burning with desire,
Wrapped in divine love
The religious principles were revealed.
Those who adhere to you
Are entreating you in prayers
Then they take the beads,
The ocean becomes visible.
those with an iron will can reach haven,
The brave accept even death,
All ill becomes sweet
When the remedy is found.

200 The believers of Islam.
№ 577. Nefes. Hatice Şişmanova (1934 Yenibal), Aliye Mehmeedova (1911 Yenibal, Bulgaria), Bulgaria

He sacrifices his body and soul,
He says farewell to all else besides God,
Hand in hand with the beggar
The sultan is visible.
He ascends into heaven,
He deserved the crown of all,
He offers his hand to the needy,
God becomes visible.
With the darling, with whirling,
With God, by evoking him,
With the saint, the oath,
The order becomes visible.
Together with the sister from the dynasty
Mustafa and Mürtaza,
The humble servant Bedri
Noyan dedebaba stood in the holy place.

Yeşil dağın köşesinde ağlıyorum sana sana,
On my ways … I am waiting for him with my whole heart and soul,
I've fallen in love with you, I'm crying for you bitterly.

Cennetin kapısında üç masum bekler,
Three innocents are waiting at the gate of heaven,
Birisi arıyor, ikisi yan beklер,
One is looking round, the other two waiting aside,
Anneler babalar gelecek deyüş yollarda beklер.
Maybe the parents are coming, they say, waiting on the road. Refr.

201 Muhammad and Ali.

Kur'an yazılırken arş-ı Rahman'da,  
Sir kudret katibinin elindeydi,  
Kandil asılırken nur-u meskanda,  
Bülbül idin gonca gülündeydim.

When the Quran was written at the beginning of times,  
The secret was in the holy scribe's hand,  
When the lantern was hung in the bright space,  
I was a nightingale on the budding rose.

Kırklar arş üstüne kurdular cemi,  
Muhabbet halk oldu sürdüler demi.  
Balçıktan yaratdı/yuğurdu Allah ademi,  
Ol vakit ben onun belindeydim.

A ritual was held in space by the Forty,  
Drink was distributed during the nice talk,202  
Allah moulded man from mud,  
Then I was still in his stomach.

Yunus deryalara daldığı zaman,  
Bulğın karnında kaldığı zaman,  
Ali’ın Zülfükarı çaldığı zaman,  
Hayder kalesinde kolundaydım.

When Jonah dived into the sea,  
And stayed in the belly of the whale,  
When Ali fought with Zulfi kar,  
I was in a wing of Hayder's castle.

№ 581. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kırklareli

Balçıktan yarattı Allah Ademi,  
Ol vakit ben onun yanındaydım.  
Yunus deryalara daldığı zaman,  
Bulğın karnında kaldığı zaman.

Allah moulded man from mud,  
Then I was still beside him,  
When Jonah sank into the sea,  
And lived in the belly of the fish.

Ali Zülfükarı çaldığı zaman,  
Hayder kalesinde kolundaydım.  
Evel Cebrai’l’in ilk selamında,  
Kırklar meydanında aşk kevranında.

When Ali was fighting with Zulfi kar,  
I was in a wing of Hayder's castle,  
During the first annunciation of Gabriel,  
I was in divine love in the holy square.

Mihman söyleşirken yanındaydım,  
Seyran ile içmişim aşkın dolusunu.  

When the guest was talking, I was beside him,  
Taking delight in drinking the nectar of love.

№ 582. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Dün gece seyrimde bir dolu içtim.  
Refr. Hünkar Hacı Bektaş sen imdad eyle,  
Çok niyaz eleyip, yalvarıp düştüm.

Last night I had a drink in my dream.  
Refr. My lord, Haji Bektash, come, help me!  
I've prayed and begged a lot.

Muratlar verildi bir ulu cansın,  
Lanettir dünyada gevheri kati,  
Seni bilmeneler otlama yansın. Refr.

The goals have been set, you're a great soul,  
The nobler level of the world has been cursed,  
The one that doesn't know you should be burnt by fire. Refr.

Muhammed Ali'dir, Ali Muhammed,  
Onları sevenler bulurlar cennet,  
Sefil kellarnına eyle merhamet. Refr.

Muhammad is Ali and Ali is Muhammad,  
Those who worship them will get into heaven,  
Show mercy to your humble adherents. Refr.

202 The ritual is often referred to as the nice talk/conversation. The leader of the order gives clear explanations to certain hymns, this is the nice talk.
№ 583. Nefes. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Allah birdir, Hak Muhammed Ali'dir,
Anın ismi cümle alem doludur.
Bu yol Hak Muhammed Ali yoludur.
Refr. Gel Muhammed Ali dergahına gel.

Pir Sultan Abdal'ım mürvet Hüdadan,
Çıkıp gidelim şu fâni dünyadan,
El aman dilerse pirim Mehdi'den.
Refr.

№ 584. Düvazdeh nefesi, Bektashi congregation, Kırklareli

Muhabbet açılsın, cemal görünsün,
Muhammet, Mustafa, Ali aşına,
Hasan Hüseyin'in demi sürülsün,
Hatice Fatime Ali aşına.

Zeynel Abidin'i severiz can'dan,
Muhammed Bakır'ı ziyade can'dan,
Erenler buyurur ikrar imandan,
Dönmeyiz biz Cafer yolu aşına.

İmam Musa Kazım Ali Rıza'nın,
Taki veya Naki sırr-ı Hüdaya,
Hasan-ul askeri Mehdi Livaya,
Cümelmiz demişiz beli aşına.

Kaldır saki başın, yüzün göreyim,
Aslına, neslimizi bilelim,
Abdal Musa Sultan demi sürelim,
Doldur hemen doldur, dolu aşına.

Vasfi'yem alemde bir kemter geda,
Gahi erenlerden olmuşum câda,
Cümlemiz canmuş eyleriz feda,
Hünkâr Haci Bektaş Veli aşına!

Let the nice conversation begin, let’s evoke
God’s face,
To the love of Muhammad, Mustafa, Ali,
To the love of Hatije, Fatime, Ali.

We love Zeynel Abidin with all our hearts,
And Muhammad Bakir even more,
Holy people come and take a vow,
We’ll never leave the way of Jafer.

Musa Kazim, the imam of Ali Riza,
Taki, Naki imams are God’s secret,
Hasan’s soldier to the army of the Muslim Messiah,
We all said yes to [= accepted] his love.

Raise your head, cup-bearer, let me see your face,
Let’s learn about our descent,
Let’s have the drink of Abdal Musa Sultan,
Fill our glasses, fill them for the love of drink!

I’m Vasfiye, a despicable beggar in the world,
I’ve never turned away from the saints,
Our souls, all of us are ready to make sacrifices,
For the love of Haji Bektaş Veli Sultan, for the love of Ali.
№ 585. Nefes. Bektashi concert, Istanbul

Subh-u şam ey gönül çekelim gülbank Şahım,
Hayırlar feth olsun, şerler def olsun,
Azizlar aşık olsun, şerler def olsun.

Niyaz et muradı, Mevla’dan iste Şahım,
Hayırlar feth olsun şerler def olsun.

Sabahın sehrinde durup duaya Şahım,
El kaldırıp yüzün çevir semaya,
Sıkılmayan var ol Nakı Mevla’ya Şahım,
Hayırlar feth olsun şerler def olsun.

Açızlar aşık olsun, şerler def olsun.

Mornings and evenings let’s evoke God’s name,
Let blessings win, and wickedness disappear!
Thanks to the saints, wickedness should disappear!

My Shah, crave that God fulls your desire,
Let blessings win and wickedness disappear!

I prayed early in the morning, my Shah,
Raising your hand turn towards the sema,
Eagerly progress Nakı to God, my Shah
Let blessings win and wickedness disappear!
Thanks to the saints, wickedness should disappear!

Akilsen âlemde uyma kallaşa,
Beyhude yerlere düşme savaşa,
Var türâba yüz sür Hacı Bektaşa.Refr.

If you’ve got sense, don’t follow the mean in this world,
Do not fight for futilities,
Kneeling down touch your face to the ground before Haji Bektash. Refr.

Win, miserable, make your rounds,
Your tongue should repeat God’s name,
Your head should touch the threshold of Balim Sultan. Refr.

Perişan fetheyle hayra devrânın,
Daima zikretsin Hakkı zebânın,
Eşiğine baş koy Balım Sultânın.

№ 586. Nefes. Emrullah Yılmazgűç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Mağrip tarafından bir yıldız doğdu,
Mağrip tarafından şavkı on sekiz bin aleme vurdu,
Kudumlar203 çalındı kösler değildi.
Refr. Bir mutlak efendini bulabildin mi?

Mehdi çıktı diye bir al çakişır,
Gökte uçan melekler hışmından sakın,
Allah Allah deyi ism'a zem okunur. Refr.

From the direction of west a star has risen,
From west, from the light of which eighteen thousand worlds are illuminated,
The small drums were beaten, not the big ones.
Refr. Have you found the real master?

The Messiah has appeared, that is being shouted,
Even the angels flying in the sky fear his anger,
Allah, Allah, they cry and pray. Refr.

203 The Turkish word kudum is "a small double drum used for rhythm in Mevlevi music; it is played with special small sticks" (Redhouse 1974: 681).
№ 587. Nefes. Emrullah Yılmazguç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Ben bir baba idim kendi hanemde,
Hak’ın kelamını söyler dilim de Hü, Hü.
Ölüm geldi buldu beni hanemde.
Refr. Oğlum, taliplerim bilsin kıymetimi.

Pir Sultanım bunu böyle söyledi,
Söyledi de gene kendi dinledi,
Zeynep anam buna hamar ağladı. Refr.

I was a father/baba in my own house,
God’s word was on my tongue,
Death came and found me in my home.
Refr. My son and followers know my values.

Refr.

№ 588. Nefes. Gülsün Doğrusöz (1942 Köşençiftlik), Musulça

Musa kul iyi beyin koyununu güderken,
Dört kurt geldi kardeş, kurban istedi.
Allahın verdiği sürün var dedi,
Sürüden bize bir kurban ver dedi.

Güttüceğim koyun emanet dedi,
Emanete olmaz hiyanet dedi.
Sen var ana danh biz koyunu güdelim,
Güdelim de kavil-i karar edelim.

Ben gelince/varınca siz koyunu yersiniz,
Hatircığımı yıkıp göynüm eylersiz.
Biz rzasız lokma yada sunmayız,
Gelen kismetimizi geri koymayız.

Sen var ana danh, danh gel dedi,
Musa vardi ağasına da pes dedi,
Nedir yine geldiğin Musam dost dedi,
Dört kurt geldi kardeş kurban istedi.

Beni sana hem rızaya sallar,
Sen varıncı onlar koyunu gütsünler,
Gütsünler de kavil-i karar etsinler;
Arasından beğen getCategory'tini tutsunlar.

Servant Moses was grazing the sheep of a good lord,
Four wolves went up to him, brother, for a sacrificial animal.
They said, you’ve been given a flock by Allah,
Give us a sacrifice from the flock.

The flock I’m grazing was entrusted to my care, he answered,
Giving away from it would mean betrayal,
Go and discuss it, we’ll take away the lamb.
Take him away, but first we’ll make a final decision.

By the time I return you’ll have eaten the lamb, Misusing my goodness you’ll be having a good time,
We don’t offer unblessed food to strangers,
We don’t risk our good fortune.

Go and discuss it, then come back,
Moses went to his master, whispered it to him,
Why did you come, my friend, Moses, he asked,
Four wolves had come to me, brother, asking for a lamb to sacrifice.

They sent me here to ask for your consent,
They should graze the lamb till you return,
They should graze them and make a final decision.
And choose the one they like.
Musa’yın da göynüğü güldü şaz oldu,
Enez şimdi geldi akılm dedi,
Dördünüz dört taraftan sokulun dedi,
Dört kurt dört taraftan sürüye saldılar.

Moses became happy, his heart rejoiced,
Something occurred to me, he said,
The four wolves attacked the flock from four directions,
You four should attack from four directions.

Aradılar koçun anasını buldular,
Yardılar karnından kuzusunu aldılar,
Onu da dört melek sürüye saldılar.

They looked for the mother of the ram and found it,
They tore her up and took her lamb out from her belly,
Then four angels attacked the flock.

№ 589. Nefes. Gülsün Doğrusöz (1942 Köşençiftlik), Musulça – See № 588

№ 590. Matem nefesi. Sefer Çalışkan (1925 İştip/Macedonya), Zeytinburnu

Her bahçede uçan bülbül kuş gibi,
Uçturan mı dertli, uçan mı dertli, Haydar,
Uçturan mı dertli, uçan mı dertli, Hü.

Like a nightingale flying in every garden,
Which is more sorrowful, the one that makes it fly or the one that flies, Haydar?
Which is more sorrowful, the one that makes it fly or the one that flies?

Kendi bahçesinde gonca gül idi,
Açtıran mı dertli, açan mı dertli, Haydar/Hü.

He was a rosebud in his own garden,
Which is more sorrowful, the one that makes it open, or the one that opens it, Haydar?

Herkez ektiğini kendi biçer mi?
Biçtiren mi dertli, biçen mi dertli Haydar/Hü.

Everyone reaps what he has sown,
Which is more sorrowful, that which has been reaped, or the one that reaps, Haydar?

Bir muhabbet iken sakisi Ali,
Dolduran mı dertli, içen mi dertli?

During a ritual Ali was the dispenser of drinks,
Which is more sorrowful, the one that fills the glasses, or the one that drinks, Haydar?

№ 591. Nefes. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Çıktım, seyreyledim ben şu alemi,
Bana da bir handı dalinden oldum,
Kendi dilim ile dıştüm belaya,
Sabr edemedim dilim derd oldu.

I set out and wandered all around this world,
I had a home, but I was deprived of my branch,
My own tongue brought me great trouble,
I was impatient, I blurted out the secret.

Güzeller karşıya yayıldı yattı,
Aşkın sevdigine gönülden vermiş,
Herkes sevdigini gönülden sevmiş,
Erenlerin kilci yolsuzu kesmiş.

The beautiful dispersed on the other side, they lay down,
She gave her love to her lover from the bottom of her heart,
All loved their lovers from the bottom of their hearts,
The sword of saints slew the misguided.
Yolsuz ağlar bana yolundan oldu,  
Ne olaydı Yezide, alaydin akıl,  
İndi koç yiğitler bekler [...]  
Yandı elim?.. halim berbattır,  
Ördek ağlar bana gölümden oldum.  
Pir/Shah Sultanım ben bu duruma ne edim?  
Herkes ne ektiyse, kendine ekti,  
Ördek … turnalar önünde,  
Turnalar ağlar bana gölünden oldu,  
Ağlar turnam bana gölünden oldu.

Don't think that we've taken a vow today,  
Our vow goes back to the beginning of times,  
We found it before Adam and Eve,  
Before the creation of the world for the secret of the judgement.

Even prophets don't understand the secret of this prayer,  
We got near the secret of the soul,  
We solved this mystery in paradise,  
Drinking the wine of Kevser with Ali.

Holding hands we entered the great sanctuary,  
No one grabbed the depth of the secrets,  
We gave our whole being to Allah,  
For the first time we managed to unite with friends since the beginning of times.

Our prayer’s La ilahe Hü,204  
We mention the names of Muhammad and Ali,  
We cite God, Avni Baba, this is the teaching,  
From Haji Bektash Veli.

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204 There is no one but Allah.
№ 596. Nefes. Mehmet Öztürk (1928 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Kimi köyler farzı sünnet, ey,  
Odur Muhammet, hümmet, ey,  
Gelsin, Muhammedim, gelsin.  
Düşmüşlerin elin alsın, hay.  
Canım sana kurban olsun,  
Refr.: Muhammet Ali aşkına,  
Bizi yaratathan aşkına, ay.

Çağırdım üçler aşkına,  
Çağırızdım üçler aşkına. Refr.

Gelsin, Muhammedim, gelsin.  
Düşmüşlerin elin alsın, hay. Refr.

Gelin bu fakat geçelim,  
Ak ile karayı seçelim,  
Hoşça hoşça can verelim,  
Muhammet Ali aşkına.

Bu dünya kurulu faktır,  
Gerçeklerin sözü haktır, hay  
Allah bir peygamber vardır/haktır. Refr.

Gel şah Sultana varalım,  
Gel Pir Sultana varalım,  
Onda didaren görelim, hay  
Biz Allah’a yalvararım,  
Biz Mevlam’a yalvararım. Refr.
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<thead>
<tr>
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<tr>
<td>abad</td>
<td>P. flourishing</td>
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<tr>
<td>abdal</td>
<td>arch. a category of holy men, a wandering dervish withdrawing from the world and approaching God, one who is able to undergo transformation from physical existence into spirituality</td>
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<td>âb-ı hayat</td>
<td>n. 1. water of life 2. knowledge acquired through experience</td>
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<td>Âb-ı Kevser</td>
<td>n. a river in heaven, cooler than ice, sweeter than honey</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ab-i revan</td>
<td>n. 1. river water 2. life</td>
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<tr>
<td>adem</td>
<td>n. non-existence; ~ı mutlak absolute non-existence</td>
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<tr>
<td>âgâh</td>
<td>adj. initiated, knowledgeable</td>
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<tr>
<td>âğıt</td>
<td>n. dirge, lament, funeral song</td>
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<td>âğız</td>
<td>n. mouth; ~ı kara one that hasn’t taken a vow, hasn’t joined the order</td>
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<td>âgyar</td>
<td>n. plur. strangers, others, the outsiders</td>
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<td>ah- et-</td>
<td>sigh, grieve</td>
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<tr>
<td>ahd-ü peyman</td>
<td>n. oath, given word, vow</td>
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<td>Ahî</td>
<td>n. 1. Islamic order in the late Seljuk age 2. religious brother, member of the same communion</td>
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<tr>
<td>ahilik</td>
<td>n. sworn brotherhood spread in Anatolia from Kırşehir and its vicinity in the 13–15th century</td>
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<td>âhiret (ahret)</td>
<td>n. the hereafter, the other world; ~ kardeşi the name given by sworn brothers to each other</td>
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<td>Ahmed</td>
<td>n. another name of Hz. Muhammed; ~ı muhtar holy leader, prophet</td>
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<td>akıl</td>
<td>1. n. reason, knowledge of practical things, intuitive comprehension, the ability of comprehending God; aklı evvel universal knowledge 2. adj. sensible</td>
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<tr>
<td>al</td>
<td>n. spirit, anthropomorphic demon among the early Turkic peoples in Central Asia</td>
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<td>albastı</td>
<td>n. 1. witch 2. fever (lit. witch pressure)</td>
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<td>alem</td>
<td>n. the world, the inhabitants of the world; ~ı şehadet n. the visible world</td>
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<td>alevi</td>
<td>n. adj. respecting Hz. Ali as a saint, regarding him as the successor of the prophet</td>
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<tr>
<td>âli</td>
<td>adj. the most high, dignified, magnificent</td>
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<tr>
<td>alim</td>
<td>n. arch. Islamic scholar</td>
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**ABBREVIATIONS**

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amân n. invocation, prayer
anabacı n. name of the wife of the highest Bektashi leaders → babaerenler
anber n. fragrance
anda n. the mythological bird of Mount Kaf → hüma, existing only in the imagination
ar n. shame, something to be ashamed of; ~ eyle-/et- be ashamed of something
Arafat n. a holy mountain east of Mecca, where Prophet Abraham was to sacrifice his son
arı n. 1. bee; 2. one who investigates reality
arif n. happy possessor of divine knowledge
arslan n. lion, permanent attribute of Hz. Ali; ~ süttü n. raki
arş-i rahman n. arch. the throne of the merciful God
aruz n. verse pattern arranged by the length of syllables and the openness and closedness of vowels used mostly in Divan poetry in Ottoman literature
arz et- describe, explain, mean
arzuman n. desire
asa n. stick, the means of keeping order in Alevi ceremonies
asuman P. firmament, heavens (poetic)
aşçıbaşı n. chef
aşevi n. 1. kitchen 2. a house of the order
aşık n. 1. one who loves 2. in the Bektashi order the aşık has not taken a vow yet, and can only take part in singing and dancing during the ceremony 3. singer who accompanies his hymns on the bağlama fn.
âşinâ/âşnâ n. sect members, sharing secrets and confidential information with each other
aşkar n. 1. red (hair, man) 2. brown horse
asure n. dessert cooked from wheat seeds and dried fruits left from the previous year in the month of mourning for Husain (March)
avam n. the plebs, the masses, the lower orders
avlak n. game preserve, a place for hunting
avn n. Ar. help
ayak müürle- 1. stamp one’s foot, viz. placing the right big toe on the left 2. express respect towards the baba
ayakçı postu n. the most simple and humble of the twelve duties of servants that help in the ceremony
ayet n. poem, cf. Ar. aya (plur. ayat) 1. sign, symbol 2. verse of the Quran
ayıt- arch. say, explain, speak
ayin-i cem n. arch. P. the main religious ceremony of the Mevlevi, Bektashi and Kizilbashi orders with music and dances attended by men and women → cem, kırklar cemi
ayine n. a mirror reflecting the universe, and a mirror in which God is reflected in perfect man
azam adj. the most, the greatest, maximal
azap, -bı n. Ar. hellish pain, otherworldly punishment
Azrail n. Ar. the Angel of Death who comes for our souls
baba n. acknowledged rank in the Bektashi order, the chosen leader of the community
babaerenler n. plur. the highest leaders of the Bektashis guiding the members of the community towards God; the lowest rank among them is that of the → mürşit
bacı n. woman, sister who has entered the Bektashi order
bâde n. 1. beverage, wine 2. affectionate conversation 3. desire to unite with God
bâğban n. field-guard, looking after the vineyard
Bağ-I İrem n. Paradise, the Garden of Eden
bağlantı n. kind of a nefes with the names of the twelve imams performed in the ceremony → düvazdeh imam
bahir/hri/ n. arch. a poetic meter in aruz
bahr n. sea
bal n. 1. honey 2. divine justice
Balım Sultan the grandson of Haci Bektas Veli; ~ Erkanı one of the best-known Bektashi communities in Thrace
balımtaşı n. dodecagonal flat marble pendant hung around the neck of the candidate by the spiritual teacher
bâr n. 1. a name of Allah 2. weight, burden
basret n. 1. vision 2. ability to see the essence behind the phenomenon
baş n. wound, abscess
baş okut- punish someone in the presence of the congregation
baş okutma n. the annual confirmation of the oath of the Bektashis
batın/batn n. 1. belly 2. descent, pedigree 3. hidden/inner meaning
batıni adj. Ar. inner, hidden, secret, mysterious, esoteric, mystic
Bektaşî n. adj. a moral person seeking harmony in the world, seemingly devoted to the people but actually to God; one who accepts reality and has no intention to change others
Bektaşîlik n. 12th-century Turkish mystic religious order connected to the name of Haji Bektas Veli. In the 15th century it was reformed by Balim Sultan who is regarded as the second founder of the order.
bel bağla- 1. girding one’s waist, the symbol of becoming a man (viz. an authorized member of the community) 2. joining the order
bel evladi n. offspring, one’s own child
berat n. Ar. innocence; ~ gecesi the night of enlightenment when divine justice becomes manifest for the wanderer on the road
beyi/yti/ n. two verse lines connected by their content
beytullah n. 1. the house of God 2. the heart of perfect man
bezirgan n. 1. merchant 2. master (in whose company mystic knowledge can be attained)
bezim n. P. 1. congregation, meeting, gathering 2. banquet
biregü someone, other
bismillah “in the name of Allah” opening phrase said before all kinds of activity
Bism-i Şah in the name of the Shah [Ali] – opening phrase said before certain prayers in the ceremony
bühtan et- bring a false charge against someone, charge someone with something
bülbül n. well-meaning person, person singing nicely in the congregation
bütt n. 1. statue of God 2. beauty, beautiful sweetheart, lover
cahil adj. Ar. ignorant, inexperienced
can n. 1. soul 2. pupil 3. expression used by Bektashi dervishes to address each other
canan n. the worshipped (God)
carci n. the cleaner in the ceremony → farraş
Cebrail the Archangel Gabriel, the messenger in Islam
celâl n. 1. greatness 2. Almighty, Glorious God
cem n. 1. collective religious ritual 2. gathering, congregation of the Alevi-Bektashis
cemaat n. Ar. community, Muslim congregation
cemal n. Ar. 1. beautiful/radiant face 2. divine perfection 3. divine grace
cemhane n. house of rituals, a place where ayin-i cem is held
cemhane n. house of rituals, a place where ayin-i cem is held
cev(i)r/vri/ n. arch. pain, torture, suffering, misery, poverty → eziyet, cefa
cezbe n. ecstasy, religious ardour
cida n. lance, a spearlike weapon
cihađ n. holy war (cf. Ar. jihad endeavour, effort)
cinas n. Ar. a poetic device “turning” of polysemous words (using their different meanings in the same text)
cönk n. handwritten collection of the sacred texts of religious hymns
cudam adj. miserable
cuma akşamı n. the night between Thursday and Friday, the usual time of the Bektashi religious ceremony
cüda n. P. distant, separated; ~ düş- (~dan) drift apart, move away, become separated
cağ adj. 1. new-born 2. raw, immature
car deh masumpak n. the fourteen innocent underage saints
cırağ → çırağ
cığır n. 1. track, path 2. trace 3. way, route; ~ aç- show/open way
cıplak 1. naked, bare 2. freed earthly vani-
ties
çırağ n. P. 1. apprentice 2. pupil
cığ adj. raw, unripe, callow 2. one that hasn’t immersed oneself in studying the true faith
cile n. suffering, torture; ~ çek- go through great suffering, suffer badly
cırağ n. P. lantern, candle, wick, light, source of light, the candle lit during the religious ceremony of the congregation to keep bad souls away and call together the good ones; ~ dinlendir- extinguishing of the candles during the ceremony; ~ uyandır- relighting of the candles
çırâğçı n. one of the twelve men rendering service during Bektashi rituals, candle lighter
corba n. aşure cooked on the last day of the feast in the month of mourning
dane n. P. bird food
dâr n. 1. gallows 2. in Alevi and Bektashi rituals the middle of the assembly room, a sacred area; ~ a durma dervishes express their respect towards their religious leader with their arms crossed and their right big toe placed on the left while the others kneel and keep watching with their hands resting on their knees; ~ dan indirme the religious leader signals to the dervish that his respect has been accepted and he has been blessed
dede n. a religious leader in Alevi communities regarded as a descendant of Hz. Ali
dedebaba n. 1. highest rank in Bektashi communities 2. main leader of the Bek-
tashis
delâlet n. guidance; ~ et- act as a guide
delil n. (candle)light lit by the person entrusted with it during the ritual; ~ uyandır light the candle
dem n. 1. wine 2. breath 3. short interval
dergah n. P. 1. the front of the gate, in front of somebody 2. the venue of the rituals, assembly room
derkle- collect; lugatı ~ compile a dictionary
derunice sincerely, from the bottom of one’s heart
derviş n. P. 1. dervish, ascetic man/woman, candidate, doing without worldly pleasures 2. person ready to render any service for the baba during rituals 3. adj. poor, modest, humble, tolerant
destur n. P. permission
deva n. Ar. balm, medicine, cure
devir n. 1. turning, whirling 2. cycle
deyiş n. 1. song 2. religious song in Alevi and Bektashi communities 3. folk song
deyre n. monastery, cloister, Christian church
didar n. face, cheek, physiognomy
divan n. collected poems of an author (compiled on the basis of the last sounds of the rhymes)
divane n. God’s fool
divan edebiyatı n. Ottoman (court) literature between the 13th and 19th centuries showing Arabic and Persian influence as regards subject matter, form and poetic devices
dize n verse line
dolu n. 1. full, filled (glass, bottle) 2. a glass (containing a drink) 3. one who has experienced God; ~ üçleme the dispenser of drinks (~ dolucu) offers the glass three times to the leader of the ceremony and to the ones sitting on his right and left while naming their holy trinity: “Allah-Muhammad-Ali”
dolucu n. dispenser of drinks → saki
don n. 1. pants, underpants 2. disguise, transformed mode of existence
dört n. 1. four 2. so-called magic number among Bektashis
dört kapı n. the four-fold road → şeriat, tarikat, hakikat, marifet
dört kardeş n. the four elements: fire, air, water and earth
dua n. prayer said by the religious leader or his substitute at funerals and burial feasts, during qâbi taking ceremonies and flag hoisting
duaz n. opening song in the ceremony
duçar P. found out, caught
Düldül n. the name of Hz. Ali’s horse
düşerge n. temporary accommodation, shelter
düşkünlük n. 1. immoderateness 2. domination of instincts over man 3. deeds punished by exclusion (murder, withdrawal of the profession of faith, oath-breaking, divulgence of the secret, adultery, sexual violence, abduction, polygamy, divorce, false charge, etc.)
düvazdeh imam n. P. the twelve imams
edna adj. the smallest, of no significance, inferior, mean
efkâr n. plur. Ar. views, ideas
eh-i beyt n. Ar. 1. ahl al-bayt the members of the prophet’s family, Muhammad and his direct line of descent, the people of the House: Muhammad, Fatma, Ali, Hasan 2. plur. thoughts, ideas
ekrem/kerim Ar. the very best, the most excellent
elest(ü) “Am I not your Lord?” God’s question to Adam when he was created (Quran VII: 171)
elhamdülillah Ar. Marvellous! Blessed be God! Thanks to God!
er n. a man who has joined the Bektashi order
erenler n. plur. holy men who have proceeded on the way to God
erkân n. plur. 1. way, mode, proceedings, custom, tradition, order 2. (religious) principles, ceremonies, rites
esrar n. 1. secret, mistery 2. hashish
estağfurullah Ar. May God forgive! (in case of overpraise or self-criticism)
esik n. 1. threshold 2. word used instead of Hz. Ali’s name 3. Muhammad is the city of knowledge, Ali is the starting point (viz. the threshold) of the way leading there
esikçi n. the clerk that receives the arrivals and checks their prayer at the threshold → gözcü, oniki hizmet
<table>
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<tr>
<td><strong>evliya n. Ar. Muslim saint</strong></td>
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<td><strong>eyvallah 1. all right, yes 2. n. approval, acceptance, consent, permission 3. the word said by the baba permitting the performance of the nefes in the ceremony</strong></td>
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<td><strong>eyyam n. Ar. days, period, interval</strong></td>
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<td><strong>ezan n. the muezzin's call to prayer</strong></td>
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<td><strong>ezel n. Ar. eternity, the days of yore</strong></td>
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<td><strong>fakir (plur. fukara) n. I (used by a dervish speaking about himself)</strong></td>
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<td><strong>fakirlık n. renunciation of worldly goods and possessions for God's love</strong></td>
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<td><strong>fani adj. Ar. transitory, mortal; ~ dünya transitory world</strong></td>
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<td><strong>farraş n. sweeper, one of the twelve men doing service in the ceremony ➔ carcı, süpürgeci</strong></td>
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<td><strong>farz n. Ar. (religious) duty</strong></td>
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<td><strong>fena n. death, extinction, annihilation, sinking into oblivion</strong></td>
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<td><strong>ferişte n. angel</strong></td>
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<td><strong>feta n. Ar. hero, brave man; La ~ illa Ali There's no hero like Ali!</strong></td>
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<td><strong>fetva n. Ar. religion-based decision made by the mufti ➔ (müftü) in an Islamic legal affair</strong></td>
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<td><strong>feyz n. Ar. abundance, fertility, prosperity, divine blessing 2. inspiring spiritual force, enlightenment 3. generous gift</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Firdevs n. Ar. Paradise</strong></td>
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<td><strong>fitne n. Ar. revolt, rebellion</strong></td>
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<td><strong>füttüvet n. Ar. self-sacrifice, willingness to make sacrifices for others</strong></td>
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<td><strong>gafi adj. Ar. careless, negligent</strong></td>
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<td><strong>gaflet n. Ar sluggishness, inertness</strong></td>
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<td><strong>gani adj. Ar. rich, abundant, plentiful</strong></td>
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<td><strong>gazi n. Islamic fighter, martyr of Islam</strong></td>
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<td><strong>geda n. P. beggar, poor man</strong></td>
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<td><strong>geççek ertenler n. plur. the enlightened, the just, the perfect</strong></td>
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<td><strong>gevher n. P. 1. pearl, jewel 2. essence 3. knowledge, wisdom</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Gök Tengri n. sky god</strong></td>
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<td><strong>gönül indir- be content wi² (less), put up wi² something</strong></td>
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<td><strong>gözçü n. sentry, watchman, one of the twelve servants, man keeping order during Bektashi ceremonies ➔ eşikçi</strong></td>
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<td><strong>gül n. 1. rose, the most beautiful thing 2. man himself (in Bektashi communities); ➔ destesi 1. a bunch or roses 2. a collection of nefeses</strong></td>
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<td><strong>gülbang/gülbank/gülbenk n P. 1. call to prayer 2. battle cry of the Janissaries 3. loud common prayer, commemoration, prayer for the great religious leaders of the past</strong></td>
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<td><strong>gün n. Hz. Muhammad's symbol</strong></td>
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<td><strong>güman n. P. opinion, thought, suspicion, supposition</strong></td>
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<td><strong>gürüh n. P. flock, herd (of people), horde, mob</strong></td>
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<td><strong>güvende n. 1. the man in charge of security in the ceremony ➔ gözçü 2. minstrel</strong></td>
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<td><strong>hacet n. Ar. need, matter, thing; bab-i ➔ gate of the shrine, place for prayer, where pilgrims pray</strong></td>
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<td><strong>hacı n. honorary title of one who has complied wi³ the rules of Islam and made a pilgrimage to Mecca</strong></td>
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<td><strong>hakikat n. reality, (divine) truth; ➔ şehrî stage in the process of acquiring divine knowledge</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Hak(k) n. God; ➔ meydani the holy place; ➔ vere God give! If only!</strong></td>
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<td><strong>hal (plur. ahval) n. Ar. state (of mind) of the Sufi walking on the pa³ in ecstasy</strong></td>
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<td><strong>halayik n. female slave, female servant</strong></td>
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halifebaba *n.* 1. among Bektashis the second highest rank below **Dedebaba**, caliph, substitute 2. a person appointed by the dedebaba to choose the babas from the dervishes

Hâlik *n.* Allah, the creator, God Almighty

Hamdet- (-e) give thanks to God; **Hand olsun!** Thanks to God!

Hamse *n.* arch. Ar. 1. a literary work of five mesnevis 2. literary history

Hanefî *n.* one of the four Islamic communities that can perform the ritual of **sünnet** (circumcision)

Hangah *n.* the assembly of dervishes

Hannan *n.* God

Harem *n.* private section of a house

Harlı *adj.* ill-omened, unlucky

Haydar *n.* 'lion' Hz. Ali's nickname; ~i kerrar angry/fierce lion

Helak ol- die

Helâl *adj.* Ar. canonically lawful, permissible; ~ et- turn a blind eye to, forgive, cancel (debt)

Hemise always, constantly, permanently

Hemş et- desire, long for

Hiderleze *n.* the beginning of summer (May 6th), the fortieth day after the vernal equinox

Hurka *n.* Ar. wool waistcoat, garment worn by dervishes in the ceremony

Huşm [Huşm] *n.* anger, rage

Hızır *n.* immortal legendary hero; protector of the misguided and the dying

Hiceb *n.* Ar. obstacle between man and God

Hikmet *n.* Ar. knowledge, divine knowledge

Hilâfel *n.* caliphate

Hilafetname *n.* P. Dede Baba's letter of appointment written to a → **halifebaba**

Hilebaz P. deceitful, dishonest, tricky, unreliable, cunning, shrewd

Himmet *n.* Ar. 1. help, grace, protection, mystical help from saints 2. effort, endeavour 3. miracle; ~ et- help, give support to; ~ al- be enchanted with, be influenced by

Hirka *n.* waistcoat, the patchwork garment of the Sufi

Hizmet *n.* Ar. (in Bektashi ceremonies twelve duties are performed)

Hoca *n.* devoted Muslim in the service of Islam or a Muslim teacher

Hod *P.* self, own

Hü/Hü *n.* Ar. he [= God]

Hulk *n.* nature, behaviour

Hulul *n.* 1. incarnation 2. God's manifestation in different persons, e.g. Hz. Ali, the twelve imams, etc.

Huri *n.* a woman of heavenly beauty, beside whom the true believer finds happiness

Hurrem *adj.* P. cheerful, merry

Huruf; (Harf) *plur. n.* Ar. letter

Huruфи *n.* Islamic sect, attributing divine significance to relations hidden behind certain groups of letters; a part of the sect became absorbed by Bektashism

Hüma *n.* P. mythological bird in Paradise, the bird of happiness

Hüner. *n.* P. skillfulness, talent, virtue, stunt

Hünkâr *n.* P. sovereign, ruler

Issi *adj.* hot

İşık *n.* light, dervish

Ibrikçi *n.* the person pouring water for hand washing after ceremonial dinners → **sucu, oniki hizmet**

İcazetname *n.* letter of appointment, diploma, certificate to the pupil from the master, document (e.g. to certify teaching skills)

İdrak *n.* Ar. explanation, conception

İkilik *n.* duality, failure to comprehend divine justice

İkrâr *n.* 1. holy oath, vow 2. confession 3. avowal, profession of faith → **nasip**
~ *ayını* ceremonial oath taking of the person joining the order; ~ *ver-* confirm one's faith in *silâhî* adj. 1. divine, of God 2. very nice, wonderful 3. chant of praise; 4. dial. In Thrace a performer insisted that in their region *ilâhî* also means "lament" *ilga* et- annul, abolish, do away with *ilim* n. 1. knowledge 2. the imams' knowledge of divine origin; ~ ü *irfan* knowledge and study *imam* n. Muslim priest *iman* n. faith *insat/dı/ n. arch. 1. recitation 2. recital, recitation of poetry *intha* n. Ar. end, doom *iptida* n. Ar. beginning *irfan* n. 1. (spiritual) knowledge, knowledge from the Quran and from the teachings of prophets, the ability to understand and comprehend culture 2. intelligence, intuition → *bilme, anlama,* kültür *irşat/dı/ n. Ar. guidance, warning *irticalen* adv. extemporaneously; ~ *söyle-* perform sg extemporaneously *İsm-i A'zam* n. the greatest name, God's name *izah* n. Ar. explanation, elucidation *izzet* n. Ar. honour, greatness, excellence; ~ i *nefis* self-esteem

*kafir* n. Ar. infidel *kafiye* n. rhyme
*Kaf ü nun* n. let it be! (divine command, by which all existent was created) *kainat* n. Ar. cosmos, universe, space, the whole world *kam* n. arch. shaman *kâmil* adj. mature, excellent, perfect, complete *kancaru* arch. where to? which way?

*kande* arch. where?
*kapıcı* n. doorman during the ceremony, one of the twelve men in service → *oniki hizmet*
*karsılama* n. reception, welcome song in one's new home
*kattra/katre* n. Ar. drop
*kazan* n. cauldron
*kazayağı* n. 1. foot of a goose 2. among Tahtacis the three toes are regarded as the symbol of the Holy Trinity *kehanet* n. Ar. prediction, soothsaying *kelam* n. Ar. word, speech

*kemal, -li* n. Ar. mature knowledge, wisdom, experience

*kement* n. name of the belt girded around the waists of the twelve men on duty

*kemerbeste* 1. the belted one who has girded the belt called *tiğbent* around his waist 2. a man able to control his instincts

*kemter* adj. P. good-for-nothing, worthless, mean, base

*Kenan* n. Ar. Canaan

*keramet* n. miracle, miraculous deed, supernatural act

*kerim* adj. Ar. 1. bounteous, generous 2. Allah

*kesene* n. fine imposed by the Bektashi community, proportionate to the crime committed

*kevser* n. 1. nourishment, vital element 2. the largest river/lake in Paradise

*kirik* n. the forty stations or obstacles on the way to God with four gates

*kirklar cemi* n. the ceremony of the Bektashis → *ayin-i cem*

*kirklar meclisi* n. a meeting led by Hz. Ali and attended by Hz. Muhammed

*kirklar meydanı* n. the holy place of the dervishes, the venue of the ceremony

*kiyas* n. Ar. analogy, comparison
Kızıl Deli *n.* the red lunatic; name of a 15th-century Bektashi saint (Seyyid Ali Sultan)

kible *n.* Ar. the direction of Mecca the faithful must face when performing their prayer

kuşma *n.* folk song accompanied by a plucked string instrument, the rhythm of which is characterized by counting syllables, and by the first, second and fourth lines of the first strophe rhymes with the fourth lines of the other verses while the rest of the lines rhyme with each other (aaba, bbcb). Its subjects include love, affection and the events of nature.

koyun *n.* the lamb of God, lamb

kudret *n.* Ar. power, strength, ability, the omnipotence of God, fortune

kurban *n.* sacrifice offered to gain the grace and benevolence of Allah

kuyucu *n.* a man whose duty is to bury the leftovers of animal sacrifice → oniki hizmet

külli *adj.* Ar. 1. complete, universal, general 2. numerous, large, ample

külliye *n.* 1. archives 2. œuvre collected in one volume

küşade *adj.* P. happy, relieved

lâkap/bu *n.* Ar. nickname

lamekan *Ar.* God (viz. beyond space)

mahbud *Ar.* beloved, adored

mahdi/Mehdi *Ar.* 1. one guided by God, following the right way 2. according to a Shiite principle the restorer of religion and justice (the *mahdi*) has disappeared but may return any time 3. Mahdi *Ar.* the son of Hz. Ali, the twelfth imam, the Messiah, whose arrival means the end of the world

mahlas *n.* Ar. 1. assumed name 2. pen name

mahşer *n.* 1. the Last Judgement 2. a great crowd of people, chaos

makalat (makele) *n.* plur. Ar. speeches; collected writings attributed to Hadji Bektash

makam *n.* Ar. station on the Sufi path with four doors and forty stations → kirk makams

makbul *adj.* Ar. accepted, loved, admired, much liked

malamat *n.* Ar. abashment, condemnation, disparagement

manende *P.* similar, resembling sy/sg

mani *n.* Turkish folk song type

manzume *n.* 1. rhymed metric work 2. literary work in verse 3. poetry

marifet *n.* experience, knowledge, experimental knowledge, mystic knowledge, introversion, silent contemplation

maşuka *n.* lover

mazbata *n.* Ar. arch. official report of an event

mazhar *n.* Ar. 1. manifestation 2. object of (honour, love, etc.)

mecmua *n.* Ar. anthology, periodical, collected material

meclis *n.* Ar. 1. meeting, council 2. Sufi assembly for singing religious songs and chanting the wonderful names of God

meded *n.* supplication, help

medrese *n.* Muslim school

mehdi → mahdi

meleik *n.* Ar. plur. angels

melamet *n.* Ar. blaming, criticism

menakibname *n.* Ar. plur. description/research of the saints’ lives

mengüş *n.* P. horseshoe shaped earring worn in the right ear by dervishes who have taken a vow of celibacy

menkibe *n.* Ar. tale, legend, life stories of famous people

Mennan *n.* God
mensure n. Ar. explanation (viz. retelling of a poem or hymn in prose)
mersiya n. Ar. 1. lament 2. elegy among Bakteshis commemorating the death of Hz. Husain
mert/di/ adj. P. 1. reliable, trustworthy 2. completely independent, free
mes'adet n. Ar. happiness
mesnevî n. Ar. narrative poem
mestane adv. P. drunk/enchanted (with God's love), unconsciously, beside oneself
mevlana n. Ar. our leader
mevlid n. Ar. 1. the birthday of Sufi saints, bir\(^{th}\) 2. place of birth 3. mesnevi (poem) telling the story of Hz. Muhammad's birth and life 3. religious ceremony of reading out the mesnevi mentioned above
mevt n. 1. death 2. complete disposal of worldly goods, the goal of all Bektashis
meyhta n. Ar. corpse
meydan n. holy place, venue of the religious ceremony for the Bektashi who have taken a vow
meydanci n. one of the twelve duties in the ceremony: the person in charge of the cleanliness of the holy place and the order of the ongoing events
meyhane n. 1. taproom, pub 2. convent, monastery
mezhep n. religious doctrine, religious sect, view
musra/ti/ n. Ar. line of verse (rhymed, metrical) \(\rightarrow\) dize
mihman n. P. 1. guest 2. mystic traveller
mihnet n. Ar. sorrow, grief, trouble
mirac n. Ar. ascent, the Ascension of Muhammad
misafirhane n. P. guesthouse
molla n. Muslim jurist, lawyer
muhabbet n. Ar. affectionate gathering, friendly chat
muhabetname n. love letter
muhib n. 1. trusted friend 2. pledged member of a religious community 3. lay brother, fellow traveller, sympathizer (of dervish orders)
mum sondü literally: the candle was extinguished; part of Alevi-Bektashi rituals held in secret
musahip/bi/ n. arch. 1. sworn brother, company, joined friend 2. companion, storyteller
musahiplik n. A ceremonial oath taken by two couples in front their religious leader and with his blessing. They become brotherly companions and pledge to take full responsibility for each other in every respect (moral, economic, social etc).
musalla taş n. table-shaped large stone on which the coffin is placed during the funeral service
musallat adj. Ar. pesterling, annoying
mutasavvf n. Ar. 1. one who offers his life to God 2. Sufi that turns away from the world 3. follower of the tasavvuf
mübeşşir adj. arch. messenger of good news
mücahede n. Ar. struggle, the ability to overcome instincts
müzereerd n. Ar. dervish who has taken an oath of celibacy
muellif n. writer, author
müftü n. Ar. a Muslim expert in the field of jurisprudence, religious functionary in villages or small settlements
mühtedi n. converted to new religion, repentant
mü’min n. a believing Muslim; in Alevi communities only males, as in their interpretation women are regarded as faithful Muslims also having to comply with the rules of Islam
müncat n. Ar. 1. fervent prayer to God 2. praise of God
münafık n. hypocritical, showing ostentatious piety
münavever n. adj. enlightened, intellectual
münkir adj. Ar. atheist, disbeliever, one who denies God
mürit/di/ n. Ar. believing and worthy disciple preparing for the way to God, pupil
mürşit/di/ n. adj. Ar. 1. religious leader/teacher → pîr 2. master, one showing the right way, guide
mürt adj. dead, perished (animal); ~ öl- die, perish
Mürteza a name of Hz. Ali
mür(üv)vet n. Ar. 1. happiness, virtue (from pre-Islamic tradition) 2. blessing, generosity 3. feast
müstezat/di/ n. arch. a work of poetry (with each line followed by a short complementary line)
müştak adj. Ar. full of desire, longing, yearning
nabî n. Ar. prophet
nahiv/hvi/ n. arch. syntax
namaz n. prayer five times a day, Islamic religious rule for believers
nasip/bi/ n. Ar. lot, share; ~ al- join the Bektashi order, take an oath to become a Bektashi
nazargah n. P. lookout (tower)
nazariye n. arch. theory
nâzım n. 1. literary work with a well-defined pattern of syllable, rhythm and rhyme 2. poetry, poem
nebi n. Ar. prophet, heavenly envoy
necat n. salvation, rescue, escape, safety
nefes n. Ar. 1. soul 2. breath 3. religious hymn sometimes accompanied by a plucked instrument in the course of the Bektashi or Alevi ceremony
nefs n. ego, self, personality, human nature
nesim n. Ar. breeze, waft
nesrin n. P. rose
nevreste n. P. sprout, bud
nevruz n. P. New Year’s Day
nimet n. Ar. 1. blessing 2. good luck, happiness 3. food (bread)
niyaz n. P. a respectful bow before the baba: with both arms crossed, the devotees kiss the baba’s knees, chest and the ground before him
nur-u hidayet n. the nimbus of true guidance
ocak n. fireplace, hearth, religious fraternity, the organization of the Janissary corps
oruç n. strict fast kept in the month of mourning to commemorate Imam Husain
ölçû n. 1. measure 2. metrical foot, meter
padişah n. ruler, the highest ranking dignitary in Muslim society
pâlheng n. dodecagon stone worn by the Bektashis on their belts as a symbol in memory of the twelve imams
pazarcî n. dervish in a market
pervane n. P. 1. moth, night butterfly 2. one of the twelve duties in the ceremony → peyk, onîki hizmet 3. wind wheel, wind-spinner
peyk → pervane
peymane n. P. 1. goblet 2. heart brimming with religious devotion
pir n. P. religious leader, founder of a religious order, spiritual teacher
post n. 1. prepared animal hide (for the leaders to sit during in the ceremony)
2. position, rank, hierarchy within the order

postnişin n. P. head of a convent, superior of a religious order

rahi n. P. traveller

rahmet n. Ar. forgiveness, merciful deed, act of grace

ramazan n. Sunnites' month of fasting

refet raise, increase

rehber n. dervish, leader, guide

renc 1. pain, suffering 2. wound, injury

resul, -lü n. Ar. 1. apostle, the chosen prophet of God 2. messenger, herald

risale n. arch. pamphlet, booklet

Rum er/leri n. Bektashi, used in this meaning from the 14th century on

sadaka n. voluntary alms

sağu n. arch. lament, elegy

sağucu n. professional mourner

saka n. the person responsible for water in a monastery, water bearer → dolucu

sâkı n. Ar. 1. the person dispensing beverage and rose water in the community 2. cup bearer 3. mystic guide

salâ n. Ar. 1. the muezzin’s chant calling the community to Friday prayer 2. the announcement of death from the minaret

salik n. person treading the path of order

saz n. P. musical instrument, (string) instrument (especially bağlama)

sazandar n. one of the twelve duties in the ceremony, responsible for instrumental accompaniment → zâkir, oniki hizmet

secçade n. Ar. prayer rug

selis adj. arch. fluent (word, speech)

selmani n. begging Bektashi dervish

semah n. elevated ritual whirling performed to a nefes sung with bağlama or saz accompaniment; ~ git-/yürü- dance semah, a liturgical dance, during which dervish-es evoke the spirit of Ali by continuously calling his name

semah hane n. ritual room

ser n. P. head

serdar n. commander, general

server n. P. leader, superior, prince

sevab n. Ar. 1. divine reward for a good deed 2. merciful deed 3. virtuous way of life

seyrangah n. P. promenade, place of excursion, sanatorium

seyyah n. arch. Ar. traveller, tourist; ~ ver-set sy (a pupil) on the road

seyyid n. Ar. master, in Bektashi communities the title given to Ali and his descendants

sîdk/dkı/ n. arch. Ar. 1. reality 2. devotion, attachment

sir n. Ar. 1. secret experience of the soul 2. mystery 3. secret ~r-i Hak divine secret

surat köprüsü n. the last bridge leading to the other world

sürrol- die, transform itself, disappear from sight

silsile n. genealogy, dynastic descent

sofi n. name for condemned fanatic Sunnites (used by the Bektashi in their communities)

sofra n. Ar. 1. laid table 2. strictly regulated agape in Bektashi ceremonies

sofracı n. one of the twelve duties in the rituals → selman

softa n. Muslim seminarist (Sunnite)

sofu → sufi

sufi n. Ar. 1. member of an Islamic mystic order wearing woolen garments 2. one seeking direct connection to God

Sübhan n. Allah

Sübhannallah Ar. Praise be to God!
Abbreviations 625

Şah n. ruler, most often used instead of the name of Hz. Ali, the highest ranking imam
Şah-ı Alem n. Hz. Ali
Şah-ı Cihan n. Hz. Ali
Şâh-ı Kerbelâ n. a nickname of Hz. Husain
Şâh-ı Merdân adj. a name of Ali, the most valiant and the hero of the heroes
Şâh-ı Necef n. Hz. Ali
Şâh-ı Velâyet n. Hz. Ali
Şâh-ı Zülfi kar n. Hz. Ali
şalvar n. baggy trousers, traditional male/female garment worn by Turks in villages
şar n. town
şefâat n. Ar. intercessor, praying for a penitent soul to be forgiven by God; ~ et- intercede for forgiveness of sins, mediate between man and God for the remission of sins
şêchir n. town of divine knowledge
şeck n. arch. Ar. doubt, suspicion, uncertainty
şem'a n. candle wick
şeriat n. Islamic law based on the Quran
şeyh n. 1. Ar. holy person, founder of a mystic order 2. the wise superior of the order, spiritual leader
Şii n., adj. Ar. Shiite
şülê n. Ar. flame
şûkûr n. Ar. expression of thanks to God
tamuk n. hell
tarikat n. Sufi path to God, in fact an order or sect, a community of people following the same religious teachings and practices based on Sufism
tasavvuf n. Ar. Arabic name for Sufism, Islamic mystic teaching, a school of religion and philosophy that explains divine substance and the existence of universe as a single unity. According to some views it goes beyond Islam.
tebdil n. Ar. alteration, changing, disguise
teberrâ n. Ar. aloofness, staying away from those who don’t follow the holy family
tekke n. monastery, place of rituals of a community of people belonging to the same tarikat
telâkki n. Ar. view, opinion, notion
telîf n. arch. 1. approach 2. writing, work, piece; ~ et- write; ~ piyes play, theatrical piece
telhis n. 1. summary, résumé, abstract; 2. in the Ottoman age: application submitted by the grand vizier to the padishah
telkin n. Ar. 1. mysterious suggestion, secret order, inculcation, indoctrination 2. farewell speech, funeral oration
ten n. P. body, flesh
tenasûh n. Ar. arch. transmigration of souls, reincarnation
terceman n. ritual prayer
teslim n. offering oneself to God; ~ taş turn to someone
flat dodecagon stone of the Bektashi → balımtaşı, palheng
teslis n. Ar. arch. Holy Trinity
teşrik et- connect with someone, connect/relate to something
tevccüh et- turn to someone
Glossary

**tevellâ** *n.* love of the holy family by their true devotees and followers

**tevhît** *n.* 1. the teaching that there is only one God, monotheism 2. belief in unity

3. **monotheism** 4. poem praising Allah (manzume) 5. union

**tiğla**- slaughter an animal ritually, offer animal sacrifice to God

**tigbend** *n.* 1. belt for girding a sword 2. woollen belt girded around the waist of a Bektashi when entering the order

**toy** *n.* Altai peoples' feast with music and singing

**tövbe** *n.* praying to God for forgiveness, repentance, contrition

**turna** *n.* crane, holy bird of the Bektashis, too (|| CC 129)

**tuyuğ** *n.* rhyming poem written in aruz

**tûrâb** *n.* earth, dust

**tütsü** *n.* fumigation

**uçmak** *n.* Paradise, heaven (< Sogdian *uštmaḥ* Paradise)

**umman** *n.* *Ar.* ocean

**urba** *n.* piece of clothes, garment

**üçyüzaltmışaltı** 366, according to a Hurûfi idea the number of important veins and arteries in the human body

**ümmet** *n.* *Ar.* believing Muslims

**ümmî** *adj.* *Ar.* illiterate

**üryan** *adj.* *Ar.* 1. arch. nude, naked 2. free from desires, enlightened

**vadesi yet**- pass away, die, one's hour has struck, one's time has come

**vahdet** *n.* *Ar.* uniting with God; ~-i *vücut* *n.* monotheism

**vasif** [vəsif] *n.* *Ar.* quality, praise

**vebal, -li** *n.* *Ar.* sin, wickedness

**vecih/chi/** *n.* 1. face, cheek; 2. way, mode

**veli** *n.* *Ar.* 1. protector, guardian 2. friend of God, holy man

**vezin/zni/** *n.* *arch.* measure, poetic measure/ metre → *ölçû*

**viran** *n.* *P.* 1. collapsed, ramshackle, ruined 2. woeful, broken, sad

**vird** *n.* *Ar.* daily recited Quran quotation

**vuslat** *n.* *Ar.* reunion, recognition

**yad** *adj.* strange, foreign

**yâd** *n.* *P.* memory, remembrance, commemoration; ~ *et-* commemoration

**yada taşı** *n.* magic stone for making rain among old Turks

**yakin** *n.* firm knowledge acquired through enlightenment

**yalguz** *adv.* alone

**yârân** *n.* *plur.* friends, companions, participants

**yarlıga-** beg, pray

**yarlık/ğı/** *n.* ordinance, injunction by a ruler

**yasıl** the same age

**yavan** *adj.* simple, plain (bread), fatless (food)

**yediler** *n.* *plur.* the holy family of Hz. Muhammad, Hz. Ali, Hz. Fatma, Hz. Hasan, Hz. Hussein, Selman-ı Farisi and Cebrâil Aleyhisselâm, the seven holiest persons ruling the world according to Sufism

**yensiz yakasz gömlek** *n.* *n.* winding sheet, shroud

**Yezdani Hak** *n.* divine reality

**Yezidiye** *Ar.* 1. the Yezidi sect 2. the Yezidis killed Ali's two sons 3. cruel, evil-doer

**yiğrek** more magnificent, better

**yol** *n.* order, religious community 2. moral rule, order to be followed; ~ *evladi/oğlu* religious brother

**zâhidlik** *n.* religious zeal, asceticism, leading a holy life

**zahiri** *adj.* *Ar.* 1. illusory, superficial, artificial 2. outwardly, apparent

**zahit/di/** *adj.* *Ar.* arch. 1. shunning the world 2. devout, ascetic, pious
zâkir n. musician singing about God with lute accompaniment, one of the twelve men serving in the ceremony → sazende, ozan, aşık
zâviye n. arch. corner, small tekke, Sufi lodge
zekat n. Ar. 1. cleanliness, purity, purification 2. blessing 3. obligatory donation in Muslim communities
zemzem n. holy water
zer n. gold
zeval/lîl/ n. arch. Ar. 1. decay, destruction, end 2. depravity 3. sin
zeyn et- decorate, ornament, embellish
zikir n. Ar. 1. remembrance, commemoration of God 2. repeating, practice, continuous reiteration and prasing of the name of God in the course of which the believer finds peace and calmness 3. common prayer in the tekke
zincir n. attachment, dependence on the material goods of the world
zuhûr n. arch. Ar. appearance, occurrence; ~a gel- come into sight, appear
zurna n. double-reed wind instrument, pipe
zül(ü)f n. F. lock of hair; any obstacle that can appear between the human heart and God
Zülfikar n. Ar. Hz. Ali’s two-pointed forked sword
zümre n. 1. group, team 2. sect, congregation

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INDEXES

Length of sections

In our interpretation single-core melodies are those which consist of a line and its variations. The same principle applies to two-, three-, four- etc. core melodies (see forms). There is one exception: recurrent, bridge structures (e.g. ABBA, AABA, ABCA, etc.) were taken for four-core melodies even if they had two or three different lines. When a line deviated from the other in the cadence, it was regarded as a separate line (Ac). In the course of systematization we regarded songs of a single long line comparable with those of two short lines, and songs of two long lines traceable to four short lines, but here we handle the two forms separately. It may happen that in a melody (especially a lament or Quran recitation) there are lines of widely diverse lengths. Such tunes are ranged on the basis of their longest lines, e.g. № 17 and № 19 with the tunes of long lines, № 35, № 36. № 73 or № 80 with the short-lined group.

Short sections (5, 6, 7, 8, 9 or 10 syllables)

One-section melodies 12, 16, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 43, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 73, 79, 80, 599, 600


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**Cadences**

I handle tunes № 1–10 rotating on the A G-A-B, trichord and ending on the central A separately. Their first lines terminate on G. Unlike the songs with the customary A final note, I transposed some tunes to C (№ 550, 551) or G (№ 241, 312, 343, 511, 512, 514) in order to be able to point out other connections of the melody lines. In the indexes, however, these tunes also appear as if transposed to A.
Main cadences of melodies with two short or two tripodic sections
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<td>A (D) C 416, 575, 576,</td>
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<td>D</td>
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<td>D</td>
<td>D (B) E 310</td>
<td>A (D) G 579</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E</td>
<td>E (B) A 394</td>
<td>B (D) B 585</td>
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<tr>
<td>E</td>
<td>E (B) C 387</td>
<td>B (D) D 584</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E</td>
<td>E (B) E 311</td>
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<td>D</td>
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<td>D</td>
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<td>A (C) A 566, 567, 568</td>
<td>C (D) D 434</td>
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<tr>
<td>B</td>
<td>B (C) C 355</td>
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<tr>
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<td>D (D) B 343, 361, 445, 449, 458</td>
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<tr>
<td>C</td>
<td>C (C) C 316, 317, 322, 323, 336, 344, 346, 347, 348, 349</td>
<td>D (D) C 428, 444, 450, 465, 488, 491</td>
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<tr>
<td>C</td>
<td>C (C) D 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 345, 573</td>
<td>D (D) G 430, 442, 447, 448</td>
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<tr>
<td>C</td>
<td>C (C) E 440</td>
<td>E (D) A 452, 471</td>
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<tr>
<td>E</td>
<td>E (C) A 338, 339, 360, 363, 364, 365, 366</td>
<td>E (D) B 459, 463</td>
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<tr>
<td>D</td>
<td>D (C) B 481, 452</td>
<td>E (D) C 451, 460, 477, 492</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D</td>
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<td>E (D) C# 455, 478</td>
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<tr>
<td>D</td>
<td>D (C) D 356, 390</td>
<td>E (D) D 464, 466, 472, 480,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D</td>
<td>D (C) G 319, 320</td>
<td>E (D) E 453, 456</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E</td>
<td>E (C) A 369, 381, 383, 386, 389, 395, 401, 402, 404</td>
<td>E (D) G 446, 467, 468</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E</td>
<td>E (C) B 385</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>E</td>
<td>E (C) C 367, 368, 370, 371, 376, 377, 378, 384, 388, 400, 403</td>
<td>F# (D) C 469, 493, 494, 495, 496</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E</td>
<td>E (C) D 479</td>
<td>F# (D) D 498, 499</td>
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<td>F</td>
<td>F (C) C 332</td>
<td>F# (D) E 470</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G</td>
<td>G (C) C 372, 373</td>
<td>G' (D) D 515</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G</td>
<td>G (C) D 374, 375</td>
<td>C (E) A 408</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A</td>
<td>A (C#) C# 569</td>
<td>D (E) A 474, 476</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C#</td>
<td>C# (C#) B 350</td>
<td>D (E) B 443</td>
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<tr>
<td>C#</td>
<td>C# (C#) C# 351, 438, 439</td>
<td>D (E) D 413</td>
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<td>E</td>
<td>E (C#) B 391, 392, 393, 397, 398, 399</td>
<td>E (E) A 473, 475</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C#</td>
<td>E (C#) C# 396</td>
<td>E (E) B 407, 410, 411</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E</td>
<td>E (C#) D 312</td>
<td>E (E) C 405, 409</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G</td>
<td>G (D) G 580, 581</td>
<td>E (E) D 406, 412, 461, 462</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G</td>
<td>G (D) G 580, 581</td>
<td>E (E) E 441, 441</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G#</td>
<td>G (E) C 503, 504, 505, 506, 507</td>
<td>G (E) C 508</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E</td>
<td>G (E) D 509, 510, 516</td>
<td>G (E) G 580, 581</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G</td>
<td>G (E) G 580, 581</td>
<td>G (E) E 580, 581</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Scales

Az alábbi skálák meglehetősen jól jellemzik az egyes dallamok skáláit, de természetesen a részletes lejegyzés sok kisebb-nagyobb eltérést mutatna egyes hangok magasságáiban. Vannak olyan dallamok is, melyekben határozottan változok egy hang és módosított változata, pl. № 26-ban magas és alacsonyabb 2. fok, № 554-ban pedig magas és alacsonyabb 6. fok is szerepel. Mégis, e dallamok többsége is beosztható volt valamelyik alábbi csoportba.

Scales with minor third


Scales with major third


Ionian (###) 82, 83, 84, 100, 102, 127, 175, 176, 177, 178, 181, 193, 211, 212, 214, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 282, 283, 284, 514, 524, 570, 571, 572, 574, 593, 594, 595, 597, 599

Lydian (#####) 179, 195
**Scales with augmented second**

As regards scales with an augmented second, in Turkish folk music and in the Balkans the augmented second appears most frequently between the 2nd and 3rd degrees (B&-C#). In the scale of № 561 there are two major seconds, one between B& and C#, the other between E& and F#. The scales including E&-F# and G#-F augmented seconds are also rare in Turkish folk music.

- B-C#- E& 561
- E&-F# 278, 344, 573, 435, 465
- F-G# 381, 508

**Other special scales**

- F#-D(#) 279
- B+D, 136, 336
- E& 357, 423, 589, 358

**Toneset of the rotating motives (the central note is bold and underlined)**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Scales</th>
<th>№</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>E- D- C</td>
<td>11, 14, 17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>f- E- D- C</td>
<td>1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>g- E- D- C</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>g- E- D- C B</td>
<td>12, 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>f- E- D#- C</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E- C B A</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D- C B A</td>
<td>18, 20</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

• Compass

It is not always easy to determine the range of tones used because a less important note above or below may also appear. However, the compass is also informative because most Thracian tunes have conjunct motion and structure, and the typical melody movement is descending or outlining a hill.205

Below we are listing the compasses in a mechanical order by the lowest note and within the group of the same deepest note by the height of the top notes. It is to be noted that the lower G or G# note is rarely built organically into the melody, often only occurring briefly at the beginning or the end of the tune. In this musical world

205 Not regarding the undulating movements and forms rotating around a tetrachord here.
therefore the tonal ranges of G, and A, are in “kinship”. Tunes containing F, (#) or E have a more specific, distinguished role. It is most probable that they are the outcome of extra folk music influences. The major compass groups are the following:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Compass</th>
<th>Notes</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>G/A–C</td>
<td>These tunes of the narrowest range rotate around A of the (G)-A-B-C chord.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G/A–D</td>
<td>a narrow range characteristic of many tunes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G/A–E</td>
<td>a group larger and more significant than the previous one. I ranged here the tunes that skip the 6th degree and use G' as well.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G/A–G' and G/A–A'</td>
<td>In about the same measure these two compass groups are among the most significant ones, allowing for more varied melody movements.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Several tunes can be subsumed in the G/A-F compass group in which the 6th degree is not only a grace note but an integral part of the melody. Few tunes reach higher than A.'

Compass

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Compass</th>
<th>Notes</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>G – B</td>
<td>11, 12, 14</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G – C</td>
<td>1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 23, 64, 138</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G – D♭</td>
<td>140</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G – E♭</td>
<td>139</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G – E♭+</td>
<td>278</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G – E+</td>
<td>200, 219, 224, 280, 288, 420, 463, 464, 535, 538, 558, 591</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G – A</td>
<td>207, 277, 279, 281, 323, 387</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G – B♭</td>
<td>98, 161, 240, 432, 443, 463, 467, 468, 523, 530, 531, 576, 390, 395, 402, 500, 502, 522, 560, 575</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
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<td>G – C</td>
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<td>381</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>37, 102, 176</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G# – E</td>
<td>82, 179, 181, 195, 262, 550, 551, 570, 574, 593, 594, 595</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G# – F</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>G# – F♯</td>
<td>83, 100, 211, 212, 214, 282, 283, 284, 524, 571, 572</td>
<td></td>
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G# − B' 508, 514

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A − B' 403, 412, 400, 507, 511, 512
A − C' 505, 506, 509, 510

Form

One section and its variants (AvA, AA etc.): 12, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 43, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 79, 80, 93, 111, 517, 518, 522, 599, 600

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\(^{206}\) “b” stands for a short line.
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Identical first and second sections with cadence variants
AAkB(B): 42, 263, 275, 435, 513, 585
Different first and second sections
Different first and second sections with cadence variants

207 Similar forms are AAB + Refr, AAB+ and aAB+
208 Similar forms are: AABB + Refr, AAB+B, AvABvB, AABvB, AAAAB, AAAB AB, AABBB, AAAABB, AAAABB and AABBBB
209 Similar forms are: AAAAABk|AB, AAABkB, AABk+B+, AABkB, AABkB + Refr and AABkB|ABkB
210 Similar forms are AABk+b, AABkB+ and AABkBk
211 Similar forms are: A+B AB, AB + Refr, AB (=aabc), AB[A+B (+), AB]AABB, AB|AB|ABkB, AB|AB|ABvBv+, AB|AB|AvABvB|AkAKvBvB AB|AB|BB, AB|ABABB, AB|ABB, AB, AkA, ABB, AB|AvB|AvB, A|AAv, ABvB, ABBB, ABBBB and ABBvBvBvB AB
Three-section forms

Four- or more section forms

Arc shape melodic structure

Descending melodies

Disjunct character

Sequential descent

---

212 ABC|ABCBC, AB ABbvC and Abc too.

213 AABABA and AAAAAABAA too.

214 And ABBAAvAAvA

215 AAARC, AAB'B, AAAABCBC, AABCBC, AABDCE and AABCDk as well.

216 AbkABCACAC too.

217 ABABBvC, ABABBCCA, ABABBBC+Ref, ABABBBCCBC+B, ABABC+C+Ref, ABCBCkC+ Refr, ABvvBvBCBC, AbvvBvBCBC, AbvBC and ABvk+c as well.

218 And ABCC+, ABABkCC, ABABkCkCkC.

219 And ABABCD|CD, ABABC|CD, ABB|CD, AABCD, ABBCDCvD, ABBkCD, ABC+DC+D, ABCCCD, A+BBDvD, ABCD+, ABCD|CD, ABCD|CD, ABCD, AKABC, A|CDCDC, vABCEx.


221 A'B|A'B|ABAB and A'A'B'+A'B+.
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Rhythmic patterns

90% of the melodies are characterized by a few basic rhythmic patterns, but these schemes appear in a wide variety of forms, including diverse symmetrical and asymmetrical metric patterns. Moreover, the rhythm of different lines often varies, too. The main rhythmic schemes are the following:

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A fentieken kívül a következő helyek szerepeltek adatközlők születési helyeként:

Trakya: Ahlatlı, Beyci, Karaabalar, Karacık, Terzidere, Topçular
Bulgaria: Deli Orman, Eskicuma, Hiskova, Köşenciflik, Osmanpazarı, Razgrad, Yenıbal and melodies collected by Eszter Lénárt
Greece: Selanik
Macedonia: İştıp-Çetaşka
Turkey, from Alevis: Erzurum, Sivas (Minare Kangal)
Turkey, from Sunnis: Hayrabolu, Ipsala, Gaziantep (Nizep)
A comprehensive map (trak map 1.tif)
A térképet kérem az Azeri folk songs kötet 607-ik oldalán találhatóhoz hasonlóra készíteni. (S.J.)
Religious songs

1. Deyiş № 12 00:00
2. Semah № 72 00:49
3. Semah № 86 02:56
4. Semah № 94 05:09
5. Kırklar semahı № 139 06:30
6. Nefes № 177 07:55
7. Semah № 192 09:07
8. Mersiye № 200 10:45
9. Kırklar semahı № 207 14:54
10. Alevi deyiş № 231 22:39
11. Nefes № 241 26:41
12. Alevi deyiş № 246 32:00
13. Mersiye № 251 36:28
14. Nefes № 258 40:59
15. Nefes № 263 43:25
16. Semah № 281 47:17
17. Nefes № 286 52:39
18. Nefes № 294 53:33
20. Nefes № 306 57:25
21. Mersiye № 322 1:00:54
22. Nefes № 332 1:05:23
23. Semah № 344 1:07:44
24. Kırklar semahı № 356 1:10:52
25. Nefes № 364 1:14:59
26. Düvazdeh nefesi № 378 1:16:55
27. Nefes № 397 1:23:09
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